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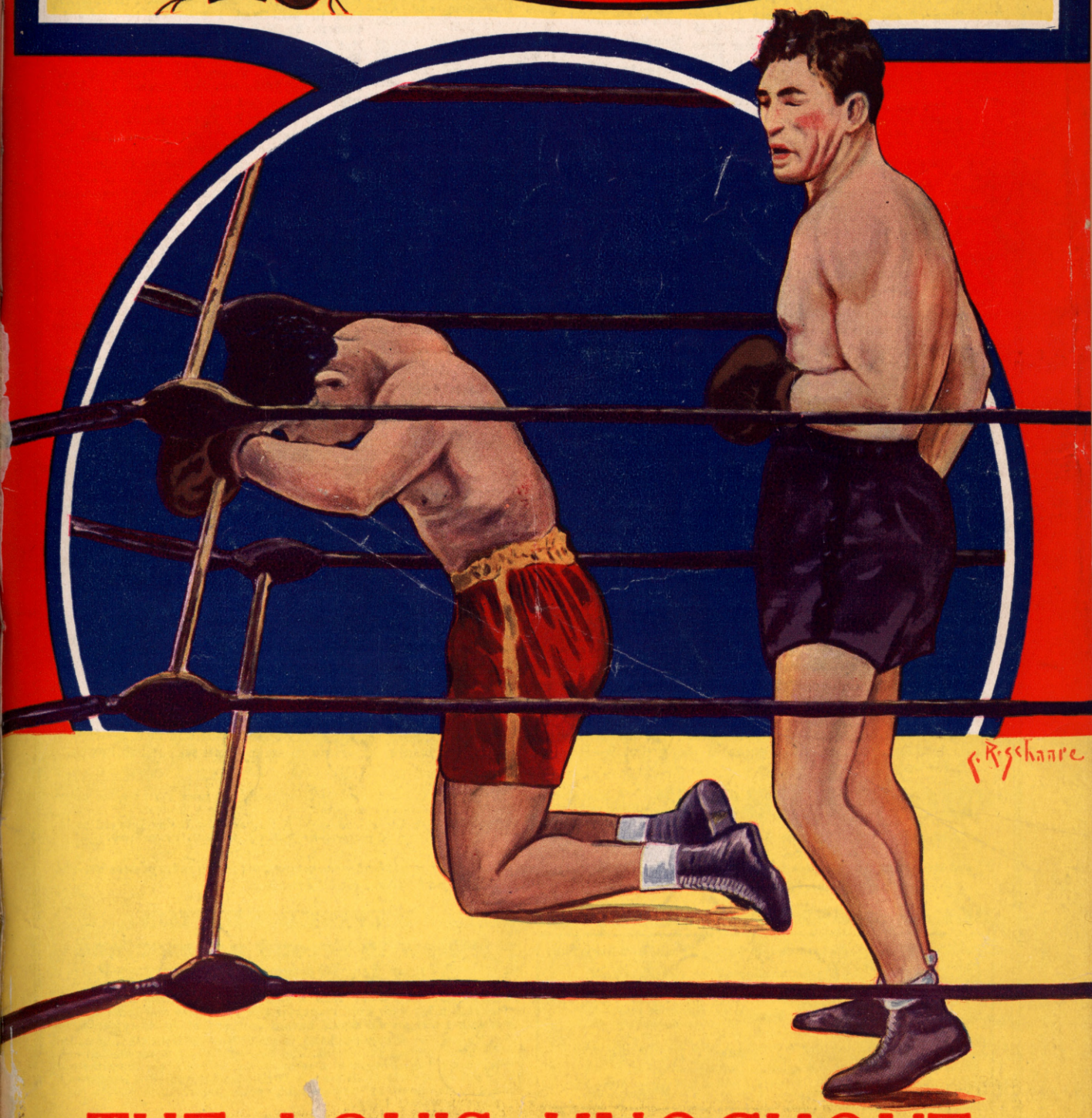

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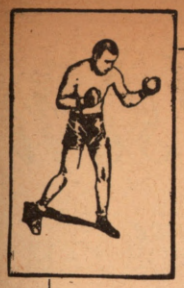

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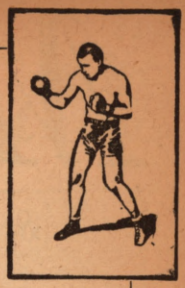

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## *In Our Next Issue*

Another array of stars!

Have you been following "The Ring" closely? Have you noticed the names of the authors who are now regular contributors to our publication? Great names—great stories, aren't they?

No other sports publication devoted to boxing and wrestling features such stars as Jim Tully, the famed American author and sports critic; Bob Edgren, George T. Pardy, one of Chicago's leading sports editors in the days when that burg boasted of the greatest American fighters; Daniel M. Daniel, whose versatility is well known to our army of readers, and Hype Igoe, the dean of New York's boxing writers.

Your kind, full-hearted cooperation, has enabled us to do this for you. You who have so nobly stood by us during our prosperous as well as our depression days, have earned this treat and now that boxing is again on the upgrade, "The Ring" publisher will spare nothing to give you the best in stories and pictures.

Weren't you pleased with the special Louis-Schmeling fight number? We thought you would be and that's why we furnished you with an up-to-the-minute report, pictorial and in story form of this gigantic upset.

The Publisher asks you to continue your whole-hearted support and takes this means to thank, in particular, our new British friends whose patronage we cherish.

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# Movies and Johnson

## *Schmeling Tells How He Developed Idea That Louis' Stance Made Negro Easy For Righthander*

THERE is no doubt in my mind that, having knocked out the great Joe Louis, whom so many experts had called even greater than Jack Dempsey, I am destined to be the first man to regain the world's heavyweight championship. To my mind, I never should have lost the title when I did. But there is no use in raking up old stories and old probabilities. Let us confine ourselves to the glorious present, with its glorious developments.

The editor of THE RING Magazine has asked me to tell my ideas and reactions on the Louis fight, and to make you acquainted with the various reasons underlying the so-called upset—the defeat of the negro.

First let me say that this is not an article composed of boasting. The Louis fight was the most severe test of my career in the ring. Joe has tremendous possibilities. He has much to learn, especially as regards stopping a righthand punch. If he will disregard his defeat, pick up more courage than ever and set himself to perfecting those points which I exposed as weak, he will come back a very formidable contender.

If Louis worries over his defeat or his friends give him shabby treatment, he never will be good again. He might take heart from my own experience. No matter what setbacks I got—and the Philadelphia fight with Hamas was a discouraging one—I never listened to any analysis of myself and I never lost faith in Schmeling.

I knew that a strong resolution is the greatest asset in the ring, and I am confident that the title will be mine again. Louis must make up his mind that he is a great fighter, and then he must correct those things which I showed up as bars to his being a great fighter.

* * *

I SAY that I did not listen to analysis of myself as a fighter. Please do not get from this the idea that I had what you Americans call the swelled head and that I did not care to learn about myself. What I mean is that I was not going to let anybody run down Max Schmeling to Max Schmeling.

Before I go into discussion of the Louis fight, let me tell you that one of the things too much neglected in fight preparation is the motion picture.

The motion picture affords a great chance to the boxer to study the fine points of other fighters—of acknowledged masters. It also gives you a chance to study the weak points of your future opponent.

Louis had a fight with Paulino. I knew Paulino had a good right hand. I wanted to see how Louis reacted to it. That fight, through the pictures, taught me considerable. I cannot recommend the use of pictures too highly to other boxers.

Now, there is another thing I would like to talk about. In the July issue of THE RING, there was a story by Jack Johnson, maybe the greatest defensive fighter we ever have had, and certainly a master.

Johnson is an honest critic. Johnson is a negro. You might have expected him to go crazy about Louis. So many whites did so. But Johnson saw Louis with the expert eye of a man who knew a lot about fighting.

Johnson criticized Louis's style. He said that with his peculiar side stance, Louis would be easy to hit for a man who had a good right and the faculty to study the thing out.

* * *

WELL, I read THE RING. The article struck me as being just what I had studied out for myself. I discussed it with Max Machon, my trainer. I said to Max, Johnson has an important message in this story. I know that the way Louis stands, I will not find it difficult to hit him with my right by crossing the punch over the negro's left as he shoots it from that sideways stance.

With this discovery I worked hard at Napanoch, and it turned out splendidly.

You know, when Louis misses a punch he is off balance. The Paulino fight showed that. Johnson's article verified my impression.

I worked out all these problems and they did a remarkable thing for my morale as well as my technical preparation for the fight. I knew I had him. I knew that when we weighed in. When I laughed and joked at that time, I did not put on an act. I never was so sure of a thing in my life, as I was that I had the secret of Louis's weakness and the secret of how to win from him. Louis said, "What is that guy joking about?" You know, when he said that he was worried. I sensed it. I said to myself, "Max, this man is afraid of you."

You know, in the fourth round I knew I had the fight. I could feel Louis wilting under my gloves. He was taking a beating mentally and physically. After all, in spite of all the panegyrics over him, he is not a very experienced fighter and he is only twenty-two years old.

* * *

WHEN I landed in New York for the fight, I said to the reporters that while money was a useful thing, and very necessary, indeed, I would not have come just for the money—that I had made the trip with the intention of beating Louis and regaining the title.

You know, I got some terrible writeups that day and the next. I was ridiculed. The writers seemed to think I would not last two or three rounds and that financial necessity had driven me to possible suicide. But when I said that I had come not alone for money but for victory, I was in absolute earnest.

Now I have shown that what I said was true, and that my ambition to be the first to regain the title is likely to be realized. I say this with no idea of calling Mr. Braddock a poor champion. Only too well do I know that your Mr. Braddock is a clever man and a great fighter. I know how, out of necessity, he fought back from terrible poverty to get the Baer fight—and the title. I am not trying to give the impression that Braddock is

# Article Aided Max

By

MAX SCHMELING

what you call a cheap champion. But I will beat him.

When I won the heavyweight championship, Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of THE RING Magazine, gave to me a handsome belt. I also got a belt from the National Boxing Association. It was wonderful. I have these belts in my trophy room in my place in Germany, and no visitor leaves without seeing these belts. I intend to add to them another belt, because Mr. Fleischer told me before I left New York that if I did win from Braddock, he would give me another and more splendid trophy. Mr. Fleischer, please put in an order for that belt now because I am going to keep you to your word.

Not only that. I think that when I fight Braddock, I will go into the ring the favorite.

* * *

BUT to go back to the Louis fight. You know, the day after the fight some motion picture people came to my room and they wanted me to pose for pictures and say something about the fight.

They gave me some written questions to answer, and had I answered them, I would have made a conceited fool out of myself. They asked me if the foul punch hurt me and if Louis hit me low on purpose. I refused because only a coward would hit foul on purpose, and after my fight with him I can tell you decisively that this negro certainly is far from a coward.

Those movie people gave me other questions to answer, and they all were in bad taste. Finally, Mr. Fleischer wrote out some more questions to be accepted by myself, and I very gladly and willingly replied over the movietone.

The first question was: What were my reactions in the first three rounds of the fight?

I replied, "After the first round I had no doubts. I could read every move Louis was about to make."

The second question was; Did you at any time think that Louis was dangerous?

I said, "Surely I did. I regarded him as very dangerous even when he was just about to be knocked out. I was taking no chances on a cross-up. I knew if he could get set to hit me right I would be hurt badly."

In this connection I want to say that because I knew Louis to be very dangerous at all times, I did not care to press my advantage in the early rounds.

*The smile of a victor. Max Schmeling, happy over his defeat of the hitherto invincible Brown Bomber.*

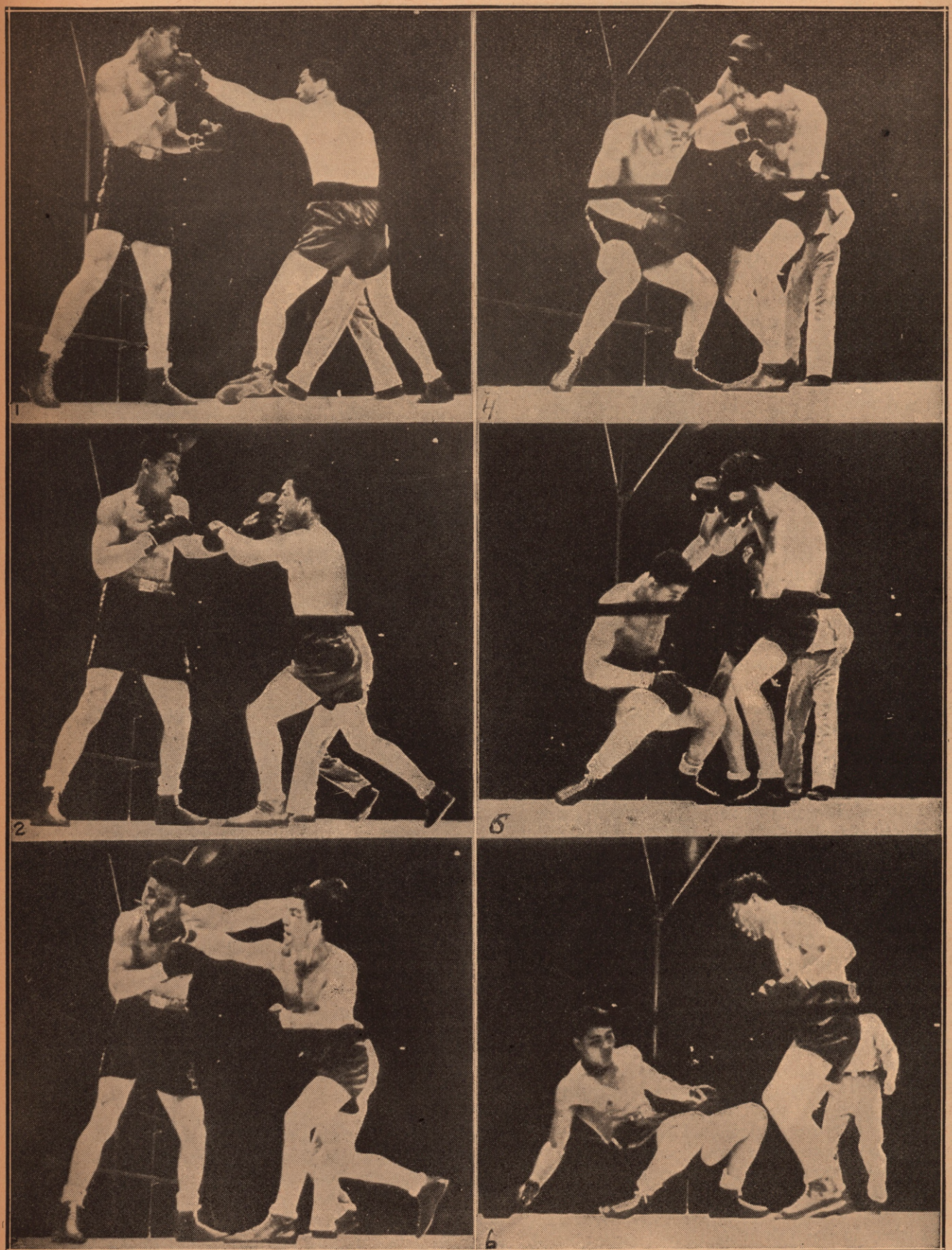
* * *

SOME of the writers said the next day that Jack Dempsey would have followed up my advantage in the fourth round and ended the fight then and there.

Well, that may be so. Dempsey was a wonderful fighter. But may I not at this time say that every boxing writer in America had warned me that Louis was a superman—that he was a killer, that nobody could hope to stand up against him? Did not even the experts who took me to task for not finishing Louis in the fourth warn me before the fight—day after day—that I would be very fortunate to last two rounds with the negro?

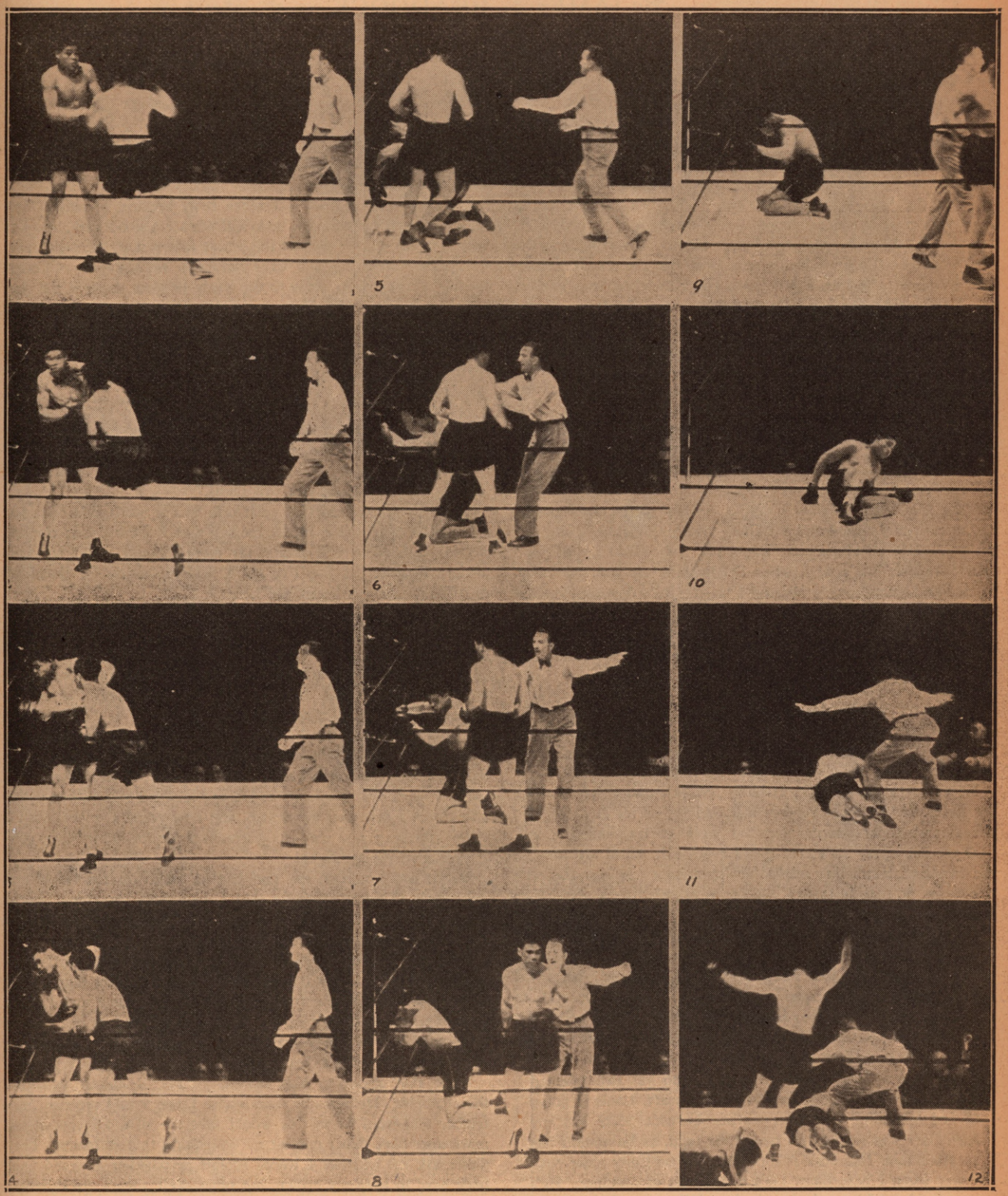
Now, having seen and *(Continued on page 42)*

# The Thrilling Fourth Round



*Tensed, grimly determined, Schmeling sends a straight left to Louis' mouth, which the Brown Bomber fails to block. 2—Max follows with a rush that takes Joe by surprise. 3—The force of Schmeling's right is so great that it turns Joe's head to a side. 4—Then comes another right which starts the collapse of Louis. 5—Louis sinks lower and lower while Max stands over him, prepared to block. 6—The Brown Bomber hit the canvas with gloved hand, for Joe's first knockdown in his pro career.*

# The Fall of the MIGHTY



*The pictures on this page, taken by the Magic Eye of the International News Service, show how the mighty Joe Louis, hitherto unbeaten as a professional, went to his doom at the hands of Max Schmeling. 1—Louis weary, legs tottering, stands up before a furious onslaught. 2—A powerful right to the chin causes his knees to sag and adds to the puff of his swollen face. 3—The blow causes him to wheel about towards the ropes. 4—Another shot to the chin and the Brown Bomber hits against the ropes. 5—Down he goes, with Max standing over him. 6—Joe grasps the middle strand while Referee Arthur Donovan orders Schmeling to a neutral corner. 7—The strain is too great and Joe can scarcely rest even on his knees. 8—As Max walks to the neutral corner, Joe loses his grip on the ropes. 9—With head drooping, he tries to balance himself. 10—The Brown Bomber fails in his effort and falls to the mat. 11—Just as the referee counts ten, Joe falls over on his face. 12—The bout is over, Schmeling is acclaimed the victor. He leaps in the air and waves to the fans. His triumph was a glorious one.*

# "Louis Bubble Has Burst,"

By JAMES J. BRADDOCK

*(Heavyweight champion of the world)*
*(Written exclusively for* THE RING*)*

THE day after Max Schmeling, whose great comeback has stirred the fistic world just as did my unexpected victory over Max Baer, a triumph that enabled me to win the world heavyweight crown, the Editor of THE RING invited me to write an article for his magazine on my reactions before, during and after the big fight. Though signed to an agreement to write only for King Features, I couldn't turn down a magazine that has done and still does so much for boxing, so here goes.

Being the heavyweight champion of the world, gave me a greater interest in the Schmeling-Louis battle than anybody else. I realized that in the winner of that contest, I would have the man who would face me in the next battle for the crown. Therefore I watched the training of Louis and Schmeling with keenest interest. Never did I pay such attention to two fighters as I did to that pair.

With my manager, Joe Gould, I went to see each of the fighters four times at their respective camps, and on each occasion, I made a minute study of every action in the ring. I watched the footwork, the breathing, the attack and the defense and I tried to analyze the good and bad points. I tried, particularly, to find out what were the faults of each and I can truthfully say that what Schmeling had discovered about Louis' faults, I had found and so had Jack Johnson.

I might add, for it is not giving away any secret, that on several occasions Johnson and I trained together, our aim being for me to develop an attack that would take full advantage of Joe's shortcomings. That's why, when Schmeling took Joe into camp, I felt like kicking myself because I wasn't Joe's opponent instead of Max, for I knew and felt it within me, that I could have duplicated Max's feat and done it in quicker time.

* * *

THROUGHOUT the training period of Max and Joe, I couldn't help but feel that which ever way the bout went, I would be getting a fine opponent, a good drawing card and a good fighter for my first defense of the heavyweight title and that's why I was eager for a stirring battle.

Never for a moment did I think that Schmeling was a mark for Louis. If you RING readers followed my series of articles in the Hearst papers during the last week of training, you will bear me out in my statement that I repeatedly called attention to the fact that Schmeling might furnish a huge surprise and that age meant nothing in this case, no more than it did in mine when I fought Baer.

I thought that Louis would win, because of his splendid work in his professional fights. But I couldn't see what most critics said before the fight, that Louis would win in a round, because I saw in Schmeling an improved fighter, a man who was full of determination, a courageous battler who feared no man, and under such conditions, I couldn't understand why he wasn't given at least a fighting chance. Here is what I said:

"Against a fighter like Schmeling, who has two talented feet, a quick-thinking brain and a solid heart, Louis is going to find something new in opponents. Carnera never had any legs. Baer was scared stiff before the fight, as he himself has so often said. But Max is different. He isn't any older than I was when I beat Baer. He's in the best of condition. He's not afraid and I know he has the legs. With those in his favor, just watch Schmeling. He may furnish the biggest surprise of the year."

* * *

WELL, I don't want to brag and say "I told you so," because I didn't. I picked Louis to win, but said it would be a hard-fought battle. I remarked that Schmeling had a powerful right which he'd use often and land accurately, and said that I saw him use this often enough in training to convince me that he would do considerable damage with it.

So you see that I had discovered something worth while and my only wish before the fight was that I could take Schmeling's place, so confident was I that I could beat Joe after my study of him at the camp at Lakewood. I repeatedly told that to my manager. But since that couldn't be, I felt content to watch the fight at the Yankee Sadium and pick out pointers for my coming battle, and what I saw has again convinced me that the championship will remain in America at least for another year.

To me it makes little difference now, because in either Max or Joe, I have an opponent who will attract a good gate, and I'm candid to say that is a most important factor with me right now.

My feelings during the fight naturally were a little different from what they were prior to the battle because there in the ring I was seeing the men who were fighting for the chance to meet me. I didn't care who won, but because of the expert opinion which placed Louis in the "Superman" class, I told my manager that I hoped Joe would win so that I could get the chance to break that myth.

On the day of the fight I said to Gould: "Joe, something tells me that I may not get that chance I'm looking for. I hope I'm wrong, because I'll show him up if ever I get him in the ring."

"What are you worrying about," replied Gould. "You'll take Schmeling as easily as you will Louis."

Of course I realized that such talk was a manager's talk, but now that the fight is over, let me say that I think Joe is correct. I think Schmeling will find it far more difficult to hit me with a right than he did Joe. I've got a perfect defense for that kind of a blow, whereas Louis had none.

* * *

BEFORE the big fight, I was somewhat pushed into the background by the scribes because everything in boxing was written only on Louis. It was Louis this and Louis that, and I couldn't blame the scribes for that. Naturally at times it was mighty discouraging to think that I was the world champion, yet Louis got the bulk of the headlines in boxing, but I thought, as did my manager, that it was best for the sport to have it so.

After all, I, as champion, was looking forward to a million-dollar gate when I defended my crown, and how could I expect such a gate if the man who was being groomed for me wasn't kept continuously in the spotlight?

But it was tough on me, and just as tough on Joe Gould and my family. They all thought that I, being the champion, should always be the man of the hour and they couldn't understand the Louis angle, but being a fighter, I could.

And now that the Louis bubble has burst and that the "Superman" myth has exploded, I feel like a new man. Not that I liked to see Joe lose. On the contrary; he's a fine fellow and I think he's a great asset to boxing, but I'm happy because, as has already been remarked by many scribes, I have gained in magnitude as much as has Schmeling through his unexpected victory over Louis.

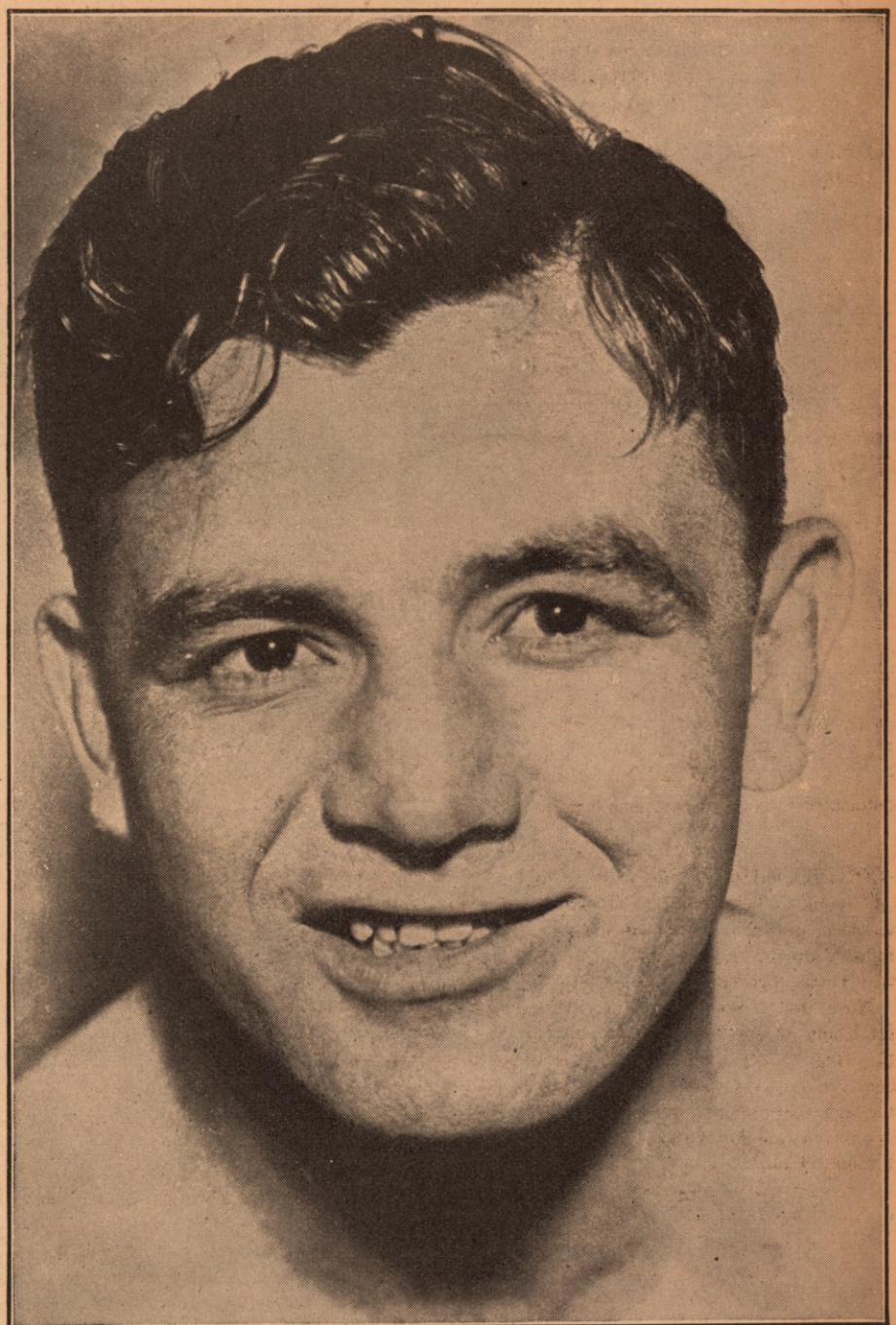
Until that knockout was scored, Jimmy Braddock was just the champion. He was the man whom Louis would meet in September and from whom Joe would take the title. Of course, the newspaper boys didn't consult me in making that statement. They didn't ask me whether I would submit or whether I would fight back hard to keep my crown, but now—well, things are different and I feel differently as a result. I not only am Jimmy Braddock, the champion, but I am the world title-holder who will be called upon to prevent the crown from passing overseas. If you don't think that that makes a big difference, well, then you've got another guess coming.

I'm thrilled at the thought of it. If I had made up my mind to fight against Louis as I had never fought before, I assure you RING readers that the feeling now is doubly so. It will be America against Germany now. In what an enviable position that places me!

I now can realize the feelings of John L. Sullivan when he

# Writes BRADDOCK

## *Heavyweight Champion, in Exclusive Article, Admits He Feared Negro Heavyweight and Now Sees His Title Tenure Secure*



*James J. Braddock world heavyweight champion who comments on Louis's failure.*

faced a foreigner. With him such a battle was one in which he called into action every ounce of energy because he realized that America, the land of his birth, was eagerly watching him. And that's the way I now feel and think.

Flag waving, you might say. No, it is not that—just a plain desire to keep America in front. What an incentive!

It's a thrill, boys, and I assure you that it will stir me on as never before. I know that when I meet Schmeling there'll be an army of scribes who'll favor Max because of what he has just accomplished, but to them I now say, don't be so hasty. The conditions are a little different and what I did against Baer, I'm confident I can do in my fight with Schmeling.

I called the turn on Louis months ago. As I have already said, I practiced a short right with Jack Johnson for almost a year in the hopes that I'd meet Louis and be the first to blast that "Superman" reputation, and I really regret that I didn't get the chance instead of Schmeling.

* * *

LOUIS always looked to me like a sucker for a short right, if one would stand up and give it to him as did Schmeling, and I have noticed something about Schmeling which will enable me to halt his rise when he meets me. I know that Schmeling has told the newspaper boys that he has planned a battle for me that will bring him the title in September if we meet, but I think he'll have another guess coming.

He says that he had his plans all set when he came here and thought that he would get the bout with me, but instead found that Louis was to be his opponent, and that from a study of the moving pictures of my fight with Baer, he knows that he can beat me. Well, we'll cross that bridge when the time comes for us to face each other in ring action. I think I'll shock him the same as he shocked Louis. Wait and see!

* * *

OF course, we must rate Schmeling as a great fighter, but his style is such that it is made to order for me. Perhaps the motion pictures have taught Max something about the "weakness" which he declares he has discovered in me, but I have likewise discovered Max's faults. In a fight for the heavyweight title, the contestants cannot be regarded in the same light as those who meet in ordinary combat because of the gigantic stakes involved. And it is for that reason more than any other that a champion and challenger make such a close study of each other's styles, faults and good points.

I have heard Max say that I will not be ready for such a tough assignment in September as he will be, but to that I must say that, while from outward appearances it would seem that I have been an extremely idle fighter, I have left nothing undone to keep myself in perfect physical condition and even now, while I am giving this story to THE RING, I am in hard training at Loch Sheldrake, where I did my conditioning work for my fight with Baer. The day following Schmeling's victory, my training began in earnest, and I can assure my friends that Jimmy Braddock will retain his crown for America when he meets Max Schmeling.

# Dempsey Sees Louis

## *Jack Writes, for The Ring, That Weaknesses Exposed by Negro in Schmeling Fight, and Beating He Took, Enshroud Joe's Future in Doubt*

*Jack Dempsey, who predicts that Louis will never again be as great as he was prior to the Schmeling bout.*

WHAT effect will the knockout of Joe Louis by Max Schmeling have on the Negro's future? That's what most of the fight fans are asking, because that thought is uppermost in their minds right now. When a fighter is a raw novice, just starting his career and suddenly finds himself on the mat, with the referee counting ten over him, the reaction varies according to the temperament of the boxer. If he is a high strung lad, full of pride, he may never again don a pair of mitts.

But if he is of the type that doesn't get easily discouraged and realizes through sound reasoning that the best of men might suffer a K.O. and that it's no disgrace, he'll get back into action with a vim and soon fight his way back into the top flight rank.

That is what must be considered in the case of Joe Louis. Is he going to take his knockout too seriously? Is he of the type that cannot forget? Will he bemoan his fate? Will he be shy of flying fists in his eagerness to avoid getting clouted as he was in his fight with Schmeling? Will the army of hero worshippers, especially those of his own race who idolized him, desert him in his most trying hour?

Those are vital questions that must be answered before we can discuss with any accuracy Louis' future. I should know, because I went through the mill just as did hundreds of others of the best fighters of all time. They are of such importance that it behooves Messrs. Black and Roxborough, Joe's mentors, to study each carefully and find the answer so as best to serve their charge.

* * *

ON the night before the Louis-Schmeling battle and immediately following that fight, my tavern, Dempsey's Restaurant on the corner of 50th Street and 8th Avenue, opposite Madison Square Garden in New York, was jammed to the walls with fight fans from all parts of the world and in my capacity as host, I naturally came in contact with the fans and heard many fine arguments. Every question which I have put into print here, is one that came up some time or other during the discussions in my place following the fight.

Trevor Wignall, England's greatest sports writer, was among those who questioned the possibility of Louis ever being as good as he was. "That beating about the head which Joe received," said Trevor, "won't do him any good."

"Nor those knockdowns," said Max Waxman, my business manager who formerly handled two champions, Joe and Vince Dundee, and knows a fighter when he sees one.

And I agree with them. I believe that Joe Louis had reached his highest point in professional boxing prior to the Schmeling bout and that from now on, he'll never improve. Why, you might ask, since I picked Joe to win in five rounds.

Well, because when I saw how readily Schmeling shot over his powerful right and scarcely ever missed, I realized for the first time that Joe's weakness had been found and that henceforth, no fighter possessing any "guts," would hesitate to mix it with Louis in which case he'll be plenty hit by rights. I don't care how good a fighter might be, once his immunity from punishment becomes a thing of the past, it's just too bad for him.

* * *

THEN again that terrible licking he received from Max won't do him any good. You can't readily forget those wallops. I remember my fight with Gunboat Smith on the Coast when I was still a kid just coming along. The Gunner hit me with all he had and had me fighting purely from instinct for I was out on my feet, and when I came to in my dressing room and was told by Jack Kearns that I had won, I couldn't believe it.

But that was the least part of my worries—trying to figure how I had done it. It was the Gunner's punches that gave me my real worries, and for some time after that fight I just couldn't get going properly because of the thought of those blows.

But in the case of Louis, it is far different. He had reached the highest point a fighter could attain other than to win a title. Reams were written about his greatness. Ed Van Every wrote a story on "Louis, Man and Super-fighter," and many novelties of all kinds were manufactured to depict Joe's rise. And then suddenly, as out of a clear sky, came the thud that landed him in the resin and the lights went out for him.

Can you imagine what such a downfall meant to a lad of Louis's schooling—a boy who had come up from nowhere, just as I did, to win fame and fortune and the acclaim of the fistic fans! Just think of that and you'll soon have a conception of what I mean when I try to prove that Joe will have a tough time to live that down and therefore a mighty tough time to make the expected comeback that the boxing writers predict.

* * *

FOR the good of boxing—I hope Joe does make a decided comeback. I hope that it comes so quickly that he'll surprise us just as we were surprised by his defeat. I hope that by this time next year, his rehabilitation will have been so complete that he will be the leading contender for the world heavyweight title.

That's what I wish for Joe because neither I, nor any fight follower, can get away from the fact that Joe Louis brought boxing back into its own after four lean, meagre years. His rise brought an end to the fistic depression and his popularity was so worldwide, that it helped the sport to recover in far quicker time than had been anticipated.

But I still think that the going is to be mighty rough because of the licking he took. What is the reaction to the Schmeling victory? Most favorable. Whereas prior to that triumph Louis stood almost alone as the attraction in boxing with scarcely any good cards to arrange unless he was the topliner, now there are at least half a dozen such good bouts in the market. Thus, overnight, my pal Max Baer remembers the picture as an extremely valuable prospect.

Where a few weeks ago he wasn't worth a grain of salt as a top line attraction, now he can name his own figures for a return

# Comeback Not Easy

By JACK DEMPSEY

*(Former world heavyweight champion)*

bout with Louis because such a fight in New York will draw thousands of dollars more than did the Louis-Schmeling shindig. Why such a statement, you might ask. Because the antagonism that had been shown by those opposed to Nazism, would not interfere with the gate and because thousands of persons who refused to see Schmeling and Louis clash, will go miles to see Louis and Baer in a comeback.

What amused me most during the many weeks of preparation and ballyhoo for the big fight, were the statements of the writers calling attention to the perfect human machine in Louis. There never was a fighter who could be called perfect and I don't believe there ever will be. We are all human and we all at times make our mistakes. I made plenty and so did every good fighter I ever knew. Louis was no exception as his bout with Schmeling proved.

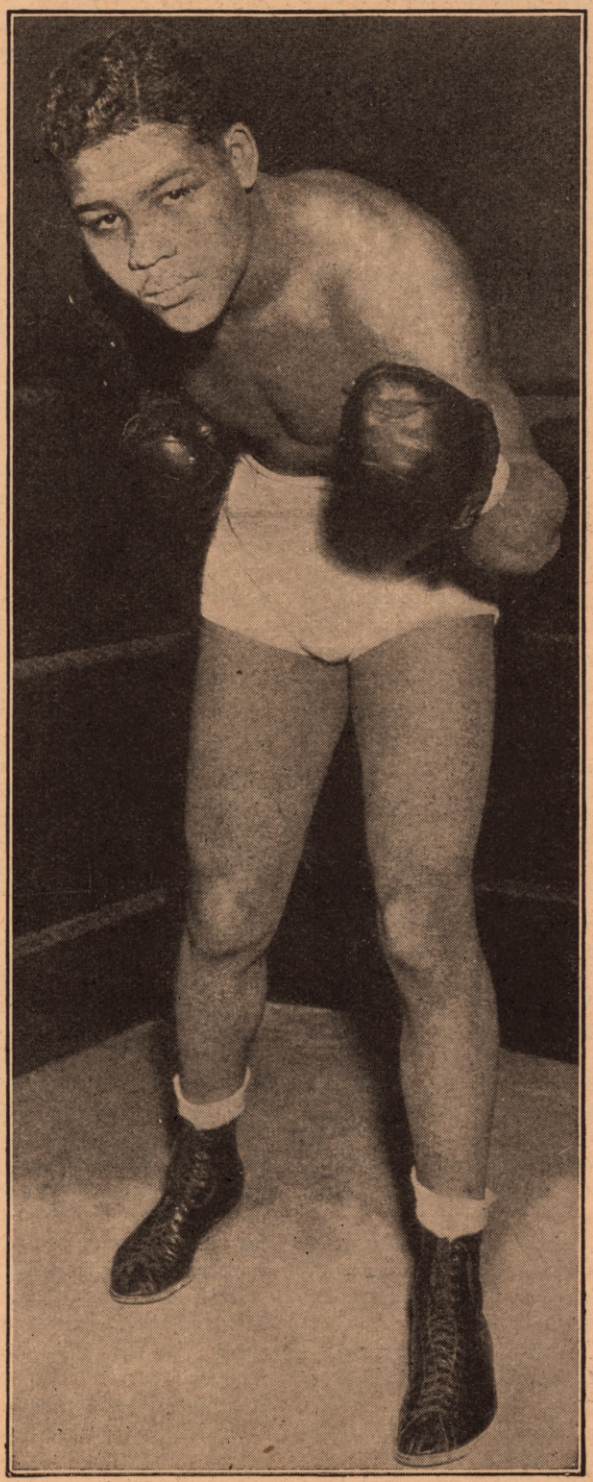
Of course it is a very simple matter for one to tell after a fight what precautions should have been taken and how the battle plan should have been mapped, but we cannot always foresee what the other fellow is likely to do. A punching like that which Louis received from Max never did any one any good. No matter how young one might be, punishment of that kind always leaves its mark. That's why I fear for Louis' future, but I hope I'm wrong. I hope he'll give me as much a surprise as I received when he was knocked out.

* * *

OF course, different fighters take defeat differently. Some brood over it to such an extent that they never are the same again. Others regard it in the light of experience, in which case such a defeat as Louis suffered at the hands of Schmeling won't affect him as much as it would otherwise. Still others have a certain amount of fear instilled into them as a result of a decisive defeat, and those lads are absolutely passé so far as their future in the ring is concerned.

I don't know to which class Louis belongs, but if we are to listen to his trainers and managers, then the Schmeling victory won't work so hard on Joe. It is their contention, as it is that of Louis, that Joe will be better than ever because he has learned a lesson on defense and that when he makes his comeback, he'll know how to protect himself against a right. I hope for Joe's sake, and for the best interests of boxing, of which I am still part and parcel despite the Dempsey Restaurant which I own opposite Madison Square Garden, that such will be the case. Boxing needs Joe Louis just as much as the Brown Bomber needs the wholehearted support of those who idolized him before his downfall.

Unfortunately, in most cases in boxing, the fan fails to stand by a fallen idol. The fickle fight followers usually like to travel with a winner only, but I'm mighty glad to say that in my travels through the South, where I went with my manager, Max Waxman, to referee fights and wrestling matches throughout the month following Louis' defeat, I was elated at the fine write-ups and comment passed on Louis' defeat. The average fan I found to be very much in favor of giving Joe the full benefit of his great strides prior to the Schmeling defeat. That is as it should be. One triumph doesn't make a fighter and one doesn't break him.



*Joe Louis, who according to Dempsey, will be a mark for any fighter who is fearless as was Schmeling and can throw a good right.*

The fact that my opinion is different from others in re Joe's comeback should have no bearing on the Bomber's status. We all have a right to our honest opinion, and as I said before, mine is that Joe will have a mighty tough time because if he meets fearless opponents from now on, he'll be a target for right-hand punches, and it won't be so easy for him to perfect his defense against those at this stage.

* * *

I HAVE been asked by many scribes whether the defeat of Louis would halt my heavyweight white hope tournaments. My answer is an emphatic no. Why should it?

First, I want to say that my tournaments are not white hope tourneys. They are heavyweight tournaments in which novices who have not been engaged in more than four pro fights are permitted to enter and there is no discrimination, no color line drawn. If they were white hope bouts, then certainly no Negroes would be permitted to enter, yet such is not the case.

Up in Canada recently we had the finals of the Montreal tourney, but unfortunately, the lad who looked like the best bet, a fast, two-fisted boy named Thiery, showed best until the final bout when I had to disqualify him for fouling. Thus he lost THE RING novice heavyweight belt which my pal, Nat Fleischer, presented to the winner, but I'll have him and the winner come to New York to compete in my finals next October or November in Madison Square Garden.

Nat, who was to have gone to France on June 20 to see the finals of the French tourney in which

4000 *(Continued on page 43)*

# MAX *Won't Be Able*

## *Hype Igoe Takes Lugubrious View of Heavyweight Situation in Wake of Louis' Upset*

WHEN Jim Braddock whipped Max Baer and won the heavyweight championship of the world, the Old Man's League threw their battered hats high into the air. Jim wasn't an "old man" in point of years but as a fighter he was supposed to be through, for good and all. He was working on the docks and was rather discouraged about the outlook. He came back and won the title after three or four warm up victories. He was a 10 to 1 shot against the champion, and no takers. He triumphed and Fistiana was left dumbfounded.

It left Braddock high up on a pedestal with glowering Joe Louis at its foot ready, they vowed, to bomb the old-new champion to smithereens. Jim didn't seem destined for a long reign as "King of the Queensberry Realm."

Then came the deluge, the German typhoon Schmeling, another "old man," to blast the Brown Bomber forty ways for Sunday. Another 10 to 1 shot, another man past his thirties and hopelessly up against it, they said. Even Arthur Bulow, the man who discovered Schmeling and brought him to this country, only to have Max desert him for Joe Jacobs, predicted in a German newspaper, "12 Uhr Blatt," that Max wouldn't survive the early rounds. Bulow, despite his unhappy ending with the German heavyweight, never seemed to lose faith in the German's prowess and it was not bitterness or spite which prompted him to write under his own signature that Max was up against a terror.

The article so enraged Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, that he immediately issued an order forbidding any German newspaper from printing any further articles from Bulow. Bulow, like American writers, was simply trying to set down the truth.

Schmeling was hailed on his return to Germany as the one man in the universe capable of saving the honor and prestige of the white race!

* * *

NOW comes quite the most amazing upset of them all, though not so important as Schmeling's overwhelming rout of the Brown Terror. Jack Sharkey, nearer forty than thirty, takes on young Phil Brubaker of California in a Boston ring and belts the daylights out of him, sending him back to the showers, cut, bleeding and his left eye closed as tight as a drum. Old Man Sharkey did this despite the fact that he was floored in the first round and almost knocked out. He got up off the floor and gave the "prospect" a swell shellacking. Three down for the Old Men's League!

What are we to think of this rejuvenation among cast off heavyweights? Is the coming crop an inferior lot? Was Joe Louis a whale among a lot of fair-to-middling minnows? Was Phil Brubaker a false alarm and was Max Baer only a flash-in-the-pan? What does it all mean and what does the future hold in the way of ring stars?

In all my term as a chronicler and a cartoonist among the heavyweights, never have I known of such a dearth of challenging material. I set forth in these pages some few weeks ago my candid opinion of Joe Louis. I maintained that I would not be herded into the belief that Brown Joe was the "greatest heavyweight who ever lived." The younger generation of boxing writers had so termed him without ever having seen such stars as Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Kid McCoy, Tom Sharkey, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson or even Dempsey.

I refused to put in with the belief that Louis could have whipped all these fellows yet, after pointing out in the columns of the New York *Evening Journal* how Max Schmeling could "wait" and win with a knockout late in a fight, as he did against Risko, Stribling, Neusel, Hamas and others, I turned around and reversed myself by picking Louis to win with a knockout in four rounds. At the last minute I weakened on Max.

It was my contention that no living man could fight two-fisted Joe Louis with a lone right hand and hope to beat him. I held the private notion that when Schmeling said that Joe still was an "amateur" Max was merely whistling past a graveyard.

* * *

SCHMELING, I thought, had passed his peak and because of the fact that he was beyond the magical 30-year mark, his term as a fighter had expired. Louis 22 and powerful, Schmeling 32 and on the decline!

Schmeling made all of us eat crow. He whipped Louis exactly as he said he would and true to his prediction, Louis WAS an amateur, pure and simple.

What does the defeat of Louis, rated a world beater, spell? He will come back of course and the chances are he will be the heavyweight champion of the world long after Jim Braddock and Max Schmeling have retired and are but ring memories.

It stands to reason that one defeat won't drive Louis into retirement. He has been a professional but a short time. He had such an easy time of it that I do believe he got the idea that nothing on earth could beat him. Surely he underestimated Schmeling. We writers helped him along in that. I doubt that there has ever been such an upset in boxing as Joe's defeat by Max. It is on a parity with Jim Corbett's overthrow of the "unbeatable" John L. Sullivan. It ranks far ahead of Braddock's conquest of Baer and that was shock enough.

Right now, there isn't a heavyweight challenger who can whip Louis with the exception of Schmeling and because of his style and his uncanny knack of connecting with a right hand, Max would be able to thrash Louis every night in the week. Were they to fight six months from now it would be the same old story.

Louis can't get close without being a target for Max's right hand and Joe always would be on the lookout for that right hand clout which ruined him from the first round on. Schmeling told me the day after the fight that he ruined Louis with a short hard right in the FIRST round!

"None of you writers mentioned that right hand punch but it was the blow which robbed Louis of all his confidence and he never got over the punch. When he used a straight right jab to my face I had to take a lot of them so as to get close enough to loop my rights across his left arm. He changed after a while and began to hook his left at me and this gave me the chance to step in close and hit inside his left."

* * *

EXPERIENCE never paraded with a greater swagger than it did the night that Schmeling crumpled the great brown idol. Experience, the master mechanic, the swashbuckling chance taker! Schmeling seemed to utterly disregard the danger which might have lurked in Joe's fists. Surely he paid no attention to them, save to exercise such sane caution which every experienced fighter uses when facing a man who can knock you out if he connects. He just didn't permit Joe to connect and not being able to land, Joe was indeed the amateur Schmeling claimed for him.

It all simmers down now to the championship battle between Max and Jim Braddock. What are the critics going to do in this case? I for one do not believe that Schmeling is going to be as free and easy with his right handers when he goes before the champion. Braddock isn't easy to tag.

Against the hardest punchers of his time Braddock never has succumbed to a knockout punch. He had one bout stopped because of a badly cut eye but no punch has ever kept him on the floor. Experience is his asset as well as it is Schmeling's and the outcome may be quite different in this case. Experience against ex-

# to Tag JIM So Easily

By HYPE IGOE

perience. Quite a sporting go, eh?

Schmeling is bent on being the only modern heavyweight to regain his heavyweight title. That is his great mission and being a stoical, plodding fellow who pursues a purpose with the relentlessness of a Commanche Indian, he will be a hard man to send back. Braddock has no easy task before him.

Besides this, Schmeling has been lucky in spots. He was lucky to win that title while sitting on the floor claiming a foul, a claim which dawned on him only after Joe Jacobs, his American manager had wigwagged him to go through the antics of a man struck low.

He was lucky to defeat Risko being far in the van when he popped Johnny on the button with a right hander. There was no element of luck in his defeat of Louis. That was a masterpiece of noodle and execution, tempered by experience. If luck sticks to him in the Braddock go he may see his dream of being the first heavyweight to be recrowned come true. Schmeling is lucky enough to come into such glory.

* * *

THE last known recovery of the world's heavyweight title was accomplished by Tom Allen, the Englishman who was defeated by Mike McCool on a foul near St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. on June 15, 1869. McCool won the title on a questionable foul.

In 1873 McCool and Allen met in a return bout and this time Allen regained the title by stopping McCool in a fight held near St. Louis.

Allen didn't hold the title long. Joe Goss, an Englishman came to America to challenge Allen for the title and they met near Covington, Ky., on Sept., 7, 1876. Allen was getting a devilish licking when he resorted to fouling and was disqualified, making Goss the world's champion under London Prize Ring Rules, this being the only recognized form of ring war at the time.

Goss was knocked out by Paddy Ryan in 87 rounds in West Virginia in 1880. John L. Sullivan knocked out Ryan and became the champion under London rules, a title he carried to the grave. Jim Corbett defeated John L. under Marquis of Queensberry rules, the first battle of the kind in ring history.

The nearest any man has come to regaining a heavyweight title since Tom Allen reversed matters on Mike McCool was Dempsey's great attempt against Gene Tunney at Chicago. Dempsey, on a time basis, actually recovered his title but because of his failure to repair to a "far corner" he wasted so much time that Tunney, contrary to the actual letter of the knockdown rule, was permitted to browse around on the canvas eighteen or more seconds.

The time keeper's watch registered 17 seconds, officially. He admitted this in a signed article under his own signature while trying to explain his weird deportment while acting as the knockdown time keeper. Dempsey was bilked out of being the first man to regain the title since Tom Allen's day because Dave Barry, the referee, not living up to the strict letter of the rule, resumed counting at "one," ignoring the official time keeper outside the ring, whose count he should have picked up, instead of starting another on his own hook. Sympathy for Dempsey because of this incident turned into a gold mine. The public flocked to his side and he has made a fortune since.

Max Baer, a sorry disappointment after becoming the heavyweight champion, threatens a comeback. In fact, he has been bowling over set-ups throughout the West and he might yet register an upheaval, though it is quite certain that Baer never again will regain the physical form he displayed in defeating Schmeling and Carnera.

I picked Baer to defeat Louis and I still insist that had he not come to the ring frozen stiff with fear he would have taken Louis in easier fashion and quicker time than did Schmeling.

The defeat of Louis by the German may instill new life into Baer and he might come back. He is not "old" as compared to Sharkey or Schmeling. He can be so great as he cares to in a ring and in one of his "fury" moments he is apt to defeat any one who lives.

Jim Jeffries had to retire while in the prime because of lack of competition. He had whipped Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Ruhlin, and Sharkey twice over and believing that the fight fans would refuse to see him do it a third time, he withdrew, leaving the championship to be fought for by Jack Root, Tommy Burns, Marvin Hart and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. It wasn't until Jack Johnson, four or five years later, had dethroned little Burns that Jeff foolishly tried a comeback. He had nothing left of his old strength and hitting power and Johnson became the undisputed champion of the world.

Johnson became quite unpopular with his own race when he criticized Joe Louis and his style. Johnson was quite positive that the modern writers were over-praising Louis and set about showing up Joe's weak points. Like some of us old timers, Johnson was not impressed to the extent that he was ready to declare Louis the "greatest" of all time. Schmeling certainly knocked that appraisal into a cocked hat once he got to work on "the greatest fighter of all time."

Just who will come along to become champion? It is logical to presume that Braddock won't retain the title long. He and Schmeling have the thing bottled up, right now. What of Baer, Louis?

* * *

WHAT of Al Ettore, three times conqueror of Leroy Haynes, the Negro? What of Haynes who knocked out Primo Carnera in three rounds? What of Primo himself who gave Louis his hardest fight up to the time Joe tripped over Schmeling? Can Jack Peterson of England come through? Will Walter Neusel come back? All in all, it is a pretty sorry crowd we have lined up for heavyweight honors and the fact that Jim Braddock, a courageous "hasbeen" came out of retirement, off the dole, to oppose the present crop only amplified the cry for help.

The situation is far more discouraging than it was when they started drumming up "white hope" tournaments after Johnson had defeated Jeffries. While Joe Louis was strutting around in the glory of a few push over conquests, things looked pretty blue, especially for the white race. There wasn't a man on the horizon who was thought worthy of Joe's prowess. When Schmeling came we all thought that Max was just dropping in for the loser's end.

He insisted that he had come here for the sole purpose of exploding the Brown Myth, declaring that he had detected such flaws in Joe's makeup that he couldn't resist the temptation of hoping over from Germany to belt out the new terror; we who knew Max and liked him, felt genuinely sorry for the fellow.

Hadn't Baer knocked out the German? Hadn't Louis pulverized Baer? The records spoke louder than words but all of us forgot the differences in styles and laughed in Schmeling's face when he urged that he "had just the style to defeat Louis, Joe's style being just made to order for my style of fighting."

There was no luck attached to his victory, no fluke, no chance for an alibi as the fighting went. If Joe made mistakes in the first, second, third, and fourth rounds, he still had time to rearrange his battle plans. Max didn't give him a chance to change and whenever he tried something new, Max met him with another right hand smash on the jaw.

Encouraged by the German's success, the other challengers may pick up sticks and start all over again. Baer might get into the running again. Indeed he has sent an offer to fight Schmeling, offering him $200,000 for a fight in Oklahoma City.

He was a dashing figure in winning the title from Carnera, in defeating Schmeling with a knockout. *(Continued on page 44)*

# McGOVERN, as I

## *Joe Humphreys, Fifty Years in the Fight Game, Gives an Intimate Story of the Brooklyn Terror Whom He Managed.*

*(Written for* THE RING *a month before Humphreys' death)*

*Joe Humphreys, most famous boxing announcer, who died from a heart attack on June 11.*

I'VE seen a lot of fighters in my time—but there was only one Terry McGovern.

There never was before and probably never will be again, such a wonderful fighting machine, a veritable human dynamo which galvanized into action at the first clang of the gong and never stopped going until the referee had completed the count over his opponent.

Yes, I know Young Corbett twice was credited with knocking out McGovern, but with all due respect to Billy Rothwell—that is Young Corbett's right name, you know—and without taking any credit away from the great little Westerner, Young Corbett never knocked out Terrible Terry. It was only the ghost of the fighting fury from Brooklyn.

If the McGovern who crawled through the ropes against Corbett at Hartford that Thanksgiving Day thirty-five years ago had been the same Terrible Terry who knocked out Frank Erne in the Garden eighteen months previously, there would have been a different story to tell at Hartford. McGovern's right would have stopped Young Corbett in jig time.

Terry started in 1901 a series of knockouts by knocking out Oscar Gardner in four rounds and Aurellio Herrera in five.

The fight with Herrera took place in the latter part of May. From then on until the match with Corbett was made, Terry didn't put a glove on. Most of the time he was on the road with a burlesque troupe. And poor Terry was trying to burn the candle at both ends. That was very easy to do, considering his immense popularity and his hosts of supposed friends. Playing the good fellow and retaining a ring championship doesn't jibe.

When McGovern came back east and the match with Young Corbett was made, we sent Terry up to Johnson's roadhouse in the Bronx to whip himself into condition. I went up there to see his first workout.

He scarcely had stripped when I saw there was something wrong with him. He didn't have the old pep. The lightning was missing from his attack.

I didn't say much, but after looking him over the second day, I called trainer Charlie Mayhood aside and said:

"Charlie, you've been with Terry ever since he first put on the gloves. You were his boss over in the lumber yard in Brooklyn. You started him in the game and handled him in his rush to the championship. There isn't one of us who knows and understands McGovern like you. What's the matter with him?"

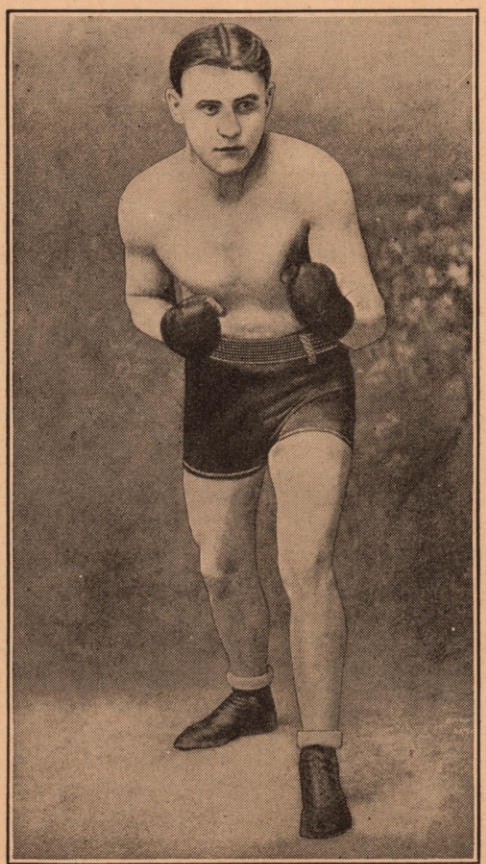
"I don't know, Joe," answered Charlie, shaking his head, "but he isn't there. Looks to me as if he had burned himself out. I would like to send him away to the mountains for a three months' rest and building up before starting work with the gloves. But he won't hear of it. Says he is good as he ever was and with two weeks' work, will be ready for any man in the world."

* * *

WE let things stand for a while. Finally when I saw that the training was not bringing Terry around, I told Mayhood we had better bring Sam Harris up to Johnson's and let Sam see in just what shape Terry really was.

Sam came up and after the workout we held a conference, Harris, McGovern, Mayhood and myself. Sam, Charlie and myself all were for calling the fight off.

But Terry wouldn't listen to it. He acted like a wildman, saying we were all fools and that with another ten days' work he would be his old self and would annihilate the Western challenger. Terry won out, and we decided to take a chance and let the fight go on.



*Young Corbett, whose K.O. of McGovern broke the Brooklyn Terror's fighting heart.*

Sam Harris never had failed to put a bet down on McGovern. Whenever Terry won, Sam would hand Terry half his winnings. If Terry failed to stop his man quick enough, or lost Sam's bet some way or other, Sam would pocket the loss and never say a word. He never docked Terry. That's the kind of fellow Sam Harris was!

Harris never bet a penny on McGovern at Hartford. Sam knew only too well that the man who faced Corbett that day was only the shadow of his real fighting self.

The trip up to Connecticut was like going to a funeral for Sam. He knew, and so did I, and so did all the rest who knew the real McGovern.

* * *

AT the start of the twentieth century, Billy Naughton, the famous Coast sporting writer; Weldon, an almost equally well known and respected Cincinnati writer; Charlie White and George Siler were asked to form a ring jury to decide who was the greatest fighter of the nineteenth century.

They agreed unanimously on McGovern.

Both Fitzsimmons and McGovern defeated three champions. Terry defeated Pedlar Palmer for the bantamweight championship, George Dixon for the

# Knew Him

By JOE HUMPHREYS

featherweight title, and knocked out Frank Erne, the lightweight champion, in a handicap match which would have ended with the same result had Erne been allowed to come in at the lightweight limit.

Erne himself acknowledged it. I remember in Erne's dressing room after the fight, how Terry came in to shake Frank's hand, and Erne almost tearfully declared:

"Terry, you're the greatest man I ever met. You're a better man than I am. Go ahead and take the lightweight championship. There's no one within a dozen pounds of you who will stand up before you."

And Terry replied:

"You're still lightweight champion, Frank. I've got troubles enough of my own in my own division without looking for any more among the lightweights."

The main reason why Naughton, Weldon, White and Siler gave McGovern the call over Fitzsimmons was the caliber of the men whom McGovern whipped. There never was a time in the history of sport when there were so many good little men as there were in McGovern's day. Why, there were a dozen men whom Terry McGovern sent cringing to the canvas who would be champion of the world today.

Did you ever stop to think what the bantams and feathers of McGovern's time would do to the present crop of little men?

Those of you who were fortunate enough to see Jimmy Barry, George Dixon, Oscar Gardner, Patsy Haley, Tim Callahan, Georgie Monroe, Sammy Kelly, Tommy White, Kid Broad, Casper Leon, Tommy Sullivan, Austin Rice, Harry Forbes and Eddie Santry in action know what I mean.

Don't forget that among McGovern's knockout victims were Frank Erne, Joe Gans, Joe Bernstein, George Dixon, Oscar Gardner, Harry Forbes, Pedlar Palmer, Aurelia Herrera, Tommy Murphy, Eddie Hanlon, Patsy Haley, George Monroe, Casper Leon and Austin Rice.

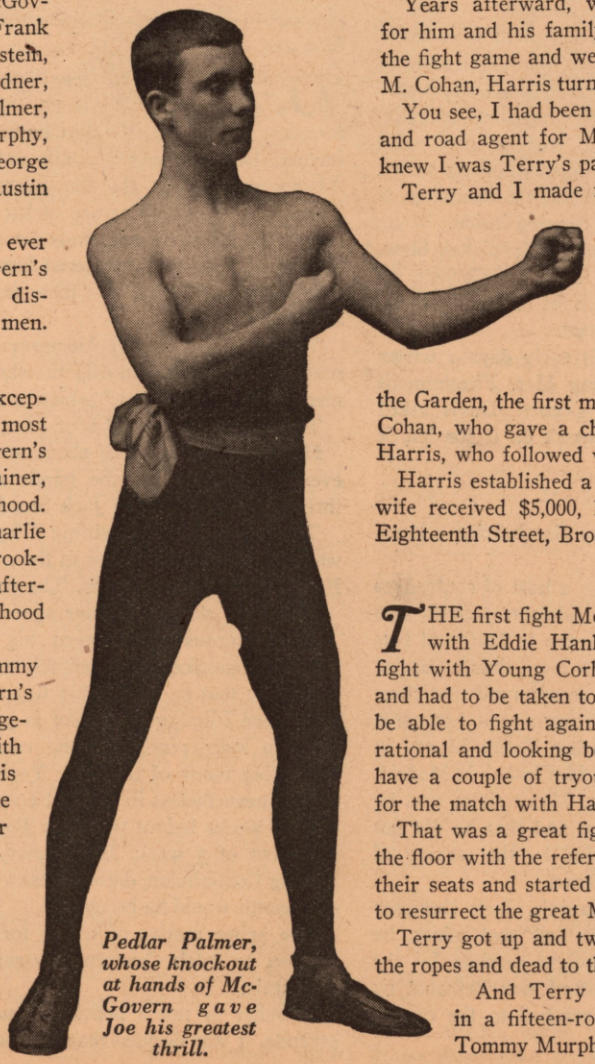
The world never saw nor ever will see a fighter of McGovern's poundage who could hope to dispose of that fleet of real ring men.

* * *

THE man who, with the exception of Sam Harris, was most responsible for Terry McGovern's success was his faithful trainer, confidant and pal, Charlie Mayhood. Terry was working under Charlie in the lumber yard in South Brooklyn owned by Johnny Regan, afterward Alderman, when Mayhood started him in the ring game.

Terry's first manager was Jimmy Burns, the bricklayer. McGovern's last fight under Burns' management was the third fight with George Monroe. Sam Harris managed Monroe at that time and was in George's corner working against Terry. McGovern knocked out Monroe in the twenty-fourth round.

Then Charlie Mayhood told Terry that he thought he would succeed better under a manager who knew more about the game than Burns.



*Pedlar Palmer, whose knockout at hands of McGovern gave Joe his greatest thrill.*

Jimmy was a good fellow, a fine chap, but he didn't quite fit in the ring game. Mayhood suggested Sam Harris as the right man to hold the reins over McGovern and made an appointment with Harris.

McGovern, Mayhood and Harris met in the little two-room laundry the man who since has become one of the greatest theatrical producers in the world, then conducted.

McGovern and Harris took to each other from the start. They became pals. And let me tell you no brother thought more of another or tried to do so much for him as Sam Harris did for Terry McGovern.

*Patsy Haley, who according to Humphreys, gave McGovern his hardest fight.*

Sam saved his money. Terry didn't, although Sam always was after him and lecturing him about it. Terry was always broke and Sam always was digging down for him.

Years afterward, when Terry went broke, Sam looked out for him and his family. When Sam severed his connections with the fight game and went into a theatrical partnership with George M. Cohan, Harris turned the management of McGovern over to me.

You see, I had been associated with Harris as business manager and road agent for McGovern. Sam had faith in my ability and knew I was Terry's pal and wouldn't see anything happen to him.

Terry and I made fifty-three thousand dollars between us the first year I handled him, despite the fact he had gone way back, but at the end of the year both of us were broke, Terry from one cause and I from another.

When Terry collapsed completely and was sent to the sanitarium and we held the big benefit for him and his family in the Garden, the first man to contribute to the fund was George M. Cohan, who gave a cheque for $1,000, and the second was Sam Harris, who followed with a like amount.

Harris established a trust fund for Terry and when he died, his wife received $5,000, his boy the same sum, and the house on Eighteenth Street, Brooklyn, was saved for them for a home.

* * *

THE first fight McGovern fought under my management was with Eddie Hanlon in Philadelphia. Following his second fight with Young Corbett in San Francisco, Terry had collapsed and had to be taken to a sanitarium. We never thought he would be able to fight again, but when he walked in on us perfectly rational and looking better than he had in years, Harris let him have a couple of tryout bouts and then turned him over to me for the match with Hanlon.

That was a great fight, a wonderful fight. Eddie had Terry on the floor with the referee counting over him. Some of the fans left their seats and started for the doors, saying it was a shame to try to resurrect the great McGovern.

Terry got up and twenty seconds later had Hanlon hanging on the ropes and dead to the world from McGovern's dynamic assault.

And Terry was good enough to whip Jimmy Briggs in a fifteen-round bout in Boston after that, knock out Tommy Murphy in one round, *(Continued on page 45)*

# From JOHN L.

*Jim Tully, Famous Author, Reviews the Story of the Heavy Men From the First Fight Under Marquis of Queensberry Rules to the Present Day*

PUGILISM was never popular in America under the London Prize Ring rules—or bare knuckle fighting.

These rules were changed in 1892. In that year John L. Sullivan lost the heavyweight championship to James J. Corbett. The fight was governed by the Marquis of Queensberry rules, under which the pugilists wore five-ounce gloves, fought three minutes and rested one.

This was 158 years after the death of James Figg, the father of pugilism.

Between Figg and Corbett at least a hundred great heavyweights had their hours of gore and glory.

Modern pugilism, however, dates from John L. Sullivan's defeat by James J. Corbett.

Sullivan's prowess has become a legend. In his bare knuckle days he whipped Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain, either of whom would have been champions had Sullivan not appeared.

He once made a tour of America offering one thousand dollars to any man who stayed twelve minutes with him.

All were defeated, either by Sullivan, or a blow on the back of the head with a mallet, delivered when the unfortunate challenger was backed against a drop curtain of the theatre by his famous antagonist.

* * *

JAMES J. CORBETT held the championship five years after defeating Sullivan, losing it to Bob Fitzsimmons.

Fitzsimmons was a remarkable pugilist. A half inch under six feet, he weighed but one hundred and sixty pounds. His shoulders and arms were those of a giant. His tremendous chest measured forty-four inches and gave his lungs the expansion for quick recuperation. Awkward, lanky, bald-headed, freckled and ugly, he could hit as hard as any bruiser who ever lived. He often pulled his punches for fear of breaking his hands. With the mentality of a child out of the ring, he was all craft and cunning inside.

It was Fitzsimmons who made famous the solar plexus blow. When apparently ready to drop under the blows of Corbett, he whipped a paralyzing blow to that portion of Corbett's body. When Corbett rose his championship was gone.

Bob Davis, the famous editor, was in his early days a writer attached to Fitzsimmons' camp. Overhearing Mrs. Fitzsimmons praying for victory before the fight with Corbett, Davis asked Fitzsimmons why he did not pray. "If 'e won't do it for 'er, 'e won't do it for me," was the answer.

* * *

FITZSIMMONS was later whipped by Jim Jeffries, a much heavier and younger man.

When Jeffries retired from the ring, a host of contenders arose. The greatest among them was Jack Johnson. Jeffries was dragged from his retirement to face the Negro in 1910 and was knocked out in fifteen rounds. The fight drew more than a quarter of a million dollars, the largest amount on record until that time.

Johnson became involved with the government and became a fugitive. He scurried over the world, fighting Frank Moran in Paris, Bob Roper in Mexico City, and Blink McCloskey in Madrid. He lost at last to Jess Willard in Havana. Many claim that he sold the championship for a stipulated sum, and that he did not take the count until Mrs. John assured him, by the waving of a kerchief, that the money was in her possession.

While Willard was cashing in on his laurels, Jack Dempsey emerged from the West. A one-time hobo and coal miner, he joined forces with a second rate welterweight pugilist by the name of Jack Kearns. In four years Willard was defeated by Dempsey in a humiliating manner, being crashed to the canvas repeatedly and losing in three rounds.

Dempsey had color, was fast as a lightweight and as deadly as Fitzsimmons in punching power. Pugilism reached its highest peak of interest during his reign.

After having been knocked out of the ring in the first round, he won over Luis Firpo in the second.

It is claimed that Dempsey was out of the ring fourteen seconds in the first round and was assisted back into the roped arena by Hype Igoe, the sports writer, into whose lap he fell. This was an unintentional violation of the rules, and should have given the championship to the swarthy bruiser from the Argentine. But, as Hype Igoe said to me, "What the hell would you do, Jim, if Dempsey fell in your lap?"

The receipts for this fight amounted to $1,177,404. Dempsey's share was $500,000, and Firpo's $200,000. It was a world's record up to that time, and has only been exceeded twice since by Jack Dempsey in his two fights with Gene Tunney.

Firpo, far more shrewd than the average fighter, returned to his native country with nearly a half million dollars.

Some time earlier he had asked for the film rights before fighting an unknown in America. As they were worthless in this country, the manager laughingly allowed him to have the rights, if Firpo would stand the expense. Firpo agreed, and engaged one camera. As the Argentine is far away, the natives would not realize that the man whom Firpo was fighting was a third rater. He knocked him out in five rounds. Returning home, he sold the film for fifty thousand dollars.

* * *

DEMPSEY lost to Gene Tunney in Philadelphia. Aided by a combination of circumstances, Tunney was Dempsey's complete master at all times during the encounter. Harassed by fortune, Dempsey was mentally unfit to defend the championship. As no man knows the imponderables of the ring better than Tunney, he was well aware of his opportunity. But this must be said in his favor, he was ready for it when it came. It was a short over-hand right that staggered Dempsey in the first round. I had seen Tunney practice this blow in a Hollywood gymnasium for an hour at a time.

Tunney again fought Dempsey in Chicago and succeeded in retaining the championship through a questionable decision, the memorable "long count," which is now a part of ring history.

The ex-marine retired soon afterward.

His title was bandied about among second rate men until it eventually came into the hands of the giant Italian, Carnera, through his knockout of Jack Sharkey.

The Italian giant, weighting 270 pounds, and of immense stature, was unable to draw money at the gate. He was matched with Max Baer for the championship. The fight was held on June 14, 1934.

A natural showman, Baer again brought color to the ring.

A murderous hitter, even his devastating victory over the German champion, Max Schmeling, a year before, did not convince the nation that he could whip Carnera.

A more cunning man than is generally supposed, he appeared to train indifferently for the contest. Though he succeeded in outwitting many of the New York newspaper men, and Carnera, he was nevertheless in the best condition of his life.

Two weeks before the fight Baer's manager asked for a postponement of a week. Bill Brown, a member of the New York Boxing Commission, decided that a week would not be long enough —a month would be better.

The prime motive of trying for the postponement was, in my opinion, to catch Carnera overtrained and having him enter the ring stale.

Whether or not a political situation was involved in Brown's attitude, it was decided that the men should pass a medical exam-

# *to* BRADDOCK

By JIM TULLY

*The champions, from Sullivan to Braddock: No. 1—John L. Sullivan; 2—Bob Fitzsimmons; 3—Gene Tunney; 4—James J. Corbett; 5—James J. Jeffries; 6—Jack Johnson; 7—Jack Dempsey; 8—Jack Sharkey; 9—Jess Willard; 10—Primo Carnera; 11—Max Schmeling; 12—Max Baer; 13—James J. Braddock.*

ination. When the fighters entered the room to face the doctors, Baer walked up to Carnera and pulled the hair on his wide chest. The humorless Italian considered this conduct unworthy of a gentleman. Abashed and mortified, he looked angrily at the nonchalant Baer.

At this time Baer asked that Carnera be allowed to share his dressing room before the fight. He gave as his reason that Carnera might be nervous before entering the ring, and he would like to make him feel at ease.

The Italian indignantly refused the offer. Baer smiled.

* * *

THIS more than all else was indicative of how the fight would go.

Before the encounter Baer received from eighty to a hundred letters each day. He would not read them. Ancil Hoffman, his manager, to relieve the tedium of his life, would read these missives from love-sick ladies, late into the night. While riding to the challenger's training quarters with Dempsey and Hoffman, I glanced at some of these letters, and decided that Baer was wiser than men knew in not reading them.

In such divergent moods the men entered the ring.

As imperceptible as waves, thousands of people had entered the amphitheatre hours before the battle. Hundreds of famous people were in attendance. Over three hundred writers from all parts of the world were grouped about the ring.

Preliminaries and introductions over, a yell came from the huge audience. Carnera had entered the ring.

The announcer's words could not be heard. After several efforts to motion the crowd into silence, he stood, resigned and speechless, with folded arms.

* * *

NEVER since Tom Figg had there been such a giant mauler as Carnera. Six feet, six and a half inches tall, his body beneath the arm pits measured nearly four feet. His reach was eighty inches, his neck nineteen.

The audience gasped at his size.

When the cheering for Carnera had died away, Baer jumped quickly into the roped arena. Smiling and indifferent, he bowed to right and left.

His attitude made the champion nervous.

The difference in their sizes could be more sharply noted, as they stood in the centre of the ring to receive the referee's instructions. Carnera was four inches taller than Baer and fifty pounds heavier.

The gong rang. Carnera half shambled from his corner. Baer stepped lightly. The silence was intense. Carnera's heavy jaw was buried behind a mountain of shoulder. Baer's yellow gloved hands moved a few inches up and down, very slowly. An ominous feeling, as of impending doom, settled over the assemblage. The droning of airplanes, carrying advertising banners, now and then stabbed the silence.

Baer crouched low, Dempsey fashion, while his vast antagonist jabbed at him with hamlike hands. Feinting casually by throwing each shoulder back and pretending to be getting ready to bombard his mid-section, he succeeded in befuddling Carnera until his mighty guard went down. Immediately in position, Baer whizzed over a slashing right. It caught Carnera on the jaw. The ring shook as the giant fell.

The tension was released in a flood of emotion. The grinning Baer hurried to an opposite corner.

Carnera was up before the referee began to count. Unsteadily he guarded his jaw and received a thudding left in the pit of the stomach. It straightened his immense body and sent him backward. Baer, rushing, shot a right at his jaw. In an effort to keep from falling, Carnera dragged Baer to the canvas with him.

Snarling, Baer was up in a second. Before Carnera could rise, Baer made a move as if to strike him. The blow would have lost him the fight on a foul. His seconds yelled. Baer, laughing, motioned for his antagonist to rise.

The stout-hearted Italian got up again. Within ten seconds he was writhing on the canvas.

There was never such a demonstration. Even the fight critics who had picked Carnera to win, rose in their seats and cheered.

The bell ended one of the greatest rounds in the history of the ring. Carnera stumbled to his corner, with a welt on his jaw and a woebegone expression. Expanding his chest, and strutting like the gobbler he is, Baer seated himself and sneered across the ring, while the brave Italian, without a man in his corner worthy to direct a preliminary boxer, stretched himself tiredly against the ropes.

The gong rang again.

Carnera tried to connect with a left. In another second he was down, and Baer, either by design or accident, was again on top of him.

The referee began to count. Before his hand could go up and down, Baer stood erect, grinning, *(Continued on page 44)*

# Nat FLEISCHER says:

## *Tony Marino is New World Bantamweight King—Jack Sharkey is Impressive Against Brubaker — The Brown Bomber is Set for an Early Comeback*

THE name of Tony Marino meant very little to the average fight fan two months ago. Today, Tony Marino ranks number one man among the world bantamweights by virtue of a thrilling knockout victory over Baltazar Sangchili, world's bantam king.

Out on the Pacific Coast, where Marino had been seen in several minor engagements, the critics thought sufficiently of him to predict that he had the makings of a fairly good boxer but that lack of work was acting as a severe handicap to him. Then came the desire of Frank Tabor, his manager, to send Tony East in an effort to build him up. With little encouragement and plenty of perseverance, this youngster made up his mind that he would go somewhere and he pleaded with his Eastern manager, Charley Cook, to get him any bouts, anywhere, just for the purpose of keeping him busy.

The Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn was approached and Tony got his first chance in a six-round preliminary bout and he proved himself a smart, flashy boxer, not too strong but far more capable than the ordinary preliminary performer. A few more contests put him on edge for a summer campaign. The Queensboro Arena in Long Island City was about to open its doors. Louis Salica, former American bantam king, was billed as the top-liner but no opponent could be located for him. Charley Cook was approached on behalf of Marino and he eagerly accepted the bout, though the wise ones shook their heads and told Charley that he was sending Marino to the slaughtering block.

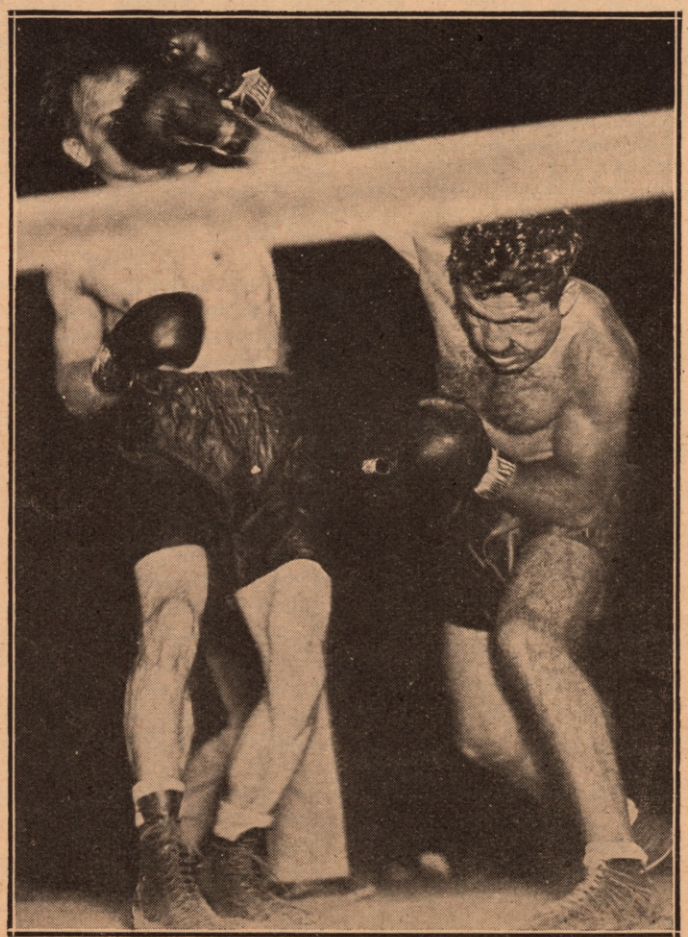
It seemed that the only one who had any faith in Marino was Cook, as he quietly accepted some long shot wagers. When that contest was over, Salica had been humiliated, Marino had jumped into the front rank of the bantams and Cook emerged with a fat bankroll which he had won on the long shot.

* * *

WITH that bout out of the way, Marino was given another tough assignment in the modern, durable boy, Baltazar Sangchili of Spain. Sangchili had come to this country heralded as the world's bantam king, by virtue of his fifteen-round decision over Al Brown, then the recognized champion of the world. But when the Spaniard arrived in New York, he found, much to his amazement, that the New York State Athletic Commission and the National Boxing Association had joined hands in refusing him his just recognition. They favored Sixto Escobar for top honors. Sixto, it will be recalled, had defeated Lou Salica for the American championship and that is all he now holds, yet the lad who had come from abroad found himself out in the cold.

To settle the matter of supremacy so far as the New York Commission was concerned, Sangchili had agreed to meet Escobar in a titular match this summer in New York and as a tune-up bout, he took on Marino in a fifteen-round contest. But, as often is the case in such so-called easy matches, Sangchili, after giving Marino a terrific trouncing at Dyckman Oval and flooring him four times, suddenly got clipped on the chin in the fourteenth round and the lights went out for him.

Thus what was originally arranged as a workout for a championship match with Escobar resulted in the downfall of the world champion and a new world title-holder was crowned in Tony Marino, a Pittsburgh boy. And now, instead of Escobar meeting Sangchili to settle their dispute as to the ownership of the world crown, it will be Sixto versus Tony and it is my opinion that from this scrap we will get a champion who will revive interest in a division that has been dead practically for almost a decade in this country.



*A scene in the eighth round of the bout between Tony Marino and Baltazar Sangchili at Dyckman Oval, New York City. Marino covering his face after a bombardment from his Spanish opponent.*

* * *

AS for the Dyckman Oval scrap in which the world's crown changed hands, it was an affair that reminded one of the famous bout between Fitzsimmons and Corbett in which Fitz, the loser up to the time of the knockout, came through with a solar plexus punch to beat Corbett and win the heavyweight title. Marino had been battered around the ring by Sangchili but was always in the running with his skilled boxing tactics. There were several rounds in which Marino asserted his mastery and made the rugged Sangchili look like a novice, but in other sessions Baltazar's strength proved Tony's undoing.

Marino hit the canvas in the first round for the count of seven. He recovered somewhat in the next four rounds and had a slight lead on points.

From then on until the finish, it was all Sangchili. In the seventh session, the Spaniard scored a knockdown and in the eighth, two more were recorded against Tony.

It appeared like a hopeless task for Marino at this stage but Tony's courage was in his favor as he plodded along in the hope of at least lasting the limit. He put up a valiant battle.

Coming out for the fourteenth round, Tony delivered a left hook in the region of the solar plexus, followed by a smashing right-hander to the chin that felled Sangchili with a thud. He was counted out and was still on the canvas as the announcer held up the hand of the new crowned king, Tony Marino. Like Primo Carnera in his bout with Leroy Haynes, Sangchili found himself partially paralyzed as the result of the blow and had to be removed to his home and had to undergo special care.

*And here we see Sangchili being carried out of the ring after his knockout at the hands of Marino. Tony was outclassed, but scored a K.O. in the fourteenth.*

Regardless of the New York Boxing Commission and the N. B. A. and my personal fondness for the great little fighter, Sixto Escobar, in all justice to Marino, he is the world's bantamweight champion and shall go down into the record books as successor to the Spaniard.

* * *

MARINO was born in Duquesne, Pa., twenty-three years ago. He started boxing five years ago, after serving as an apprentice in the steel mills of Pittsburgh. He also worked as a house painter and is an expert sign painter.

He began his career as an amateur boxer, weighing 105 pounds, and won the Pennsylvania flyweight title in the amateur ranks. As a pro he boxed several preliminaries in and around Pittsburgh, and then was matched with Midget Wolgast, then the flyweight champion. It was an overweight match, and Tony got a draw with the champion.

There was no competition for him in his home town, so Tony went to San Francisco via the freight route, and after remaining around gymnasiums for a month, he got a match with Speedy Dado. In order to get this match, Tony had to take 40% of the gate receipts after the house reached $800. The gate went to $760 so Marino not only did not get paid for the fight, but it cost him ten dollars for training expenses. He got a draw with Dado, and then fought successfully against Pablo Dano, Young Tommy, General Padilla, and Midget Wolgast, in a return match. These bouts all took place in Frisco.

Running out of competition on the Coast, Tony came East and placed himself under the management of Charley Cook. After showing in the local gym, the top notch bantams refused to meet Marino in New York, so Cook matched him with several 126 pounders at Ridgewood Grove, where he proved a sensation, by beating boys who outweighed him by ten pounds. He was knocked out by Louis Felice at the Grove but came back a fortnight later and beat him.

The boxing commission suggested he eliminate Baltazar Sangchili after he beat Salica, and Manager Cook agreed to this bout, over the fifteen-round route. What happened in the Sangchili bout is history. This victory now gives Marino a clear claim to the bantam title. However, Marino is willing to have the claim settled by meeting Escobar in August, at Dyckman Oval in a bout that will decide the bantamweight title once and for all.

Marino is a brother of Tommy Ryan, who was considered a top notch bantam about ten years ago. Tommy tried to prevent Tony from becoming a boxer, but the youngster persisted in following in his brother's footsteps. Now there is a younger Marino in the family who wants to become a boxer, and Tony is trying to persuade this boy from taking up the boxing game for a living.

* * *

I HAVE received many letters from all parts of the country condemning me for my staunch support of the Brown Bomber. In answer to those who have relegated Joe Louis to the also ran class, I feel that they have acted entirely too quickly. It is one thing to call a fighter a false alarm and it is another to prove sincerity in such a claim, by presenting facts. I cannot understand why so many persons have deserted the Louis standard, most of them judging by my mail, being members of his own race.

Go through fistic history and count the "Greats" in pugilism who were halted not once but several times before they reached the top. Men like Jack Dempsey, a severe critic of Louis; Jack Johnson, who seldom has had a good word for the Brown Bomber; Harry Wills, another of Louis' critics, and others too numerous to mention, have failed to take cognizance of the fact that one knockout does not break a fighter. When one possesses courage, perseverance, natural hitting ability and the will to reach his goal, then one knockout or even two or more, will act as an incentive and not a detriment.

I look for Joe Louis to come back. I can foresee in the Brown Bomber a great fighter, despite the severe setback he suffered at the hands of Schmeling. I regard Joe Louis at this stage in exactly the same light as I look upon Stanley Ketchel after his knockout at the hands of Billy Papke.

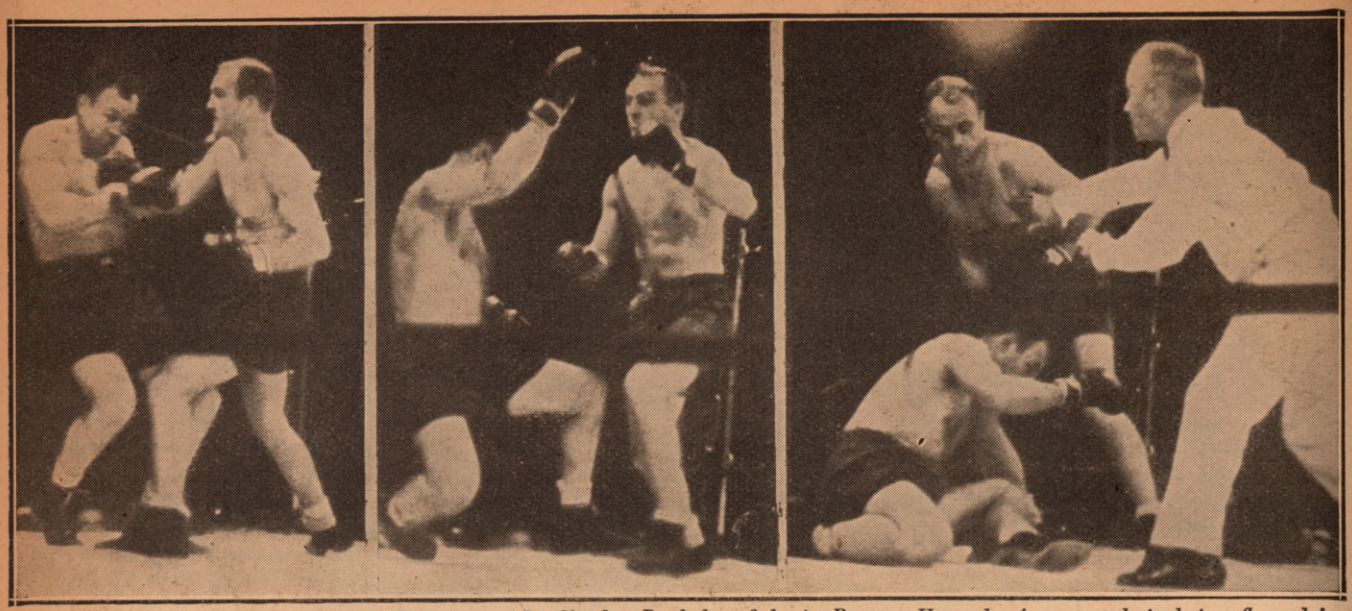
We who regard Jack Dempsey as one of the greatest fighters of all times, realize that Jack reached his goal, despite several setbacks at the hands of Jim Flynn, who stopped him in one round and Willie Meehan who twice whipped him. Yet those and other close contests did not prevent the Manassa Mauler from becoming the most talked of fighter in modern times.

What Jack Dempsey could do, there is no reason that Joe Louis cannot repeat. Likewise the cases of Harry Willis, Ketchel, Jack Johnson, Tiger Flowers, Abe Attell, Mickey Walker, Kid McCoy and other ringmen. They encountered obstacles in their early ring career, yet overcame them, and let us not forget that none of those above mentioned had such a spectacular rise without a single setback, as did Joe Louis up to a few weeks ago.

As for the future of Joe, I still think he'll make the grade with a popular, sensational comeback. Unfortunately for him, he loses his chance for a world championship fight with Jimmy Braddock but that should not worry him any. He is still young and the opportunity may come to him sooner than most of his admirers think.

* * *

AND still they come! Yes, I'm referring to the members of the "comeback" brigade, who, realizing the dearth of good heavyweight material, are leaving their farms, country estates, taverns and gymnasiums to take another fling at the big money in boxing. Schmeling started it more than a year ago, after Jimmy Braddock upset the fistic world by conquering Max Baer to win the world heavyweight championship. Then came



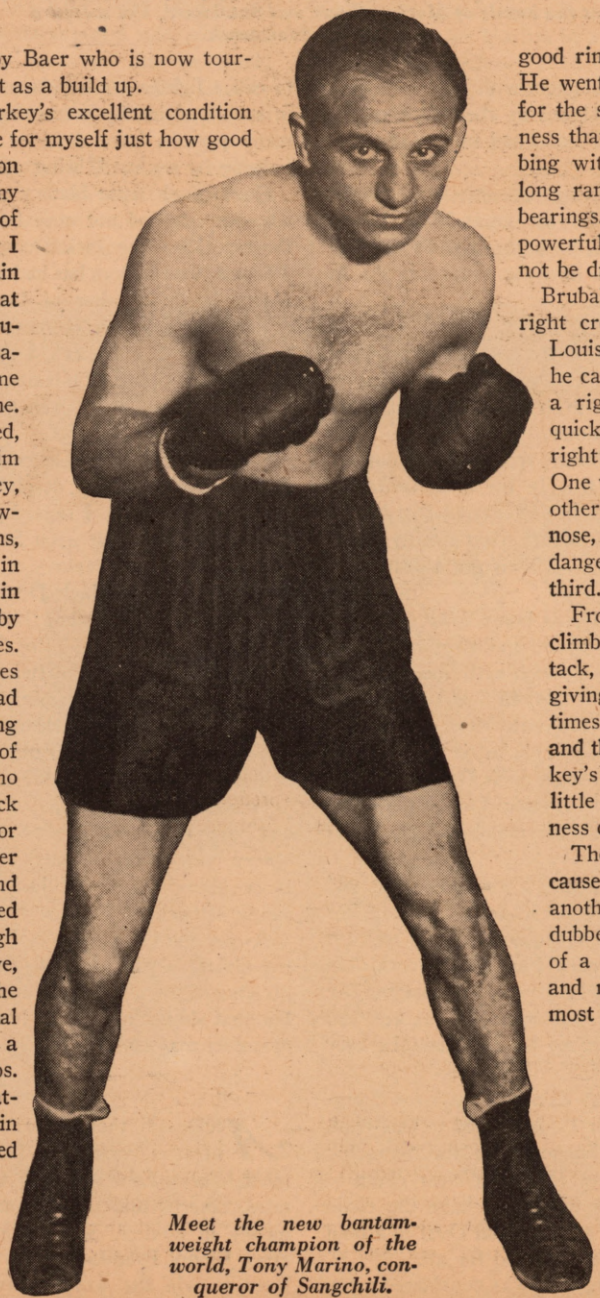
*What the International News Magic Eye saw in the Sharkey-Brubaker fight in Boston. Here the former gob is being floored in the second round by the same kind of rights with which Schmeling K.O.'ed Louis. Jack won the fight.*

Jack Sharkey, to be followed later by Baer who is now touring the country, meeting sucker talent as a build up.

I had heard so much about Sharkey's excellent condition and his sincerity, that I decided to see for myself just how good he looked before passing judgment on his comeback. Having cancelled my European trip until the fall because of the unsettled conditions in Paris, I went up to Boston to see Jack train and then sat myself in a ringside seat on the night when he met Phil Brubaker, the Dinuba, California, sensation. What I witnessed, convinced me that Sharkey's comeback is a real one.

Instead of finding, as I had expected, an ex-gob with a paunch, I saw a trim looking, perfectly conditioned Sharkey, who scaled only 199 pounds, the lowest he has weighed in many moons, and at the end of ten hectic rounds, in which he was all but knocked out in the first, he emerged the winner by unanimous vote of referee and judges. Although several California scribes loudly protested that Brubaker had been jobbed, that is far from being the case. My score card and that of six of eight other New Yorkers who had witnessed the affair, showed Jack the winner of six rounds, with two for Brubaker and two even, and the other two gave the Californian three and four, respectively. And what surprised me most, was the fact that although Jack had a deep cut over his eye, brought on by an accidental butt, he wasn't the least winded when the final gong sounded. Brubaker suffered a closed left eye and a cut over the lips.

Boxing critics in the past have attributed a lack of gray matter in Sharkey's make-up, but to me it seemed that he exhibited plenty of that after the second round. Floored by a terrific right hand sock in the first, he hit the floor with a thud, arose at the count of two, and using good ring generalship, weathered the storm. He went to his corner groggy, and emerged for the second round with a bit of cautiousness that saved the day for him. Clever jabbing with a stinging left kept Brubaker at long range and enabled Jack to regain his bearings. He was socked with at least a dozen powerful right hooks to the chin, but could not be dropped again.

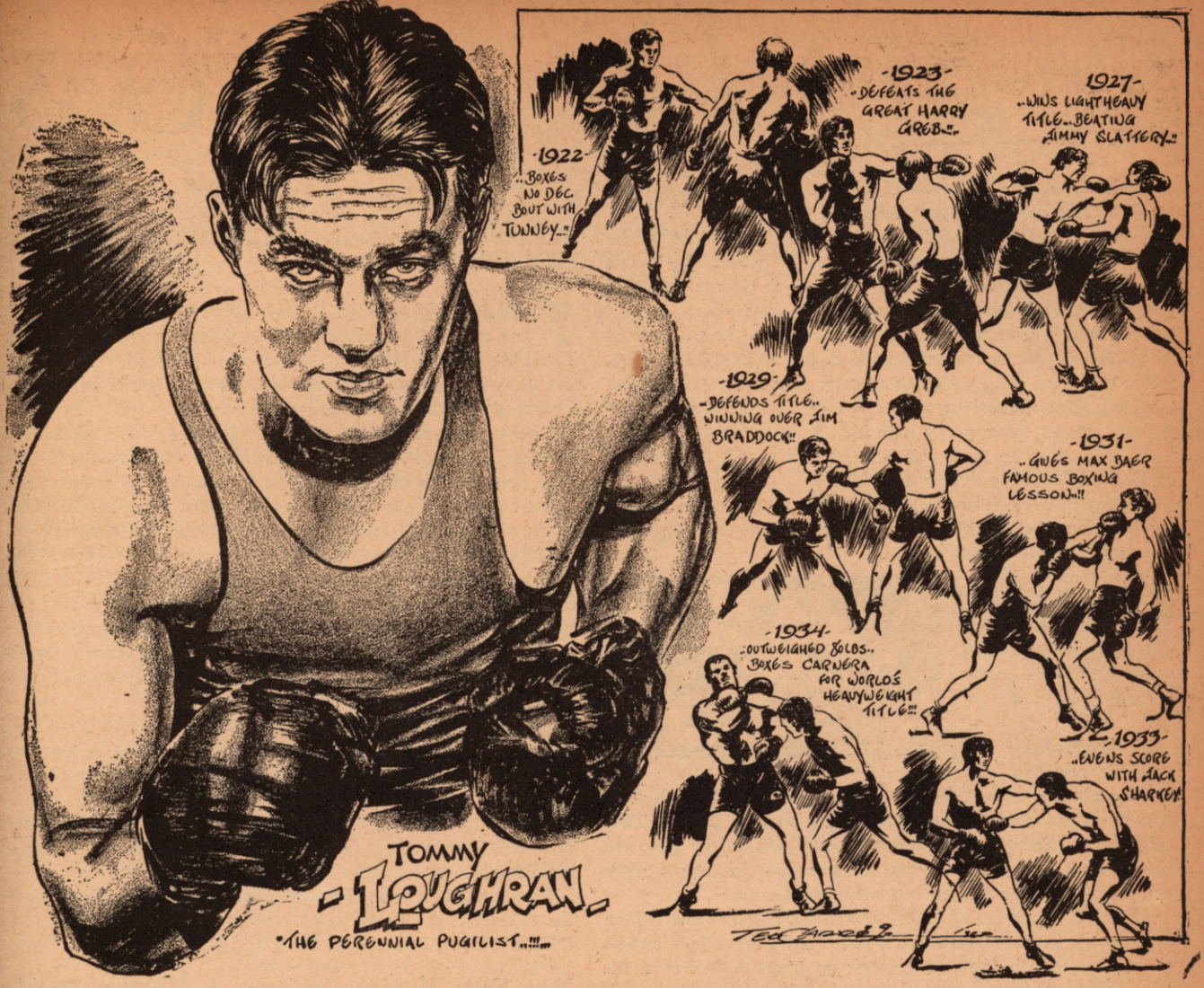


*Meet the new bantamweight champion of the world, Tony Marino, conqueror of Sangchili.*

Brubaker exhibited the same kind of a right cross that Schmeling showed against Louis, but in addition, he also proved that he can sock with his left. He worked first a right cross, then a straight left and quick as a flash, followed with another right and those punches shook up Sharkey. One wild right cut Sharkey's lips and another brought the claret in a flow from the nose, but Sharkey maneuvered out of the danger zone to come through to start the third.

From then on, it was a steady uphill climb for Jack as Phil faded in his attack, primarily because the ex-gob kept giving him a fine lesson in boxing. At times the Californian missed by inches and that discouraged him, and aided Sharkey's cause. The former champ grew a little careless in the sixth, and his cockiness cost him the cut over the eye.

The fight itself was most interesting because it proved that in Brubaker we have another heavyweight who cannot be dubbed a false alarm. He has the makings of a good scrapper but lacks experience and ring generalship. However, he is a most intelligent young man and will acquire these without much difficulty. As for Sharkey, he has now reached the stage where his comeback must be taken seriously. It won't surprise me to see him pitted against Max Baer in the battle of the "Comeback Kids," and if he should emerge the victor, he may yet find himself again in the role of a challenger for the world crown.




# HAS UNIQUE RECORD

*By* TED CARROLL

THE perennial pugilist—a man whose fighting career dates back to the days immediately following the Great War, who matched skill, strength and courage with such legendary ring figures as Tunney, Greb and Carpentier—Thomas Patrick Loughran of Philadelphia still pursues his fistic fortunes in the prize ring. The amazing Irishman, whose ring obituary has been written many times in the last ten years, continues to confound and amaze followers of boxing.

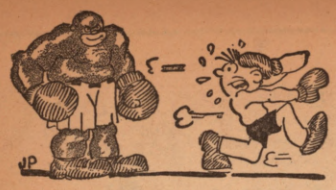
Loughran launched his ring career seventeen years ago when most of the men he is challenging today were mere children. As far back as 1922, he was engaging Gene Tunney in an eight-round no-decision bout in Philadelphia, and before he had reached his twenty-first milestone, he had gained a victory over the great Harry Greb.

Jeff Smith, Jack Delaney, Ad Stone, King Soloman, Bryan Downey, Fay Kaiser, Pal Reed, Mike McTigue, Young Marullo, Lou Bogash, Johnny Wilson, Georges Carpentier, Marty Burke, are just memories today, but the man who fought them years ago, Tommy Loughran, still is on the warpath.

Loughran was considered a veteran of the ring when he finally won the light-heavyweight championship of the world from Jimmy Slattery nine years ago, but the Philly Phantom has written many glorious pages in the annals of the prize ring since then. He defeated all comers in defense of his 175-pound diadem and in his tenth year of ring service, was knocked out by Jack Sharkey when he made a bid for heavyweight honors. In the minds of many, this defeat marked the end of a brilliant career, but it seemed to merely whet the veteran's ambition.

In rapid succession, he turned back the cream of the younger heavyweight crop of that era—Ernie Schaaf, Max Baer, Tuffy Griffith, King Levinsky, Vittorio Campolo, Pierre Charles and Johnny Risko. Then the thudding fists of youthful Steve Hamas brought an abrupt halt to Tommy's victory march and this time fight critics were positive that the Phantom of Philly was now nothing but the ghost of a great boxer whose days were done. Once again the incredible Tom fooled them when, with thirteen years of continual ring service behind him, he turned the tables on the powerful youngster, and then made his comeback doubly certain by running up another victory streak.

Loughran's superlative skill, made even more effective by the knowledge gained in his long years of campaigning, continued to offset the strength and youth of rival heavyweight contenders, and in March, 1934, he gained the goal for which he had striven so valiantly. He was matched with the giant Primo Carnera in a bout for the heavyweight championship of the world. Few men have gained such an opportunity after fifteen years of ring warfare, and it seems tragic that Tom's long quest was doomed to end in failure. Carnera's eighty-pound weight advantage, which he used in many ways to his advantage, turned back the Irishman's plucky bid for the ring's highest honor. *(Continued on page 45)*



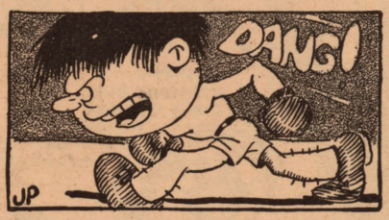
# The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER brings to you the news and the views of the world in boxing. But before he dishes out the monthly pabulum, he would like to don the garb of a pseudo-Aesop, Lon Fontaine or George Ade, and give you the Parable of the Lion Who Had No Teeth.

Once upon a time there was a Lion who lived in a Jungle in which there were few other Lions of any account. The Lion, whose name was Leo, went to the water hole every evening and the other Lions gave him so much room Leo began to wonder if there was anything wrong with him. If he growled, the other Lions dashed off to their dens and let him growl. It was very disconcerting and mysterious to Leo.

One day there came two Human Beings into the Jungle, looking for Ivory and Gold and a good Nickel cigar. They saw Leo, and they said, "Well, since we have found no Ivory and Gold, and a good Nickel cigar, let us cage this bird and take him to America. We might make something of This."




So they tossed a Net over the surprised Leo, and brought him to the United States. They sent out Press Notices that this Lion was the most Ferocious Lion ever known. They said as how Fourteen Handlers had been mangled by Leo, and how on the trip across the Ocean, he had torn out of his steel cage and scared even the Atlantic into a Conniption Fit.

All the Connoisseurs of Lions came to see Leo. Leo snarled but he never showed his Teeth. He kept his paws under him, and he growled so fiercely that the Experts on Lions dashed from the Lion House and wrote, "This Lion is the Lionest Lion ever seen. All he has to do is Growl, and you know that he has something in that Growl which no other Lion ever imported showed us. One slap of the Paw, and the victim is gone for the day—and time. This is A LION."

* * *

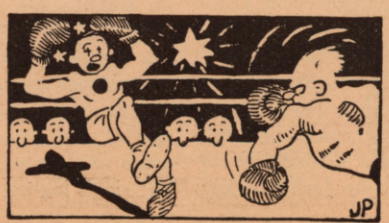
THE Two who had found Leo in the Jungle then decided to send Leo against other Lions. So they got a Lion here and a Lion there, but all the Lions they got somehow had heard or read about the Fierce Leo from the wilds of Africa, and as soon as Leo growled, the other Lions immediately had dates with their dentists and such.

Out of Lions, the Two sent Leo against a Baer. The Baer also had read too many papers. He asked, "Is it true that this Leo growls so loud that he disturbs your stomachic equipment? Is it true that with one Wallop of his Paw he rends you from right to left and from left to right? Is it true that he has Teeth like a Buzz Saw, and Claws like giant Razor Blades? Whoinell matched me with this Lion?"

And it came to pass that when they rang the bell, the Baer swooned like the rest and Leo got the Duke in a few growls.

Time passed! Leo took unto himself a Mate. The Experts wrote long pieces as how they figured this Lion would out-Lion the greatest Lions ever seen in captivity—even the Dempsey Lion. Leo read, and he believed it all. But he never smiled, and he never showed his Teeth. He just growled and Let It Go At That.

Time passed some more! The two decided they needed more Dough for Raw Meat for Leo. They sent him into a growling test with a Tiger from Germany. The experts had seen the Tiger, and they hollered, "This is a match between a LION and a MOUSE. It is gonna be Terrible. Call out the Doctors and the Ambulances, and do not permit the Weak and the Feeble to see it, as the Sight of the Lion mawing the Mouse will upset stomachs not gaited for such pastime."




* * *

THE Big Night came! The bell rang! The Tiger walked out and growled. The Lion growled. The Tiger growled back. The Lion snarled. Then the Tiger said to hisself, "Wotinell is the idea of my standing around here trying to outgrowl a Lion? Lemme see what he really can do."

So the Tiger pushed his right paw into the Lion's Mush. The Lion did not like it. He shoved a Tentative Left into the Tiger's Puss, and the Tiger said, "Oh, so he wants to play instead of Growl!" So the Tiger jammed another Right Paw into the Lion's Mush, and then the Tiger made a Most Interesting Discovery.

The Great Lion from the Wilds of Africa had no Teeth! All the time he had been growling and snarling, he had had NO TEETH. Imagine the oversight!

Then the Tiger discovered that the Fierce and Ferocious Leo had no Claws. All the time he had been pawing at other Leos, the Lion had had no tearing equipment to speak of. Imagine THAT oversight!

So when the Tiger saw that Leo had neither Teeth nor Claws, and presented no serious problem other than a Grade A snarl and a Class One growl, the Tiger let Leo have it, particularly with that Right Paw crossing the Lion's Left.

What with one thing and another, the Lion got Much too Much of it, and Lay down and was counted out before he could come to his Senses.

The Moral is not for the Lion. Leo got his! The Moral is for the Experts. Before hollering about a Lion, take him to a DENTIST and then to the MANICURIST.

## New York, N. Y.:—Joe Louis Is Knocked Out by Max Schmeling in Twelve Heats.

HAVING got rid of the Parable of the Lion Who Had No Teeth, the Globe Trotter now will go back to Character, and show you the news of the world of boxing in picture and Movietone.

Here we have the black night which saw Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, take a knockout from Max Schmeling, the Uhlan from Hitler's country.

It is a fair sight to behold, only, as the Globe Trotter shows you in this picture, there were not enough on the scene to behold it. It seems that on account of the fact that Max hails from Germany, and Germany is under the direction of Hitler, the Jewish customers of New York refuse to turn out en masse.

In order to make a big fight go in New York, the promoter must make some appeal to the Jewish population. They are great sports lovers and fight goers. They buy the best tickets, too. Jewish manufacturers of one thing and another take blocks of tickets for out-of-town buyers.

But in the Louis-Schmeling fight, the Jews of New York declined the sight. The result was a disappointing House, and a disappointing Take, which may or may not point a Moral. Mike Jacobs knows what was wrong, and The Globe Trotter hopes Mike will guide himself accordingly in the future.

The pictures we unfold here show how, with his sideways stance, Louis was a sucker for a good, hard right from a Guy who refused to be buffaloed by stories in the papers. Note how, time after time, Max crosses that right over the Louis left. Note how, when Louis misses, he is off balance. Max and his handlers studied this out, and went into the ring with as fine a plan as any battler ever had carried into an important heavyweight battle.

# GLOBE TROTTER

**The Parable of the Lion Who Had No Teeth—The various angles of the Schmeling victory over Louis are depicted in glorious film.**

### New York, N. Y.:—Fight Experts Get Together and Hold a Wondering Tournament.

THE picture now presented for your inspection is the Wondering Tournament of the fight experts, a few hours after Max Schmeling (he will go out inside three rounds) had walloped Joe Louis (he will win with a knockout in the first or second, and can finish it with one punch).

The Experts are trying to devise some scheme for taking the weight of the Louis flop off their shoulders. They discuss the thing from A to Zzyzzygy. They ponder the weighty problem from north to south, and vice versa. They dope the dope backwards and forwards, looking for the Flaw in the German.

But all they can see is Louis taking those hard rights, and themselves holding the bag, and finally they decide to take it, and let it go at that. Let some of the Experts tell you about it themselves:

Expert A—I picked Louis to win in the first. He turned me down. He's the sucker. I am not. If he hadn't turned me down he'd have the Braddock fight dough in the bank right now.

Expert X—I blame the whole thing on Max Baer. If that bum had had the heart of even a lap dog, he would have saved us all from this humiliation. If Baer had fought back, he would have busted Joe's spirit.

Expert Y—It was all a Hoax! I knew all along Louis could not combat a hard right hand, but I wanted to teach the public a lesson!

Expert L—Something happened to Louis between the night he knocked out Baer and the night he was knocked out by Schmeling. I know what it was that happened, but I am saving it for my readers.

Expert J—The fact is, we were taken for the grandest hay ride in the history of boxing. Imagine the guy who was belted by Hamas in Philly knocking this Louis loose from his scowl. I have no excuses or alibis, and close with admiration for the perspicacity and boxing wisdom of Jack Johnson.

### New York, N. Y.:—Jack Johnson Gets the Accolade from His Own People, as a Fistic Prophet.

THE bloke with the smile and the beret and the sepian puss is none other than Jack Johnson, one-time heavyweight champion of the world. Than Jack, there is no more canny dissecter of a fighter and no more expert analyst of fistic things and style. Before Louis met his Waterloo against Schmeling, Johnson incurred the enmity of the Negroes of America with a refusal to board the Louis bandwagon.

"I am not going to make a darned fool of myself by raising Joe to the skies, when he does not deserve it, and when such action will bring nothing but a bad reaction. Louis has serious weaknesses in his style and the first opponent who has a good right and courage will prove that I am correct."

Here we have Johnson the day after the Louis fight. He is not in a mood to holler "I told you so." In fact, Jack is not at all jubilant over the fact that Time had proved him a prophet. He is inclined to be sad that one of his own race has run into a snag.

"I am not here to brag. I am not here to crow over my wisdom. I am here merely to ask vindication. When I criticized Louis' style my own people hauled me over the coals. They called me a traitor. Worse, they said I was jealous. Now, why would I be jealous of a young man of my own race making a success? I made my own success, I am past the years for trying to emulate current successes. I just said what I saw, and they gave me hell.

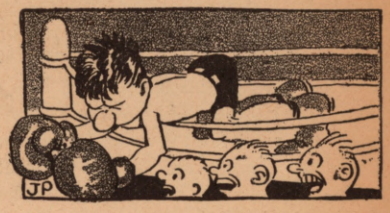
"Louis still can be taught. True, he has some physical defects which make that not so easy. But now folks know I was right."

Up steps the Spirit of the Black Race. He is a man dressed like De Lawd in Green Pastures. He places his right hand on Johnson's back, and sayeth, "The Truth is rather to be chosen than words of honey which waylay the unwary and lead the people in the paths of Phooey."

And so it comes about that Jack Johnson gets the Back Pat of Vindication.

### United States of America:—The Fight Fans Wonder How Come!

HERE we have pictures of the Fight Fans of the Good old U. S. A. Here is a group on the corner of Broadway and Forty - second Street in New York. Here is a gang on the corner of State and Randolph in Chicago. Here is a small bunch in the Brown Derby in Los Angeles, there a gang on Market Street in San Francisco. We show you Washington Street in Boston, Broad in Philadelphia, and even Peach Tree in Atlanta.




"How come?" That is the refrain and the chorus of the Fight Fans of America.

Joe Dokes of Chicago speaks up. "What I want to know is how everybody went so wrong on Louis?"

Jim Smike of Boston shouts, "Why did we get the bum steer? I lost four dollars."

Jake Nutes of San Francisco hollers, "I want retribution and explanation."

Here the Globe Trotter steps in, with a suggestion for the cessation of hostilities.

Too much has been said and written and pictured about how Louis flopped. Too little has been said and written and pictured about how Schmeling sprang one of the grandest surprises in the history of American sport.

In the Hamas fight in Philly, Schmeling was through. In the Louis fight, Max was a fighting son of a gun, with a lot on the punch, with courage and determination.

Why not settle it all by giving the Victory Hand to Max, and offering the Helping Hand to Louis, who needs it if he is to rebuild himself. He came too fast. He still has the makings of a great fighter.

### Tacoma, Wash.:—Freddy Steele Wins American Title from Babe Risko.

NOTE the fight crowd surrounding the newspaper building. Note the gathering on the street corners. "What's the news?" is the general trend of the comment. They have all gathered to get the result of the home town lad's fight with the American middleweight champion, Babe Risko. Here comes the flash. Freddy Steele wins the title. Drops Babe Risko in first and ninth rounds. Hats are tossed into the air, slaps on the back are a frequent occurrence. The town goes haywire, for Tacoma has finally been put on the map. It took a long time for Freddy to get his crack at the title, but apparently he had the dough and was willing to take the gamble on paying $25,000 for the chance.

Buying a title is nothing new in American fisticuffs, especially when good old Pete Reilly is at the helm. Pete is a good business man and he engineered the deal for Steele to get his chance.

# *Death* SILENCES JOE

*By* NAT FLEISCHER

MAISCH'S Little Casino was jammed to the doors. The entertainers—boxers, singers and dancers were all ready to go on with the show, but much to the dismay of the management, it was discovered that Charley Harvey, Fred Burns and Johnny Dunn, the New York's leading announcers, were missing. It was a mighty ticklish situation with the galleryites hooting and yelling for the performance to begin. They were becoming unruly and it was feared that a riot was on its way.

"Bring on Joe the Beaut," bellowed a burly spectator, and that bit of advice saved the day. "Joe the Beaut," christened Joe Humphreys, was a young neighborhood lad from the old Bowery District of New York City, a boy who could sing the popular songs with the best of them, and to him was entrusted the difficult job of acting as master of ceremonies. Soon his voice clarioned the announcements of songs, fights and what not, and what looked for a time like the brewing of a riot, turned into deafening cheers and the career of Joe Humphreys was definitely and officially launched.

That was fifty years ago and during that half century, the clarion-voiced announcements of "Joe the Beaut" were part and parcel of New York's most famed fistic and wrestling affairs. On July 11, in the quiet of his home at Fairhaven, New Jersey, death stilled the most famous voice in the sports world. The boy who, fifty years ago, had begun a career that was eventually to make his name a by-word in boxing circles had passed to his Maker at the age of sixty-three, the victim of a heart attack.

Because of my long association with him, a friendship of thirty years, I feel duty-bound to devote a little space here to the man whose articles you so often have read in this magazine. Joe was to boxing what the town crier was to the early New England States. From John L. Sullivan to Jimmy Braddock, he introduced the fistic celebrities in every class to millions of people.

* * *

NOT once during his fifty years of sports announcing did his voice falter or fail. Not once during all those years did "Joe the Beaut" hear the accusing cry of the galleryites, "Louder, Joe, Louder."

Even during the days before the appearance of the microphone, his voice, with the booming range of a fog horn, carried to all parts of the arena. Blessed with a dignity of demeanor that could still the tumult of a shouting mob with one gesture, his command, "Quiet, please, quiet!" would bring on a church-like silence.

Perhaps it was not alone his compelling voice that would still the gathering. It might have been the realization that when Joe Humphreys demanded attention, it meant that he had something of real importance to say. Even the silver-tongued orator, the late William Jennings Bryan, could not awe some of the mobs that Joe Humphreys was able to calm by the mere majestic raising of his right hand. You who were at the Yankee Stadium on that eventful night in May, 1927, when the Lone Eagle, Charles Lindbergh, was flying across the Atlantic, appreciate this.

* * *

THE main event was about to be staged. An unsatisfactory decision had been rendered in the previous bout. The crowd was in an ugly mood. It happened to be a heavy betting affair, and catcalls, hisses and booes rent the air.

Humphreys took the situation in at a glance. A riot was in the making when he took the bull by the horns and turned a commotion into the greatest and most dramatic spectacle ever witnessed at a fistic affair.

Into the center of the ring went Joe. He held up his right hand for silence. The galleryites refused to obey. Joe became somewhat riled as his voice penetrated the air with the command:

"Quiet, please. Quiet!"

The shouts of the disgruntled spectators ceased. With a voice ringing with emotion, tears streaming down his cheeks, a quiver that indicated the complete sincerity of his plea, Joe began:

"At this very moment, the Lone Eagle is winging straight for Paris, with Heaven and her stars above him and a cruel sea below him. No matter what your creed or faith, let us rise like true Americans and offer a silent prayer for this brave boy."

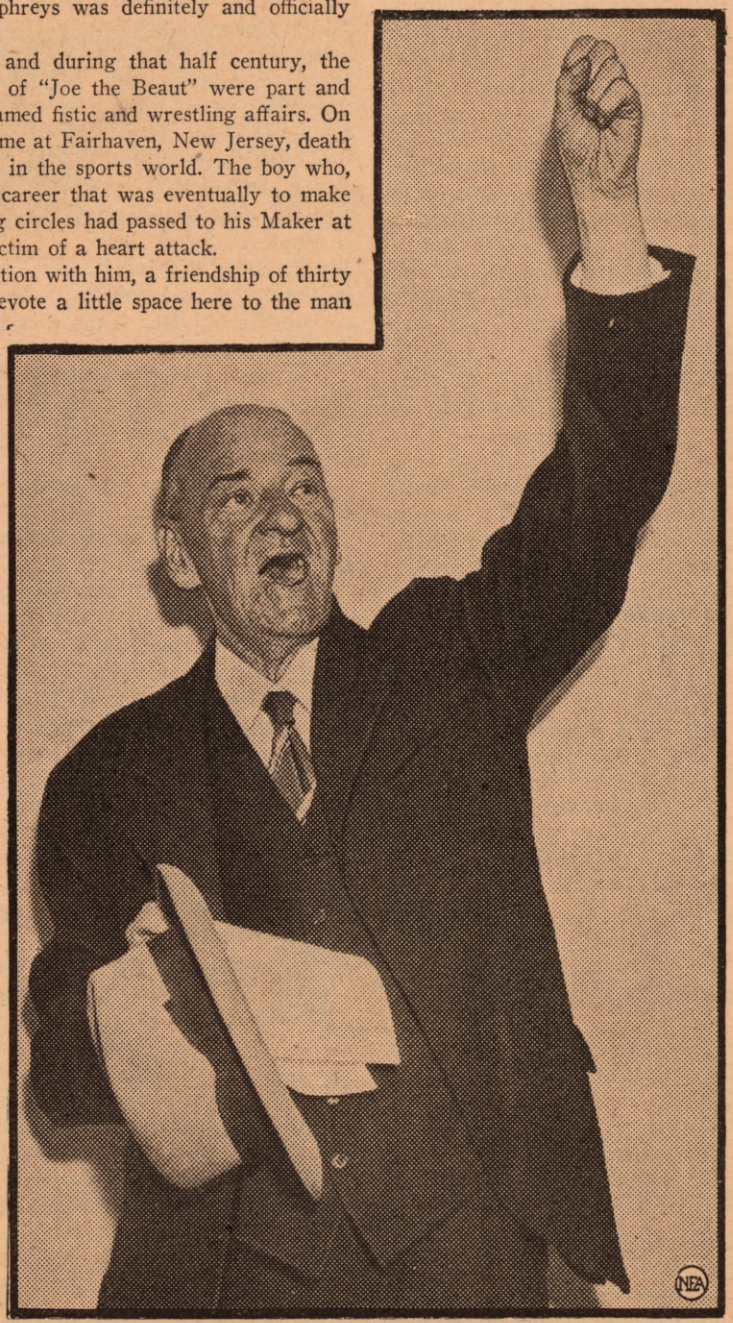
A hush fell over the stadium. All hands fell in line. There in the center of the squared circle stood Joe Humphreys, head bowed, ready to offer a prayer, and surrounding him stood fifty thousand fight fans at attention, hats off, heads bowed, following the leader.

You could hear a pin drop, so quiet was that throng as Joe chanted the words that brought tears to the eyes of the most hardened:

*"May the Almighty steer him across the ocean to land him safely on the shores of our ally, France. Amen."*

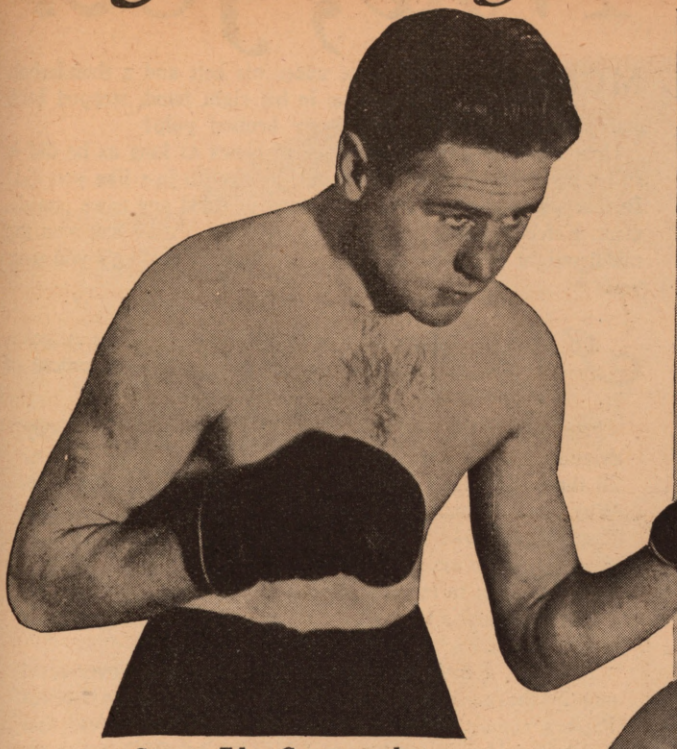
It was remarkable the way Joe subdued that noisy gathering with that piece of thoughtfulness and the following Sunday preachers

*(Continued on page 42)*

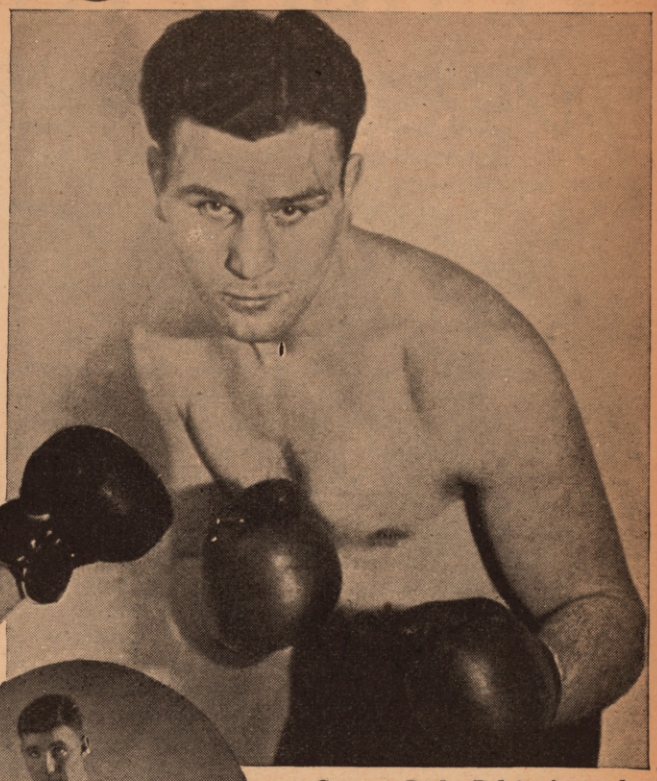


*Familiar portrait of Joe Humphries announcing the winner of a bout. This photo was snapped when Joe acted as master of ceremonies at the Baer-Louis fight.*

# From Foreign Lands

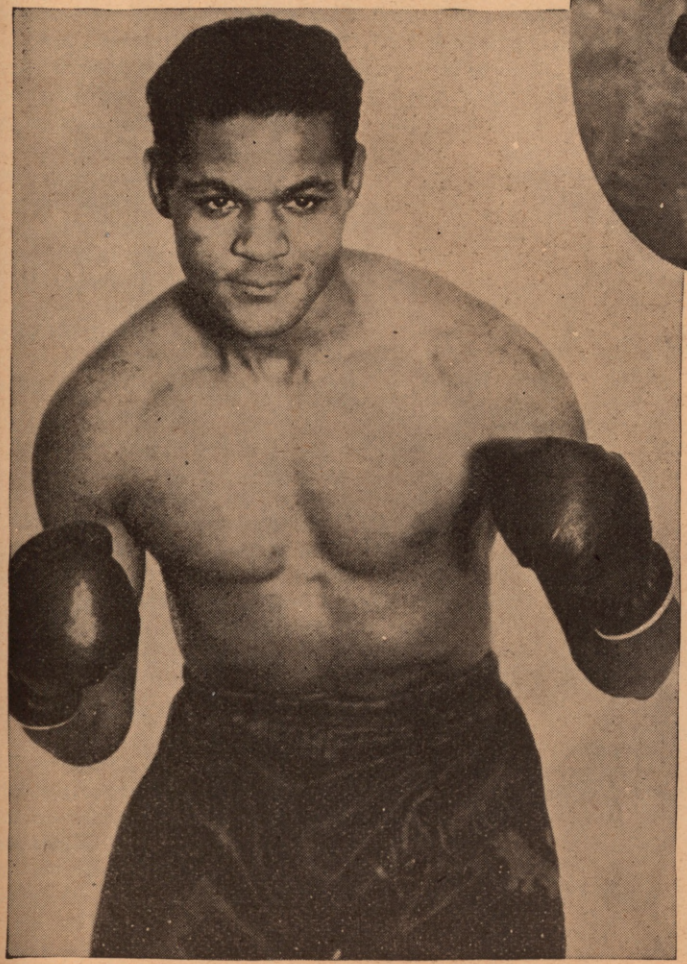


*Gustave Eder, German welterweight titleholder.*

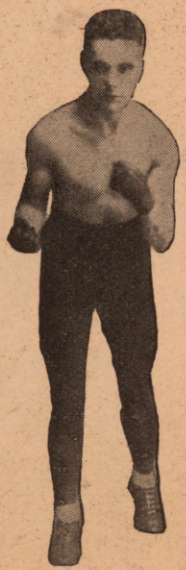


*Gustave Roth, Belgium's crack middleweight.*

*Sonny Buxton, crack Vancouver, B. C. heavyweight.*



*Kid Tunero, Cuban middleweight, campaigning in Europe.*



*Jim Warnock, Ireland's hope in the flyweight division, who recently whipped Benny Lynch.*

*Gustave Humery, rugged French lightweight.*

# Where to *Now*, Joe?

By T. W. McNIEL

WELL, Joe, you have reached that milestone along the pugilistic highway that every fighter reaches eventually. That stumbling block that always crops up sooner or later. Now that you've tripped over it, we're wondering what you'll do. We're wondering which fork of the road you'll take. The broad easy one that leads down the hill or the rough, tough and narrow one that leads on up-hill. We know you'll take one of 'em. Every fighter takes one of the two choices after stumbling as you did.

We know just how you feel when you see the ruins of your house of ambitions tumbled about you. We know the temptation that gnaws at your heart to throw the padded mitts to one side and step gracefully out of the picture. There is no denying the fact that there is a powerful urge to take what you've already reaped in and get away from the hustle and bustle of the ring, and live the life of Riley.

No more cruel punishing punches to take, no more strenuous hours of training routine, and best of all, no more bitter disappointments. On the other hand, there is that burning desire to get back in there and show the world that your defeat was "one of those things" that is likely to happen to the best of them. We know that you already are nursing the ambition to get Max Schmeling back inside the hempen arena and wipe out the stigma of that bitter, crushing defeat.

* * *

I NEVER think of your present plight but what my mind goes back to poor Stanley Ketchel as he surveyed the world through slashed and battered features a few hours after he had dropped his middleweight title to Billy Papke. You're standing in the same shoes today that Ketchel stood in back in 1908. He had run up a string of sensational knockouts over the best men in his division. He had already whipped Joe Thomas for the championship.

Sport writers hailed him as the greatest little man to ever lace on a boxing glove. "The Michigan Assassin," they called him in those days, just as they call you the Detroit Bomber, and he basked in the sunlight of his fistic glory. Like you, he was only 21 years of age but already the champion of the world and as in your case there wasn't a man in sight to extend him.

Then comes a battle with Billy Papke. Sure he's tough, and he's got a punch too, but he's too slow to land a solid wallop on a streak of lightning like the Polish sensation.

"Bong!" goes the bell, and Ketchel rushes out of his corner like an unleashed Bengal tiger. Papke merely steps out of his corner and as Ketchel crashes in, slams over an overhand right that the rawest amateur should have ducked. But Ketchel didn't duck it, and he bit the boards on his neck. That one punch didn't knock him out, but it did daze him just like that right of Schmeling's dazed you in the fourth.

The game Polish wonder scrambled back to his feet to resume the fray but he was out on his feet. Gone was his matchless speed. Gone was that buggy-whip snap to his punches. Gone was his sense of direction.

He stood in the center of the ring with feet out-spread and swung . . . . swung with reckless abandon, punches that the rawest novice would have laughed at. Little wonder then, that Papke, a ringman with years of experience under his belt and a thunderbolt wrapped up in his right hand, stepped back and pounded Ketchel to a bloody bruised pulp!

*Stanley Ketchel, whose knockout at the hands of Billy Papke finds a parallel in that of Louis by Schmeling.*

How Ketchel stood that barrage of blows as long as he did is still a mystery. He lasted it out till the twelfth just like you did! In that session flesh and blood refused to stand any more punishment. Ketchel slumped to the floor and Billy Papke had won the middleweight title. An upset on a par with Schmeling's win over you.

* * *

I HAVE before me a yellowed issue of a Los Angeles, Calif., daily of Sept. 9, 1908. In part, a comment of Ketchel's brave stand reads this way:

"So this fellow we have just seen battered to a bloody dripping hulk is a superman, eh? Greatest middleweight of all time, eh? That's the best joke I've heard in a long time. Why, this Montana Pole couldn't carry water to Fitz or Ryan. How in h—l he ever managed to land a sock on Thomas is a mystery to me.

"Guts? Yes; in fact I'd say the man has too much for his own good. Guts is an asset all right, but you can't win fights on that alone.

"Yes, sir, I maintain that Ketchel is the most over-rated pug in the game today. He had no more defense against Papke's right than a Chinaman would have had. And that widely-heralded Ketchel punch! Ha, ha, ha, don't make me laugh."

Funny, isn't it, Joe, how some of the sport writers over the country are making the same comments on your ability. Maybe not quite so outspoken as this Los Angeles scribe of nearly thirty years ago, but the thinly veiled hint is there just the same. Strange how some of the boys overlook the fact that you dropped Baer down the chimney, how you pounded Carnera to a pulp, how you knocked out Ramage twice and how you pulverized a score of others.

No punch, eh? I know the reason you didn't have any snap to your blows in the Schmeling fight. I know the reason you led with your right at times, I know why you did a lot of things that you shouldn't have done.

You were dazed, you were fighting in a topsy-turvy ring, and the fighter has never been born who doesn't at some time or other run into the same predicament. Even you and Stanley Ketchel experienced it!

* * *

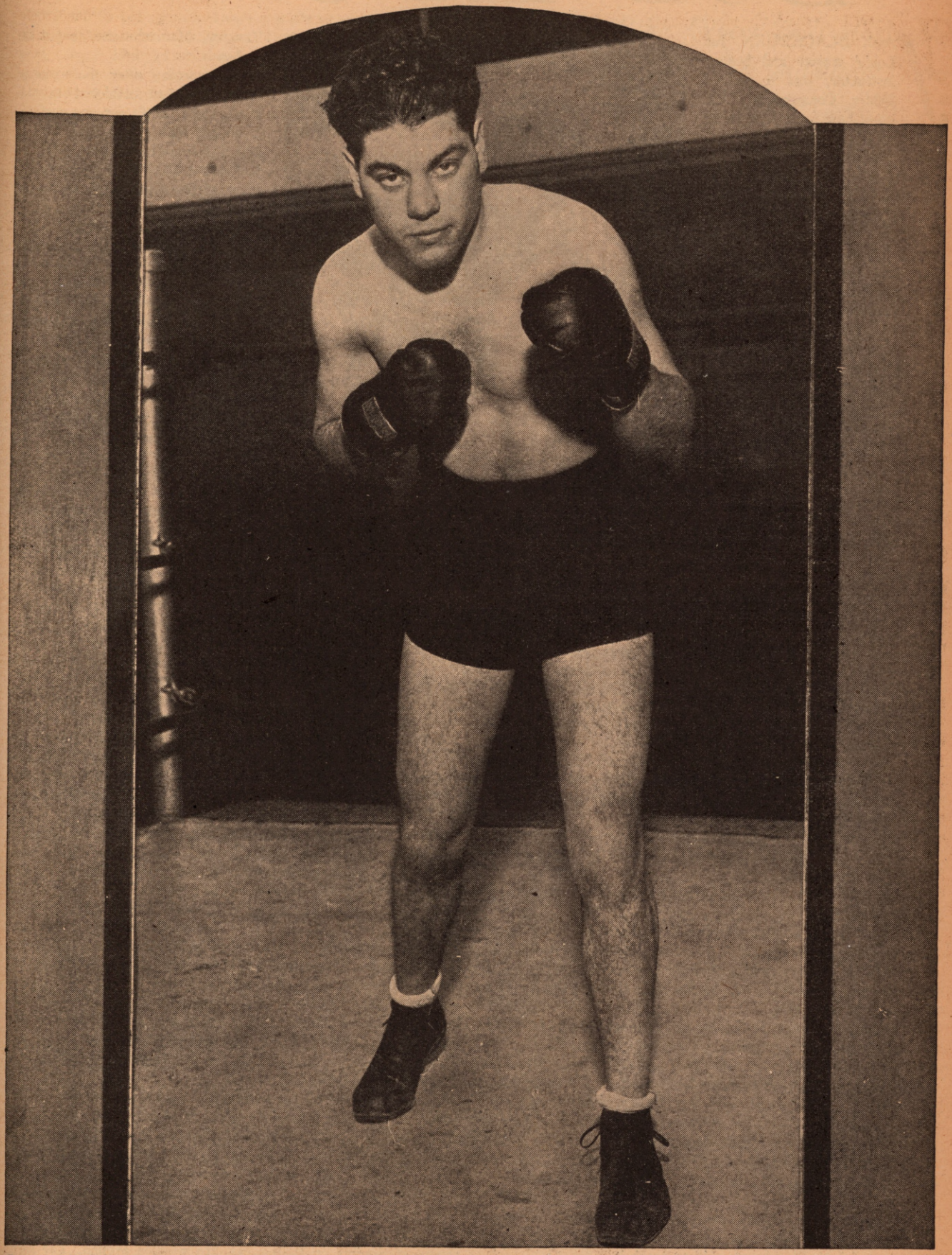
BUT back to Ketchel for a minute. Did he quit in disgust? Did he break down and admit that Papke was his master? Not that boy. The next man he faced in the ring was this same Papke. When the men were called to the center of the ring, the fearless Pole gritted at his rival:

"Yer goin' out in the eleventh, Bill," or words to that effect. And the record reads that Ketchel regained the middleweight title by knocking Papke out in the eleventh round. Whether he did it by design or accident I can't say, but I strongly suspect the former. On that occasion Ketchel was a master of fistic perfection. Everything he did was perfect in every detail. He made Papke look like thirty cents, and the crafty Illinois Thunderbolt was a hard nut to crack, too.

(Continued on page 45)

# The RING'S Album of Famous Fighters

## No. 18



*Leonard Del Genio, the pride of Harlem, is New York City's representation for honors in the light weight division. Was born in Upper East Side of Harlem and comes of Italian parents. Started his career in brilliant style when he entered the sub-novice class of the Golden Glove tournament and turned in seven consecutive knockouts, six in the first round. Was a student at Textile High. Leonard is a colorful, smashing, two-fisted fighter and with proper schooling may develop into championship material. His outstanding achievements was a victory over Wesley Ramey and giving Pedro Montanez a stirring combat in Madison Square Garden, though losing the decision.*

# BOB EDGREN

JACK BLACKBURN, Joe Louis' trainer and boxing instructor, was a great fighter. Comparatively few knew how good Jack really was. None of the other boys wanted to have anything to do with him. It is pretty generally admitted today that Sam Langford was one of the greatest fighters of his time, yet Blackburn, who was twenty-five pounds lighter, held Sam to a fifteen-round draw. Blackburn was spindly, quick and shifty, with a thorough knowledge of boxing. Sam couldn't hit him.

One man knew Blackburn's real worth. He was Billy McCarney, who managed him. Billy was travelling in the Middle West with a lightweight named Unk Russell. They stopped in Indianapolis, and McCarney wanted to put Russell to work, but he couldn't find any sparring partners. Finally a friend of Billy's told him about a Negro bootblack who worked in the downtown district and took on a fight when he could get it. McCarney went down to the shoe stand and offered the bootblack—who was none other than Jack Blackburn—five dollars to come up to the gym and spar four rounds with Russell.

This was pie for Jack, and he accepted the offer immediately. It was not only a quicker way to make money than shining shoes; it was more fun. Russell couldn't land a punch on him, and Blackburn knocked him all over the ring.

Unk was a good tough man, and he came out to revenge himself in the second round. It was like fighting a phantom, though, and the first thing Russell knew, he had taken a punch on the chin that knocked him groggy. Blackburn was about to knock him out when McCarney yanked the bell cord.

* * *

THERE were some customers in the gym, and as Russell was to fight the next night, McCarney didn't dare let him go any further with Blackburn.

"That'll be all for today!" said McCarney with a laugh.

"But Mista McCarney," complained Blackburn. "You said we would box four rounds!"

"Yeah, that's right," was McCarney's reply. "Two today, and two tomorrow!"

On the strength of that showing, Blackburn became a great favorite with McCarney, and the wily Professor immediately signed him up. Unfortunately, Blackburn was never able to make much money, because the rest of the boys steered clear of him after his first few fights.

You can look through his record—some ninety-two fights—and find that he was never knocked out and only once defeated, up to the time he was forty years old. That one defeat came when he was decisioned in fifteen rounds by Joe Gans. Later, in an attempted comeback, he was stopped by Boy Pelkey in Los Angeles in the third. The bout took place on March 3, 1923.

Billy McCarney always maintained that Gans was not a better fighter, but that Blackburn just thought Gans was too good for him. He was convinced before he got into the ring that Gans was better.

It's a queer fact that he is now training the man who overawes practically every opponent. But it's no wonder—with Joe Louis' strength and Jack Blackburn's skill to coach it.

Jim Corbett, who was a great story teller, used to tell about the time he utterly failed to overawe a small town hotel clerk. Jim was travelling with a stock company which stopped in Taunton, Massachusetts, to put on a show.

The morning after the opening night, Jim had breakfast in the hotel, and couldn't get any service. The food didn't suit him, either, and Jim's temper began to get a little short. He went up to his room, and called a bellboy to go on an errand. After waiting for an hour, he discovered that the bellboy had forgotten all about the errand. This was the last straw.

Jim rushed down to the clerk, who was standing behind the counter exploring his molars with a toothpick.

"This is the worst hotel I ever saw!" growled Corbett.

Without taking the toothpick out of his mouth, the clerk calmly replied: "Just like that show you're featured in!"

* * *

ONE of the earliest fights that brought fame to Corbett was his battle with Peter Jackson. It went sixty-one rounds, and the great Peter, who was a very gentlemanly, soft-spoken fellow, was almost broken-hearted afterwards. Peter was rated the finest boxer of his time, and to be held to a draw by a man who was hardly more than an amateur was a great surprise to him. "Sixty-one rounds!" he said. "Think of that! Sixty-one rounds!"

Poor Peter got another surprise after the fight, and so did Corbett. The purse for the bout was to be $10,000. The winner was to get $8,500, and the loser $1,500. The attendance was far below what the promoters had expected, and they didn't take in enough to pay the ten thousand.

When the fight reached the sixty-first round, the club ordered the referee to stop the bout and call it "no contest." This gave them a feeble legal reason for not making good on the purse, and all each fighter got for his efforts was $2,500.

*Tommy Burns, who scored a sensational victory over Jewey Smith.*

* * *

ONE of the early day championship fights on the West Coast produced a contest that was heard, but not seen, twenty years before the invention of radio broadcasting.

At least, that was the way the fight seemed to Parson Davies. He came out from Chicago to San Francisco to see the bout, which was between Tommy Burns and Bill Squires. Burns was the American champion then, and Squires the Australian champ.

The first gong rang.

"I think I'll take off my overcoat," said Parson Davies, and he turned around, arranging the coat on the back of his chair.

Squires tore across the ring, hit Burns a staggering whack on the chin. Burns leaned up against him and whispered in his ear: "Say, Squires! Can't you fight, or won't you?"

Squires was so amazed at Burns' nerve that he stepped back. Burns clipped him on the jaw and it was all over.

Parson Davies heard the scuffling in the ring, and then the thump of Squires on the canvas. He whirled around. The fight was finished, and the referee tolled off the full ten seconds over the prostrate Squires. "Gosh!" exclaimed the Parson. "I heard the fight, but I didn't see it!"

# REMINISCES

By BOB EDGREN

## *Famous Ring Expert Tells of Blackburn, Corbett, McCoy and Other Great Fighters of the Days Gone By*

THAT started a string of eight straight knockouts for Tommy. He went over to Europe and disposed of the English champion, Gunner Moir, in ten rounds, and in the following year, 1908, appeared in Paris in one of the most amusing fights that ever happened in that city.

The promoter, Leon See, was handling the bout, and it is an enlightening comment on the way he handled Carnera's first tour in this country, that he played a part in arranging how the fight was to come out. Jewey Smith was a novice. Burns was a champion. It was no fight, and See knew it, but to please the customers he talked Burns into letting Jewey stay for a few rounds and make a showing.

The hall had been decorated with paper festoons and streamers in honor of the champion's appearance, and the photographers were there in force with all the clumsy old flashlight apparatus they used to have for taking pictures at the ringside.

Burns and Smith were sparring gently in the second round when an enterprising photographer set off a magnesium flash. The flash went off with a terrific noise, and a burst of flame, and in a second the decorations were on fire and the panic-stricken audience began to scramble for the exits.

And as for Tommy—he took one look at the flames, knocked poor Jewey flat with a smash to the jaw, and bolted for the dressing room. He grabbed an overcoat and dashed out of the building. It is said that he didn't stop running until he got to the hotel.

At any rate, he disposed of Smith in spectacular fashion, and the fire, aside from adding to the excitement, did no great damage. Smith was revived by his seconds without suffering any harm except a bruised jaw.

* * *

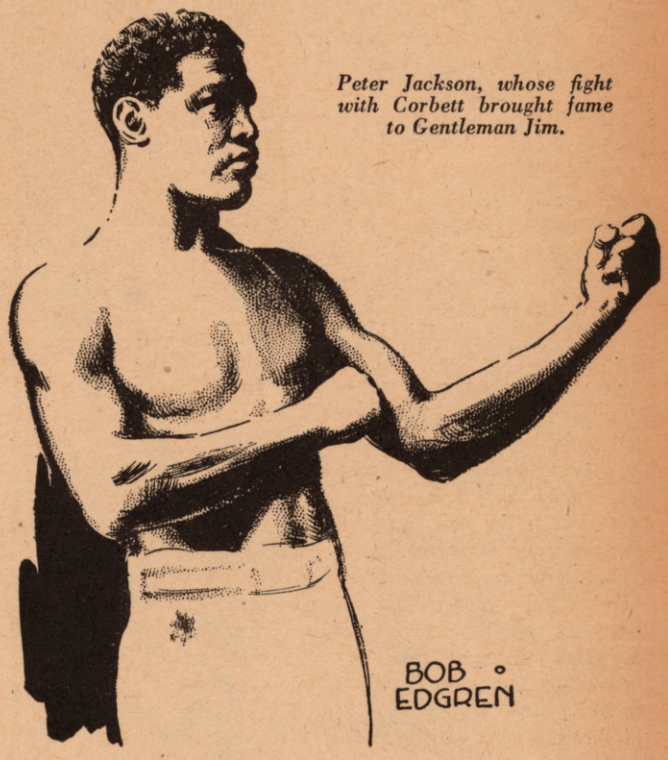
IT is customary for a fighter visiting any foreign country to complain that the referee is against him. It makes a good sympathy story when he comes home again with several defeats on his record. Many times the decisions are poor simply because the referees are poor, and there are plenty of poor referees in America who give weird decisions.

Trevor Wignall, famous English sports writer, recently called attention to the fact that poor refereeing was giving England a bad name in other countries, and stated as examples that Tommy Loughran and Bob Olin both lost decisions to the Welshman, Tommy Farr, which, in Wignall's opinion, were not called correctly.

The point of that paragraph is that it illustrates the character of different fighters. Tommy Loughran dropped a couple of debatable decisions, but you hear no squawking from him. That is far different from the attitude of at least one American middleweight who lost a bout in Paris to the world's champion, Marcel Thil, recently, and cried his way through many columns of newsprint about it.

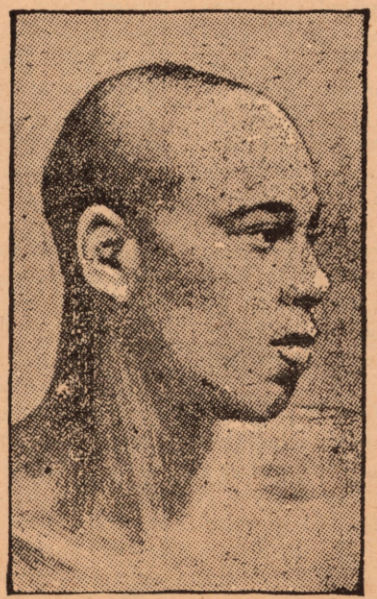
As a good example of what might happen to a foreign fighter visiting this country, take the case of André Lenglet, the heavyweight champion of France. He was recently awarded a draw in a bout with the young California heavyweight, Phil Brubaker, in San Francisco. There is no doubt whatever that if the same fight had been held in Paris, Lenglet would have been given the decision.

If it had been held in England, where every point in every round is totalled up in arriving at a decision, Lenglet would also have been given the nod. The San Francisco referee's attitude was that he didn't want to render a decision in such a close fight (where Lenglet had the better of it), so he called it a draw.




*Peter Jackson, whose fight with Corbett brought fame to Gentleman Jim.*

This would have seemed strange to that famous English referee, Eugene Corri, who once took Willie Ritchie's lightweight championship away by the slim margin of one point in twenty rounds when Willie Ritchie and Freddy Welsh fought a very close battle in London. Corri gave the decision to Welsh by one point. That was cutting it awfully fine, but Corri was absolutely honest in his decision.



*Jack Blackburn as he looked when he was at the height of his career.*

Sometimes the fighters make it very hard for the referee to make a decision. Tim Hurst once refereed a fight between Kid McCoy and Tom Sharkey. Sharkey was too strong for the clever McCoy, and after knocking the Kid down twice in the second round, rushed him all over the ring, belting him in the body with terrific punches and trying to put him away.

McCoy went down, claiming a foul. Hurst began to count.

"He fouled me. I'm hurt!" cried McCoy.

"You're a liar!" roared Hurst. "Four! Five! Get up an' fight!"

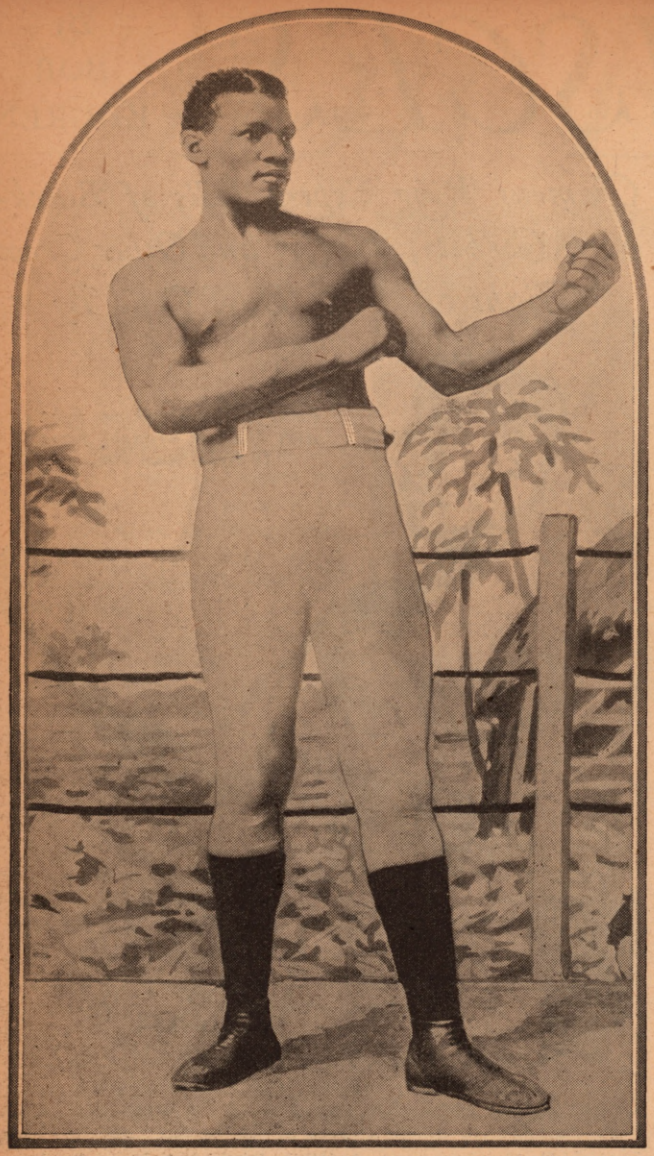
"I'm not lying!" pleaded McCoy. "I'm in agony."

"I'm gonna count you out, sure! Seven! Eight! Nine!" Hurst retorted.

The Kid sprang up and resumed the fight. Sharkey scored a clean knockout in the tenth, and Hurst came over to McCoy's corner. "Y' thought ya had me fooled, but you weren't fouled that time, Kid! I made ya take yer medicine."

McCoy took a sniff at the ammonia bottle. "I guess you're right," he said.

# The OLD



*Peter Jackson, who got early start under Larry Foley.*

By BILL DOHERTY

*One-Time Heavyweight Champion of Australia*

WHAT the Fives Court was to England, what Tom O'Rourke's old Broadway A. C. was to New York—that was what the White Horse Inn was to Australia. It was after Jem Mace came to Sydney in 1877 that Larry Foley's hotel achieved fame as a gymnasium, and for this Jem Mace was undoubtedly responsible. He came from America and took a great fancy to Larry, who was at that time champion of Australia and a bare-knuckle battler without a peer in the land of his birth.

Foley was never beaten with gloves or knuckles in his own class. Mace also was a bare-knuckle champion, but oddly enough, when they started the school at the White Horse, they taught the Marquis of Queensberry rules and nothing else. The rules had been then in existence for about twenty years, but had never been seriously studied or taught.

The success that immediately attended the efforts of Foley and Mace has been the wonder of the pugilistic world ever since. They turned out champions almost with the ease of a machine turning out sausages in a butcher's shop. Look at the names of a few of the graduates: Jim Barron, a lightweight, who fought a ten-round draw with Kid McCoy, and won a dozen K.O. victories in America; Jack Molloy, champion of Australia; Mick Dooley, who went twenty-one rounds with Goddard, the conqueror of Peter Maher and Joe Choynski; Peter Jackson, who fought a sixty-one-round draw with Jim Corbett; Frank Slavin, who became champion of England; Griffo, who was never beaten as a featherweight either in Australia or America; and others besides such as Abe Willis, Joe Pluto, Jim Fogarty the "Jawbreaker," and "Ironbark" Jim Burge, who were all good enough to rank as first-raters nowadays.

And Bob Fitzsimmons, although he never actually enrolled as a pupil at the White Horse, learned more there than ever he did as a lad in New Zealand, because he never missed attending the Saturday night fights when he was in Sydney, and what was more, he fought many a time at the White Horse himself, and got a hiding or two in the process.

* * *

GRIFFO'S association with the great Sydney school was like a bit of comic opera, Mick Dooley told me many years ago. Larry Foley was a man with very high standards as regards ring performance, and he could not stand duffers or fools at any price. If ever a pupil failed to come up to expectations, he would "tip the wing" to Mick Dooley, one of the instructors, to pass the duffer one on the chin and put him to sleep as a hint to go elsewhere—the "pass-out" they used to call it.

Well, at first Larry was unfavorably impressed—or pretended to be—by Griffo, who was a Sydney "Rocks" boy of irregular habits and chronically hard up for cash; and when he failed to turn up at the proper time for lessons, and also failed to come to light with the fees, Larry ordered Mick to do the necessary and get rid of him.

About a week afterwards, noticing that Griffo was still putting in a spasmodic appearance at the gymnasium, Foley again approached Dooley and asked somewhat querulously: "Well, did you give that Rocks boy a pass-out?"

"I did not," replied Mick. "To tell you the truth, I tried for about half an hour to hit him on the chin the other day and could not do it, and what's more, I don't think you could do it either!"

Foley was flabbergasted at that—or made out that he was—and after about a minute's silence said, "All right, then, get one o' them spry little feathers to do the job if you are too big and awkward to do it—get Abe Willis or Joe Pluto on to him."

* * *

IT is a matter of record now that the best featherweights in Australia failed to give Griffo a "pass-out," as did also the American champions later. Griffo was never beaten as a feather.

It was at the White Horse that the bare-knuckle brawl occurred between Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin. Many different accounts have appeared of this clash, and the one that I give was told to me by little Joe Pluto on his Guildford (Western Australia) farm years ago:

"I was there that day," said Pluto, "and so was Mick Dooley and Professor Seguy (a swordsman and fencer with an international reputation), and the trouble was started by Slavin, who came into the bar where Jackson was and started throwing challenges about. He got into a heated argument with Jackson and offered to fight the big black there and then or at any time. Then, as the crowd gathered round, he threatened to punch him on the nose; but Peter got in first and handed Slavin a beauty with the right fair in the face, knocking him through a swing door and across a billiard table in the next room.

"All the notables were there—Fogarty, McCarthy, Molloy and others—and things were just about ripe for an all-in brawl, when Larry Foley came along and quieted them down. The crowd was with Jackson, and I got hold of Slavin and told him he was silly to stay in Sydney throwing challenges about and asked him to come with me to Melbourne. This he did, and I introduced him to Peter Newton there, and also my manager, Jack Barnett. Slavin had never been in Melbourne before."

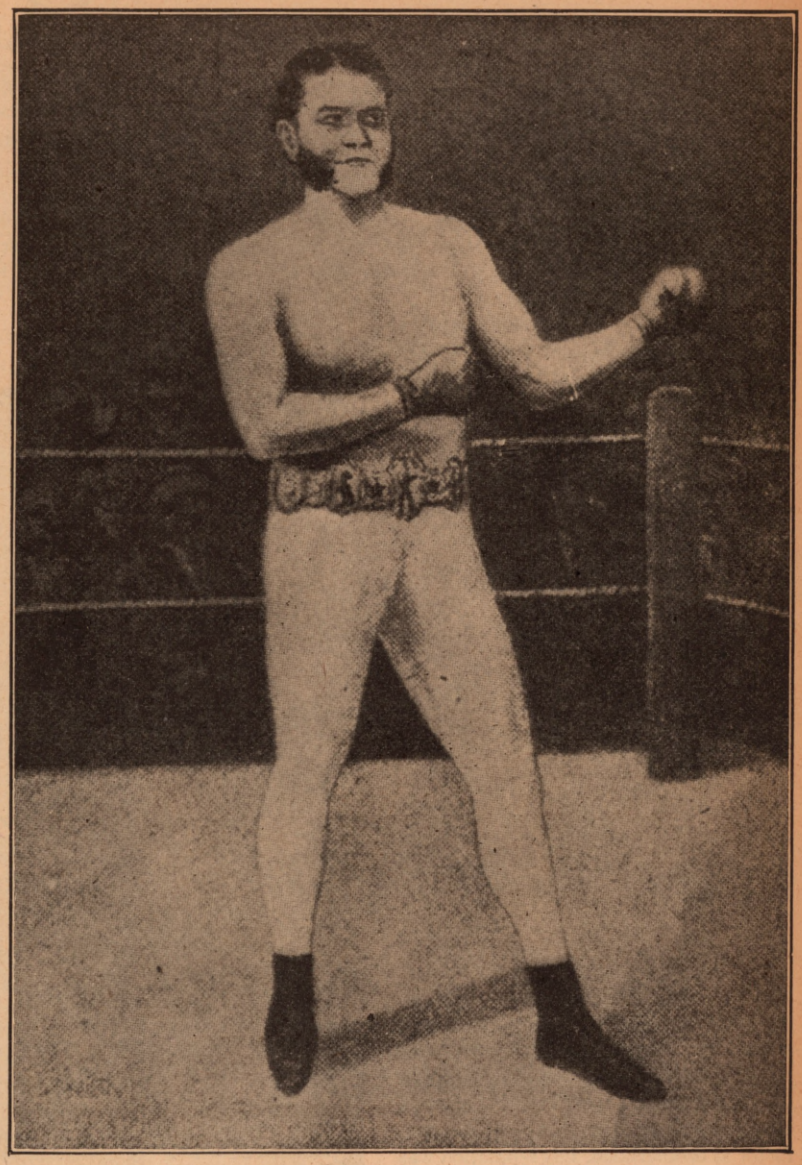
The White Horse went into a decline when the first-raters—Fitzsimmons, Jackson, Slavin, Goddard, Barron, Hall, McCarthy and Griffo—went to America or England. Foley was never a man

# WHITE HORSE INN

who suffered fools gladly and as the quality of his pupils fell off, he became freer and freer with the "pass-out" and at length gave up teaching altogether and went into business as a building contractor. At this he was as successful as he had been in the early days with the White Horse and was very well off indeed in middle and old age.

About 1904 he did start another school just to have something to pass the time on, but it did not last long, and none of the pupils distinguished themselves. This was at Manly by the Sea, where he passed the evening of his days. To the end he was the Larry Foley of old, upright, virile and active.

*Jem Mace, who toured Australia and was a frequent visitor at the Old White Horse Tavern.*



*Larry Foley, the father of Australian boxing.*

HE died in 1917 at the age of seventy. In his last days he was friendly with an ex-New South Wales Postmaster-General, one Dan O'Connor, and to quote a writer in an Eastern States paper: "It was a sight for the gods to see Larry and the genial O'Connor sporting in the waves. They were two of Manly's great ones who remained distinguished-looking in bathers."

The word "great" is undoubtedly applicable to Larry Foley, and I like to think of him in another and better world, hobnobbing happily with the glorious battlers of the long ago—John L., Fitz, Corbett, Jackson, Sayers and Heenan, and especially "Ould Nat" Langham, whose spirit seemed to live again in the Australian Larry Foley—Larry of the old White Horse Inn.

Foley was born on the Turon River in New South Wales, and the stirring times amid which his childhood was passed probably put the vast fund of energy and go into his system which it always contained. He was happily married to an accomplished and charming lady, and had several children by her, as well as three by a former helpmate. He was a devoted husband, a good father in the fullest sense of the word, a staunch friend, and a reputable citizen. Of how many men, with ten times his opportunities, who formerly engaged in the same profession, can as much be said today?

Foley has been credited with developing more famous fighters, men of international reputation, than any other man in Australia or, for that matter, anywhere in the fistic universe. He was a most colorful character, a great sportsman and a man who knew his boxing from one end to the other. There never has been another like him.

# TOM O'ROURKE'S

By GEORGE T. PARDY

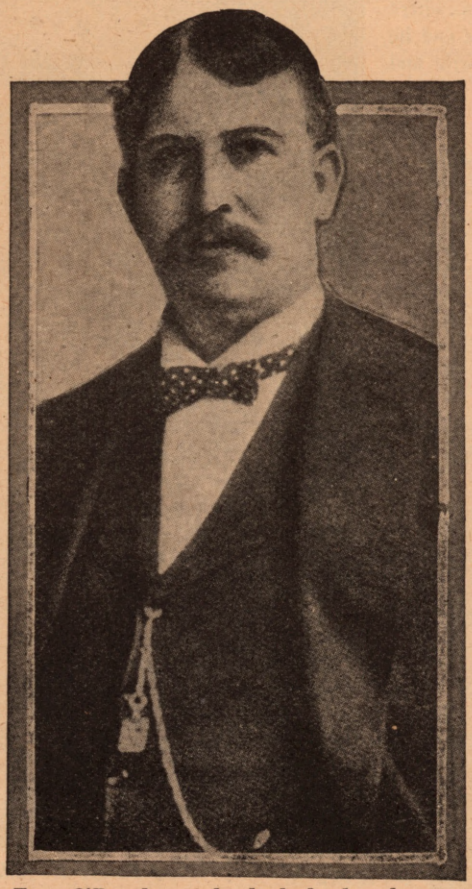
DEATH came to that veteran sportsman, Tom O'Rourke, in Max Schmeling's dressing-room at the Yankee Stadium on the night of June 19. His collapse, immediately after he had grasped the German's hand and wished him good luck, was the end of the trail for Tom, although the bystanders thought he had merely fainted. Schmeling went on to his unexpected and spectacular victory over Joe Louis, unaware that he had said goodbye forever to a good friend who was the acknowledged dean of managers and fight-promoters. O'Rourke had passed his eighty-fifth year!

Except that his name was sometimes mentioned in reminiscent yarns of the ring, the younger generation knew little of Tom O'Rourke. He belonged to a vanished and in many respects more colorful era of the fighting game, when its ethics were cruder, its battle-governing rules more elastic, and its chosen gladiators cast in a rougher social mould than the smart young business men who earn a living at the leather-pushing occupation today.

In an age of giants, he stood out in bold relief as an aggressive, two-fisted Irish-American who believed in getting what he wanted by the exercise of dominant will-power. He was, of course, a strenuous politician, who knew how to utilize political influence to the best advantage in the attainment of his desires and did so, frankly, energetically and successfully.

* * *

THERE are many New Yorkers still active in the night life of the big city who well remember when O'Rourke ran the Delavan Hotel at 40th Street and Broadway, where all the prominent sporting men congregated, and its genial proprietor was, speaking in modern vernacular, the "big shot" of the promotorial brotherhood. His reputation was not only national, but international, for had he not piloted three of the greatest scrappers of the nineties—Tom Sharkey, George Dixon and Joe Walcott, and was not his name familiar in all parts of the globe to performers in, and patrons of, the squared circle?



*Tom O'Rourke, as he looked when he controlled boxing in New York in the good old days.*

Boston was his birthplace and it was in the cultured Hub that he grew to manhood. He was educated in the public schools there, and being possessed of unusually keen wits and a retentive memory, absorbed knowledge as swiftly as a sponge does water. In after life, that memory of O'Rourke's astonished a good many people. He could give you date, place and details of baseball, rowing or fight events with a careless ease that was the envy of many a sports writer, without stopping to look up the records. Check up on him, and in nine out of ten cases, his information was correct in every detail.

Not that a student life had any charms for Tom. The sort of culture he preferred was of a purely physical sort. The Irish-American quarter of Boston where he spent his boyhood was chock-full of youngsters whose relaxation was scrapping, and if you ran with the gang, you had to be able to sock, and sock hard, when occasion demanded. If you got licked, there was always another day coming, with an offer of a chance to get even.

In the course of time, young O'Rourke slugged his way to the top of the battling bunch, and long after he had passed middle age, he still retained the athletic vigor and fearlessness that distinguished him as a formidable rough-and-tumble fighter. Curiously enough, he never aspired to high ring honors, although he could handle the gloves like a crack professional. His chief penchant was for rowing, and he ranked with such great aquatic stars as Hanlon and Ten Eyck.

* * *

BUT from his youth on, his interest in pugilism rated one hundred per cent. He never missed a fight if he could help it, and as a handler, he had few equals and no superiors. To have Tom O'Rourke in his corner was an asset that turned the scale of victory in favor of many a battler, for he was a natural-born strategist, with a mental vision that missed nothing which might be to the advantage of the man he was seconding.

He first became prominent as a manager when he picked up George Dixon and set about developing the great little colored boxer who was destined to win both the bantam and featherweight professional titles of the world. Under O'Rourke's careful tutelage, George went quickly up the ladder of fistic renown.

It was tough scrapping in those days. Many of Dixon's early bouts were conducted with two-ounce gloves, and when he knocked out Eugene Hornbacher before a New York club in 1889, the contestants squared off with their fists enclosed in skin-tight mitts. Incidentally, in view of the big purses rewarding even second-raters in our day, it is worth mentioning that these crack bantams fought for a $500 purse and $250 side bet.

In the year following, Dixon met the then champion of the bantamweight division, Cal McCarthy, and held him to a SEVENTY-ROUND draw. Remember, this was under straight Queensberry rules, not the London Prize Ring, bare-knuckle style of milling, where a knock-down ended each round. Which meant that the boys were in the ring for two hours and ten minutes. Allowing for the one minute rest between rounds, there was one hour and forty minutes of incessant milling with two-ounce gloves, all for a purse of one thousand dollars!

That's something for modern managers and scrappers to mull over in their minds as a contrast to the easy breaks they get today. Despite Dixon's marked ability as scientist and hard puncher, he would never have forged so rapidly to the front under inferior management. It is true that George was the cornerstone of O'Rourke's fortunes, but none the less true that O'Rourke piloted him from obscurity to fame.

Also Dixon made plenty of money. But the trouble there was that poor George, generous to a fault, of an easy-going, convivial disposition, spent money as fast as he made it. That he wound up behind the eight ball financially was certainly no fault of his manager, who did all in his power to aid him when Dixon, his ring career finished, was destitute.

* * *

DIXON was something like his happy-go-lucky, dissipated old opponent, Young Griffo, in that he went his own way regardless of consequences. Neither was the kind of man that could be helped and put permanently on his feet, so to speak. After Dixon's demise, O'Rourke came in for some adverse criticism

# Spectacular Career

from over-zealous scribes who hinted that the dead fighter's erstwhile mentor had neglected his once-famous protege. Nothing could have been further from the truth, as those who knew Tom best were well aware.

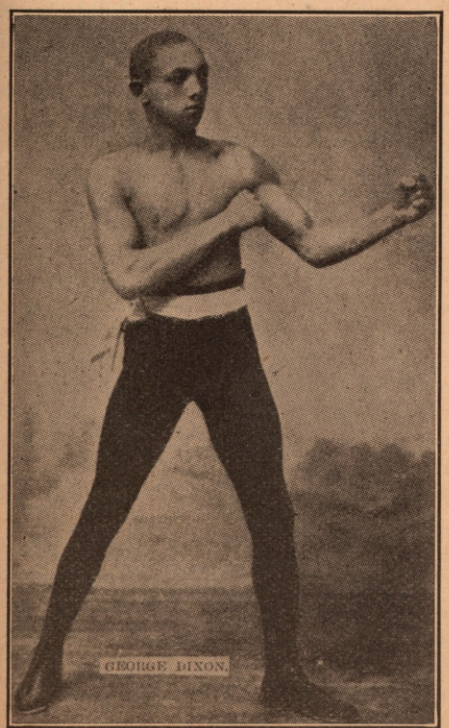
Not long after Dixon's draw with McCarthy, O'Rourke took him to England to fight the British bantam champion, Nunc Wallace. The Negro lad stopped Wallace before the Pelican Club of London in eighteen rounds. The victory was important, not only as adding additional lustre to Dixon's laurels, but because it gave O'Rourke an international status as a leading factor in prize ring affairs.

The year was 1890 and up till then American fighters had been rather rare visitors in England, and American managers were a practically unknown quantity. The Britons found O'Rourke a totally different sort of person from their own fighters' pilots. The latter were accustomed to kow-tow humbly to the somewhat autocratic patrons of the art fistic, carrying on the old traditions of the bare-knuckle ring, where both sluggers and their professional handlers occupied what was pretty nearly the lowest mark in the social scale.

In other words, the members of the gladiatorial lineup were tolerated, but not respected; patronized loftily, but kept securely within caste limits. O'Rourke, an excellent specimen of the pugnacious Irish-American who had "made good on his own," suffered from no inferiority complex. Accustomed to transact business on a fifty-fifty equality basis in his own bailiwick, he insisted on similar recognition in a foreign land. What's more, he obtained it, and not through uproarious, bullying tactics either, which would never have served him in England anyway, had he been so disposed.

On the contrary, he was very much the diplomat. Mixing in American municipal politics had taught him the trick of making detours around obstacles that it wouldn't have paid to smash into. The "gift of gab," in judiciously restrained quantities, was his, and he employed the same with such good effect that his popularity in English sporting circles soon became an accomplished fact.

Striking the iron while it was hot, he demonstrated his business sagacity when he arranged a tour throughout the English provinces for Dixon, with ex-champion Wallace as the colored lad's sparring partner. The natives had considered Nunc Wallace fit to whip anyone in the world at his weight, and the far-seeing manager judged rightly that their curiosity to see Nunc's conqueror would prove a profitable asset to the firm of O'Rourke and Dixon.




*George Dixon, who O'Rourke always referred to as the greatest fighter of all time.*

O'Rourke may be said to have blazed the foreign trail for his contemporaries in the pugilistic managing line, for after his British expedition, other American adventurers followed in his footsteps, until in after years England became a favorite hunting-ground for Uncle Sam's pugs and their more or less sapient backers.

*Tom Sharkey, who thrived under O'Rourke's management.*

Naturally acute and observing, he was quick to adapt himself to English customs and ring ethics. He was broad-minded enough to enjoy a laugh against himself, however, and while chatting with the writer not long before his death, narrated the following incident in connection with his first trip to London:

At that time, the Pelican Club occupied the position in London sportdom that was later filled by the National Sporting Club. If anything, the Pelican was even more rigorous than the National in living up to "society form." Evening dress was the strict rule for members and their guests at the ringside. To O'Rourke this item of conventionality was of minor importance, inasmuch as he had to second Dixon, and the sweater, with time-honored accessories, was all he had to worry about in the clothing line.

* * *

AT the rural retreat where Dixon trained for Nunc Wallace, the hosts were two brothers who conceived a warm admiration for both manager and pugilist. O'Rourke, knowing their interest in the outcome of the battle, secured two guest tickets for them. Unfortunately, he forgot to mention that evening dress was the correct thing for such an eventful occasion.

The country squires, well-to-do countrymen and keen sportsmen as regarded the foxchase, cockfighting, hunting et al, were nevertheless quite ignorant of the rigid rulings enforced by the aristocratic Corinthians of the London Pelican as regarded the proper

costume in which to watch a couple of boxers gyrating between the ropes.

Great was their chagrin, then, on presenting themselves at the club on the night of combat, to be refused admission by the guardian of the outer portal, on the ground that they were attired only in ordinary garments.

In vain they pleaded with the stately watcher by the gate, a hard-bitten ex-veteran of the famous Grenadier Guards regiment, to relax for once from his stern sense of duty, and allow them to sneak into some obscure corner from whence they could witness the proceedings. Pleadings and offered bribes were alike useless.

Finally the desperate brethren bethought themselves of an expedient. Hastily they jumped in a hansom cab and drove at top speed to a second-hand clothes establishment recommended by the driver. There, after much digging around, they procured a couple of evening garbs, attired themselves therein, and started back to the Pelican. But all this travail of research had taken considerable time. Therefore, when they at last entered the desired haven, it was only to find the battle over, and Dixon being proclaimed victor.

In 1891 Dixon became the world's undisputed bantam champion by defeating Cal McCarthy in twenty-two rounds. Meanwhile O'Rourke had taken another pugilistic wonder under his wing in the squat person of that cut-down Hercules, Joe Walcott, then a lightweight, later a welter, and destined while still a welterweight to become known as the Giant Killer by knocking out middleweights and heavies, including in his list of victims of the last-mentioned class, as high-class a performer as Joe Choynski.

It was Walcott who, while traveling with the Dixon-O'Rourke combination, meeting all-comers, knocked out eighteen opponents within a six-week period. Big or little, they looked all alike to Joe. O'Rourke made only one mistake while handling the Barbadoes darkey. That was when he matched him with Kid Lavigne at the then lightweight limit of 133 ringside.

* * *

JOE had outgrown that mark and training down sapped his strength. Had Lavigne not been a real topnotch lightweight, Walcott would probably have managed to land a kayo in the early stages of the fight. But the Kid was not only tough, but a great fighting man. He took an awful lacing, but Walcott tired and Lavigne took the offensive with such spirit that he also took the decision, after fifteen sessions of a wildcat argument that old-timers still speak of with admiring gusto.

Although Walcott was an excellent bet between the ropes he was none too bright outside of them in some respects. His was a one-track mind that followed orders faithfully, and was dumbly true to practices established by precedent. Once, when matched with a middleweight, Jimmy Ryan, the latter agreed to scale 158 pounds at two in the afternoon of the battle. Walcott was to come in at catchweights. After Ryan weighed in at the required mark, O'Rourke put Joe on the scales, at the request of attendant newspaper men. Walcott registered only 140. After stepping off the platform the colored lad turned to his manager.

"Kin I go eat now, Mistah O'Rourke?" he asked. "I didn't have no breakfast, an' I'm main hungry."

O'Rourke eyed the suppliant ferociously.

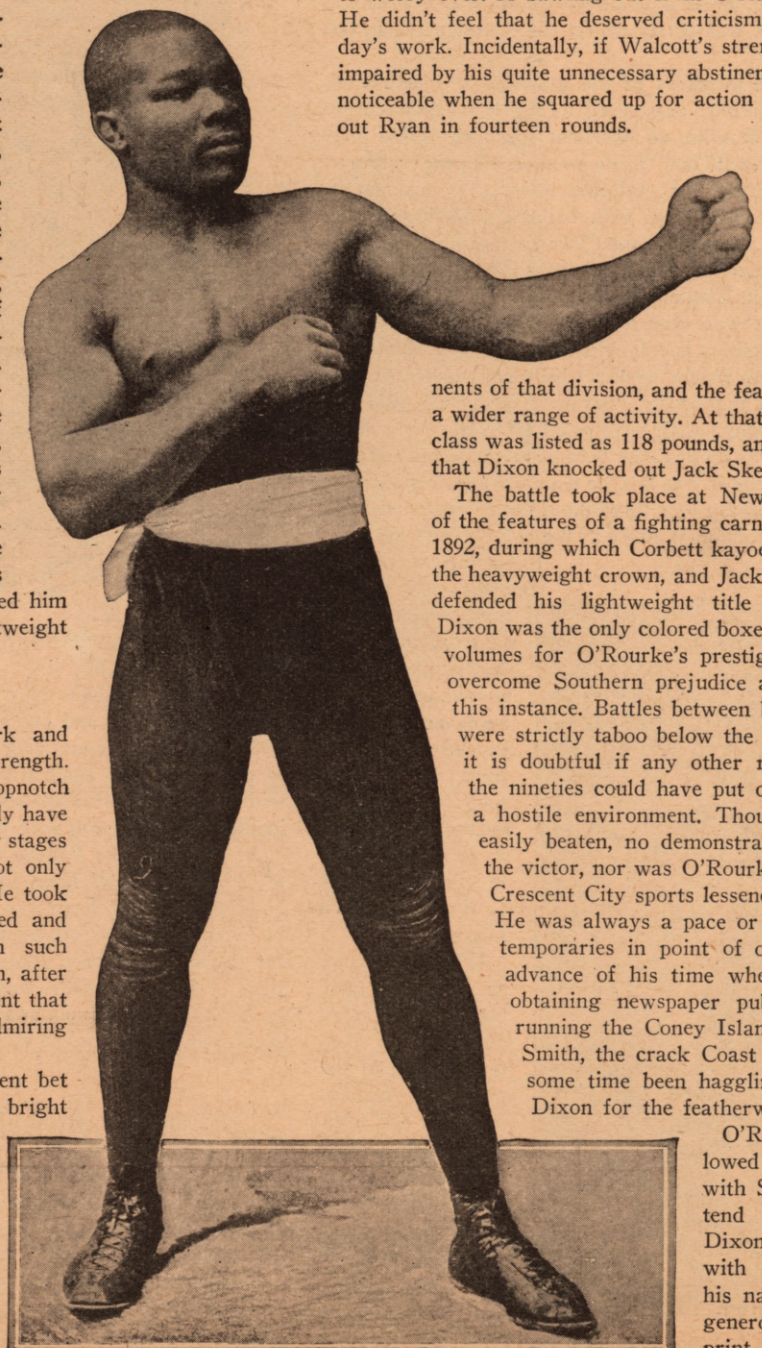
"You damned blockhead," responded the surprised manager fiercely, "d'ye mean to tell me you've been starving yourself to make weight?"

"Yassah," returned Joe, with the satisfied air of one who has done his duty. "An' I suah kin 'preciate a square meal!"

O'Rourke sputtered. There was a lot he could have said, but it would have been wasted language.

"Yes, go eat," he finally ejaculated. "Eat six meals if you want to, eat till you burst, but get out of my sight before I kill you!"

And Joe loped happily for the dinner table, his chops watering pleasantly in anticipation of the welcome fodder. He wondered vaguely what put his manager in such a rage, but that was nothing to worry over. A bawling out from O'Rourke was nothing new. He didn't feel that he deserved criticism, but it was all in the day's work. Incidentally, if Walcott's strength was in any degree impaired by his quite unnecessary abstinence from food, it wasn't noticeable when he squared up for action that night. He knocked out Ryan in fourteen rounds.



*Joe Walcott, another great fighter who was managed by O'Rourke.*

O'Rourke took Dixon out of the bantam division when it became apparent that, though George could still get down to the bantam mark if necessary, he had cleaned out the worthy opponents of that division, and the featherweight field offered a wider range of activity. At that time the featherweight class was listed as 118 pounds, and it was at that weight that Dixon knocked out Jack Skelly for the world's title.

The battle took place at New Orleans and was one of the features of a fighting carnival held in September, 1892, during which Corbett kayoed John L. Sullivan for the heavyweight crown, and Jack McAuliffe successfully defended his lightweight title against Billy Myers. Dixon was the only colored boxer on the card. It speaks volumes for O'Rourke's prestige that he was able to overcome Southern prejudice against mixed bouts in this instance. Battles between black and white boxers were strictly taboo below the Mason-Dixon line, and it is doubtful if any other manager of fighters in the nineties could have put over the match in such a hostile environment. Though the white lad was easily beaten, no demonstration was made against the victor, nor was O'Rourke's popularity with the Crescent City sports lessened in any degree.

He was always a pace or two ahead of his contemporaries in point of originality, and also in advance of his time when it was a matter of obtaining newspaper publicity. When he was running the Coney Island Athletic Club, Solly Smith, the crack Coast featherweight, had for some time been haggling over a match with Dixon for the featherweight title.

O'Rourke had purposely allowed his correspondence with Smith's manager to extend over several weeks. Dixon was top news then with the sport sheets, and his name always good for a generous amount of space in print. As soon as it seemed that the editors were begin-

ning to get tired of the Smith-O'Rourke argument, the latter issued a statement that he was willing to guarantee the Californian $8000 if he whipped Dixon, and $1000 if he lost.

That was a lot of money for those days, particularly where fighters in the feather class were concerned. Moreover, such an offer had never been made before, and it stirred up the press in a manner which brought the proposed fight oodles of free advertising. Smith accepted, a record-breaking house resulted, and O'Rourke triumphed all the way around, for the coast boxer was knocked out in seven rounds.

When O'Rourke took to the road for a "meeting-all-comers" tour with Walcott and Dixon as the stars, he carried along his own ring. It was several feet smaller than the rings regularly in use, but when pitched on some local stage, this peculiarity of construction was hardly noticeable, except perhaps to the eye of some fault-seeking veteran wise in the tricks of pugilism. And O'Rourke had his own way of successfully warding off hostile criticism.

This might seem a minor detail, but it was of considerable service to Walcott and Dixon. They knew every inch of space in that ring and how to utilize it. Boxers used to more room in evading rush attacks found themselves cornered, beaten to the ropes and knocked silly before they could comprehend why it was that their best footwork failed to keep them out of punishment's range. There was no chance for stalling, an ambitious challenger simply had to scrap along slugging lines whether he wanted to or not.

* * *

ON one occasion, Dixon was billed for a week at a theatre in Paterson, N. J., taking on all comers. The second night of the engagement Australian Billy Murphy, whose terrific punching power with the right had earned him the sobriquet of "The Torpedo!", suddenly appeared and offered to go four rounds with the feather-weight champ.

**Just a week prior to his demise Tom O'Rourke completed and turned over to THE RING Editor a series of fight-articles concerning the exploits of great battlers with whom he had been connected. The first of these, dealing with the career of that colored prince of all featherweight champions, George Dixon, will appear in the next issue of THE RING!**

O'Rourke consented and officiated as time-keeper, and stood in that capacity, leaning on the ropes in Dixon's corner. The first round was eventful, with Dixon boxing skilfully and sidestepping Murphy's rushes. But toward the end of the second, Murphy landed a sledge-hammer right to the jaw that came within an ace of putting away the colored lad. Dixon promptly clinched and hung on until his head cleared.

The champion came up fresh and wrathful in the third round, and punished Murphy so severely that the latter was plainly groggy and in distress. But the resourceful Billy found a way out of trouble. Backing swiftly before George's vengeful assault, he reached the spot where O'Rourke was standing, and shouting—"Blimme, cawn't you give a chap a chance?" swung a deft glove to Tom's exposed chin.

The outraged Celt dropped his watch and managerial dignity at the same time, hopped through the ropes, and with Dixon standing by in bewilderment, piled into his assailant in "everything goes" style. The whole house was in an uproar, as O'Rourke and Murphy battled like Kilkenny cats, until the stage manager recovered from his momentary stupefaction sufficiently to ring down the curtain, and cut short an act never scheduled on his program.

* * *

THE addition of Tom Sharkey to his fighting stable placed O'Rourke in a commanding position in the pugilistic industry such as no other manager or promoter ever attained. He was virtually the czar of prizefighting around New York, the various clubs he operated at one time or another were uniformly successful, he controlled the holders of the welter and feather-weight championships, and had every hope of winning the heavyweight blue ribbon of the ring with Sharkey.

He was running the Lenox Club when he matched Sharkey to box Kid McCoy before that organization. Having great faith in Tommy Ryan's ability as a second, O'Rourke engaged that exceptionally clever boxer to act as chief handler in Sharkey's corner. As it turned out, this was a tactical error. For Ryan, himself a talented scientist, overlooked the important fact that science didn't exist so far as Tom Sharkey was concerned.

That rough, tough product of the Emerald Isle and Uncle Sam's battleships, knew only one way of milling—to smash headlong into an opponent and slug his way to victory. Yet Ryan sent him in to box, not fight, one of the cleverest men that ever donned a glove. The result for a time, was what might have been expected. McCoy slashed, jabbed, hooked and eternally tormented the ex-seaman at long range, and once dropped him to the floor with a jaw-punch that must inevitably have finished off any fighter lacking the sailor's extraordinary endurance powers.

But Sharkey survived, and O'Rourke, realizing Ryan's mistake, shoved the latter aside, took charge of operations himself, and ordered his iron-muscled heavyweight to cast his scientific attempts to the winds and slug it out with McCoy. Sharkey obeyed orders so faithfully that he crashed through the Kid's defense like a cyclone and knocked him out in the tenth round.

* * *

IT was probably the bitterest disappointment of O'Rourke's career when Tom Sharkey failed to win the world's heavyweight title from Jim Jeffries at Coney Island, on November 3, 1899. All the more so, because, George Siler's decision in Jeffries' favor, at the close of twenty-five rounds of vividly sensational battling, was one of the hair-line variety and displeased not only a large number of the spectators, but many of the newspaper critics as well.

Sharkey fought desperately under a severe handicap of inferiority in height, weight and reach, and his heroic stand against such odds undoubtedly influenced those who disagreed with Siler. But he went to bed for a week after the battle, and had two ribs broken, whereas Jeffries, though plentifully bruised and cut, sustained no serious injury.

At all events, Sharkey was never quite the fighter he was after the Jeffries defeat, despite the fact that he whipped some good men in later years, and O'Rourke's quest for a gladiator capable of acquiring the ring's highest honor was destined to prove a failure.

* * *

YET once, at least, he overlooked a rare prospect. That happened when a gangling giant from the West called on the late Joe Vila, sporting editor of the New York *Sun*, in 1912. He had a letter of introduction requesting Vila to put the bearer in touch with some responsible fight manager. Vila sent him to Tom O'Rourke. The visitor asserted that he believed he could beat champion Jack Johnson, if he was taken in hand and properly trained.

But the proposition didn't appeal to O'Rourke, and he turned the big fellow down. Not so surprising either, for Jess Willard, as it happened to be, was unknown in the East then, and had only engaged in ten minor fights. Also, he had not filled out, and his tall, bony figure suggested a circus entertainer, rather than a slugger.

Another reason why O'Rourke passed him up was that he had Al Palzer at the time, and Al for a while looked like the best of the White Hopes, having beaten several of that renowned fraternity of ambitious souls, and knocked out Bombardier Wells, England's much touted champion.

But Palzer faded into obscurity after being kayoed in succession by Luther McCarty, Frank Moran and Dan Dailey, and although O'Rourke was ever watching for a possible future championship candidate, no second Tom Sharkey appeared. He made plenty of fistic history, however, by staging important contests at his National Sporting Club on West 44th Street, and the Broadway, at Eighth Street and Broadway.

*(Continued on page 44)*

# Wants To Be a Farmer

By
BERNICE SANDBOE

*Introducing Roland Kirchmeyer, Elongated Scissors Star, Who is Rapidly Becoming a Southern Sensation*

WHEN Roland Kirchmeyer arrived in the sunny southland he was heralded with only a mild amount of interest. Here, yawned the Southern fans, was another scientific "gentleman-wrestler" who would actually grapple and ignore the colorful capers and playful punching so dear to the hearts of Dixie fans, and as a result we would all probably be bored to tears.

And what a surprise Mr. Kirchmeyer gave us! I don't mean to imply that he proved false to advance billing, for Roland's ring work at no time borders on the foul or capricious, but it took this tall, lanky young man to prove to us that swift, fast and scientific wrestling can be as thrilling and breath-taking as the rough play.

In his every bout in the South, Roland has had the fans sitting on the edge of their chairs watching his spectacular and intricate wrestling. Unlike the typical German wrestler, Roland is not content to be a plodder, winning his bouts through perseverance and strength, but is rather an alert and clever worker possessing an amazing repertoire of holds. He bounds out of his corner at the bell and it almost makes one dizzy keeping up with him.

But before I elucidate more on his ring work, let me tell you a little about Roland himself.

* * *

EVERYONE in the country celebrates his birthday, says Roland, for he was born on July 4, twenty-eight years ago, and in Fort Worth, Texas. He lived in the Lone Star State until he was eleven and then the family moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma. Roland went to high school there and then to Oklahoma A. and M. at Stillwater, where he gained distinction in football, wrestling, track and baseball. He played a spectacular right tackle in football, and first base and pitcher in baseball. He was on the heavyweight wrestling team and didn't lose a bout during his entire collegiate wrestling career. In 1928 he was sent to the Olympics. In track, he participated in the field events, particularly disc, javelin and high jump.

Roland took an engineering course in college and on graduation got a job with a refining company at home in Tulsa. He worked there eight months, got restless and went to Oklahoma City, where he obtained work with the American Tank Company. But this still didn't satisfy the natural-born athlete and before long he was looking up Sam Avey, the wrestling promoter in Tulsa. It was through Sam that Roland got his start in the professional game.

His first match was in Tulsa against Marshall Blackstock, the rough Georgia cave-man, which is enough of an initiation for any man. After weathering Blackstock's tough tactics, Roland came through to win the match and the favor of the fans. He wrestled around Tulsa for some time and then went to the West Coast, barnstorming from Portland, Oregon, down to Los Angeles. In 1931 he went to Hawaii, and since his return, has been wrestling practically all over the United States.

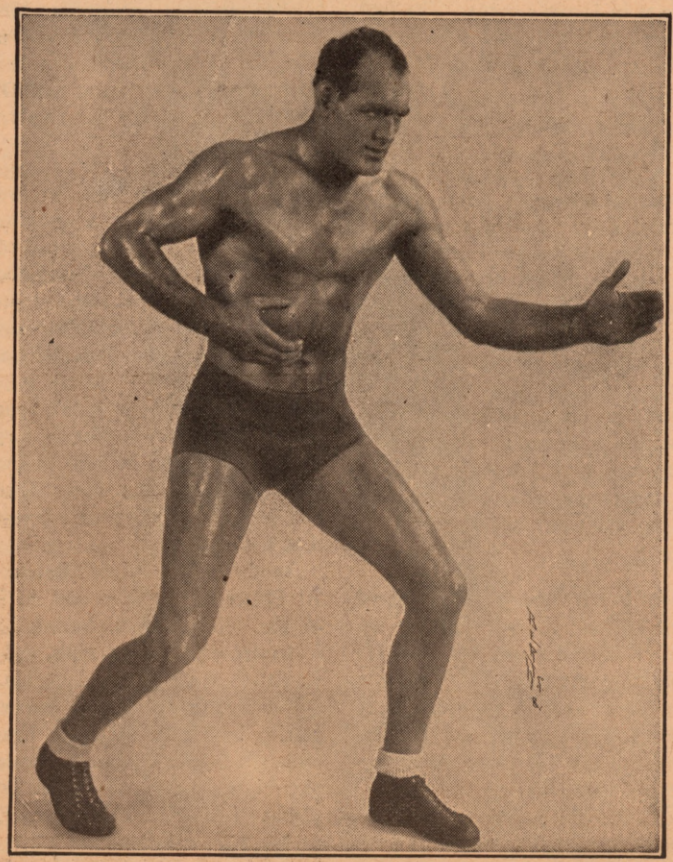
He likes wrestling, but being a completely frank and honest man, admitted his ambition is not the wrestling title, but simply to make enough money to build a lovely home on his farm and settle down to the life of a farmer.

Kirchmeyer is quite proud of his 320-acre farm located near Indianapolis. His principal crop is corn, and he boasts proudly of getting 105 bushels to the acre. That may mean little or nothing to you city folks, but take it from a little Iowa gal who knows her corn, that Roland has plenty of reason to boast.

* * *

HERE is an interesting item about the Kirchmeyer family. There are seven boys and six girls. All the girls average around five feet six in height and weigh in at around 130. The tallest boy measures six feet nine and one-half inches and weighs 270, and the smallest brother (in size) is Roland, who is a mere six feet seven and weighs 248. The youngest boy in the family, twenty years old, is six feet eight and one-half and weighs 250. So that would rather lead one to believe that the Kirchmeyer lads are rather husky.

Roland has been seriously injured several times in the ring. One particular instance that stands out in his memory is a painful chest injury he suffered in a bout with John Freeberg out West. In some way or other Freeberg tossed Roland out of the ring over the top ropes. On his way out, Roland grabbed the top rope, which proved a very unwise thing to do, for instead of swinging clear of the apron of the ring and landing out among the cash customers, he was pulled back and crashed his chest against the edge of the platform.



*Roland Kirchmeyer*

* * *

ROLAND told me a story that will exemplify how he has changed in his appearance since he was a youngster. Twelve years ago his oldest brother left Tulsa to settle down in Corpus Christi, Texas, and had not seen Roland since. A few weeks ago the wrestler was booked in Corpus and decided to call on his brother.

During the twelve years our hero had naturally grown up and, due to his wrestling, had acquired a nice set of muscles and considerable weight. Too, he had sprouted a mustache and in short he looked nothing at all like the kid brother the gentleman in Corpus remembered.

When he arrived at the house, his brother was not at

*(Continued on page 44)*

# Mat Claimants Galore

## *Pretenders to the Throne as Thick as Flies in a Beanery, Alex Sullivan Finds*

*By*
ALEX SULLIVAN

THERE are eight or nine men laying claim to the world's wrestling title. The defeat of Danno O'Mahoney by Dick Shikat in New York last March started a rush of claimants. Although New York is an exhibition state, Shikat was declared the champion by the state board. The Irishman wasn't pinned and protested afterwards that Referee George Bothner had misunderstood him. Because of his thick brogue, Bothner thought Danno wanted to quit when, as he averred, such a thing was furthest from his thoughts.

However, the title that Shikat had won from Danno, was the one handed down on the mat since the days of Frank Gotch. Although in view of the fact that this year alone has had three world's champions, the latest being Dave Levin, the Brooklyn Butcher-Boy who had won from Ali Baba who had beaten the German twice in succession—once in Detroit and the other time in New York—still since 1905 when Gotch defeated George Hackenschmidt there have only been twenty-four real champions all told—and only thirteen different men holding the title.

When Danno defeated both Ed Don George, a real king, and Jim Londos, whose title was commission-made, he had cleaned up a championship muddle that had existed for years and it seems a shame that now the air is static with the title claims of many such as Rudy Dusek, O'Mahoney, Everett Marshall, Leo Daniel Boone Savage, Ali Baba, Jack Sherry and Vincent Lopez, who won the title so far as California is concerned when he won the tourney in Los Angeles last year.

* * *

ACCORDING to Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING, Dave Levin is regarded by him the real champion, despite the fact that several days after Referee Frank Simborn had declared Levin, the winner and new world's champion, after Ali Baba had badly fouled him in Newark and had to be rushed to the hospital, the New Jersey State Commission refused to regard the Jewish lad as champion.

They allowed the referee's decision to stand okay as to Levin being the winner, but said the official had no right to declare him the new champion as it was also an exhibition state and didn't recognize championship bouts.

From time immemorial, a referee's decision has been the one which stood up or otherwise Jack Dempsey would never have retained his title against Luis Firpo, and Gene Tunney, after that long count, would have been forced to surrender his crown to the Manassa Mauler. Right or wrong, the third man's decision stands with the public, which pays the freight.

Levin or his manager, Joe "Toots" Mondt, weren't the least put out by the belated attempt of the New Jersey Commission to throw cold water on his title claim, as he has been going along defending his crown successfully against "Jumping Joe" Savoldi, Howard Cantonwine, Jack Washburn and other top-notchers.

*Two champions, Jimmy Braddock (left) and Dave Levin, showing each other his specialty.*

Dave wants to be a real undisputed champion and means to defend his recently won laurels against all the other claimants. He plans to tackle Lopez, the clever Mexican, in Los Angeles this summer and hopes to remove from his path the foremost claimant.

Levin has been grappling for only two years—that is as a professional. He is a handsome lad. He was born in Brooklyn and lives at Glendale, close by Jamaica, N. Y.

Dave worked in a butcher's shop, for eight years. One day the wife of a Jamaica promoter, noting his ideal build, asked him had he ever wrestled professionally. Dave truthfully stated that he had always liked the sport and had done considerable amateur wrestling.

It was only a day or two later that the promoter himself showed up and paved the way for Dave entering the monied ranks.

The title that Levin holds was won four different times by Ed "Strangler" Lewis. Gotch held it twice, the second time for seven years, or until he retired in 1913. Joe Stecher was king twice, Stanislaus Zbyszko twice, and Ed Don George the same number.

Lewis was also recognized world's champion by New York on another occasion. Shikat was a commission-made champion when he won a tourney in Philadelphia in 1929 when Gus Sonnenberg refused to defend his crown in Pennsylvania. He was succeeded by Jim Londos, then Lewis was "knighted" in New York when Londos refused to meet Shikat and Ed beat the German. Browning unseated Lewis and then Londos came back and beat the late "Big Jim." The Greek lost to O'Mahoney in Boston last summer. Jack Curley, the New York promoter, feels that if Levin keeps on as he is going, being the first Jewish lad to win the world's mat crown, he will reestablish the sport in New York.

*And here we have Benny Leonard (right), trying the arm and wrist lock on Dave, who laughs at Benny's efforts.*

# In WRESTLING

EVERETT MARSHALL of La Junta, Colo., joined the ranks of world heavyweight title claimants by taking Ali Baba into camp in Columbus, Ohio, on the night of June 29, a victory that had been forecast throughout the country. It was a foregone conclusion that with the battle of the rival wrestling trust members at top heat, the group headed by Billy Sandow would not be overshadowed by the Curley-Mondt-Bowser-Fabiani combine in the East which only a few weeks previously had manipulated the defeat of Ali Baba by Dave Levin in Newark via the foul route. Thus, while Levin has top claim to the world laurels, the Marshall forces, which deny the loss of the crown in Newark by the Armenian, now are parading Everett as the champion.

All of which is very interesting, though a bit complicated to the wrestling fan, who has seven "champions" dished out to him from which to take his choice. It now seems that the only solution to the unheard-of mess is to have a national tourney in which each of the title-holders be given an opportunity to have it out on the level, the winner to be the recognized world crown wearer.

I think that the arrangements made by the New York Commission to have Ed Strangler Lewis and Lee Wyckoff, top men of the Curley and Sandow groups, respectively, battle it out, with the winner to meet Dave Levin, first conqueror of Ali Baba, and the victor of that bout to tackle Marshall, would be a fine thing for wrestling. From such a tournament would emerge the real world champion.

I have been in communication with Strangler Lewis and he has agreed to such an arrangement if Marshall and Levin can be induced to enter. THE RING, to help the sport, will donate a $500 belt to the winner. How about it, boys? Is this an inducement worth while?

* * *

IN his bout with Ali Baba, Marshall gained the falls in 29 minutes and 30 seconds with a body slam and a cross body spin.

The bout started out in grand style and although neither grappler was ever in danger during the first 35 minutes, they stepped around the ring at a lively pace to give the crowd a grand thrill every second of the match.

After a give and take battle, Everett looked down at his corner, where Billy Sandow, fiery manager of the former Denver, Colo., grappler was seated.

Billy nodded and gave Everett the "word."

Then the fun began. Everett opened up a savage attack that had Ali on the run. Five or six "bopping" rabbit punches had Ali reeling.

Sandow motioned for the full-nelson. Everett slipped behind the Karput, Turkey, native and set the hold and the beginning of the end was in sight.

Four times the 209-pound Turk slipped out of the hold. Everett quickly slipped on another—his fifth consecutive neck cracking full-nelson.

Ali's tongue flopped out and he groaned. His eyes rolled and he waved his arms, seeking the ropes.

He found them, but it was the blow that knocked the crown spinning out of the grasp of the New York trust moguls.

When Ali finally grabbed hold of the ropes, he slipped himself under them in order to force the referee to break the hold.

Instead of staying there, Everett Marshall gave him a quick shove and both tumbled from the ring.

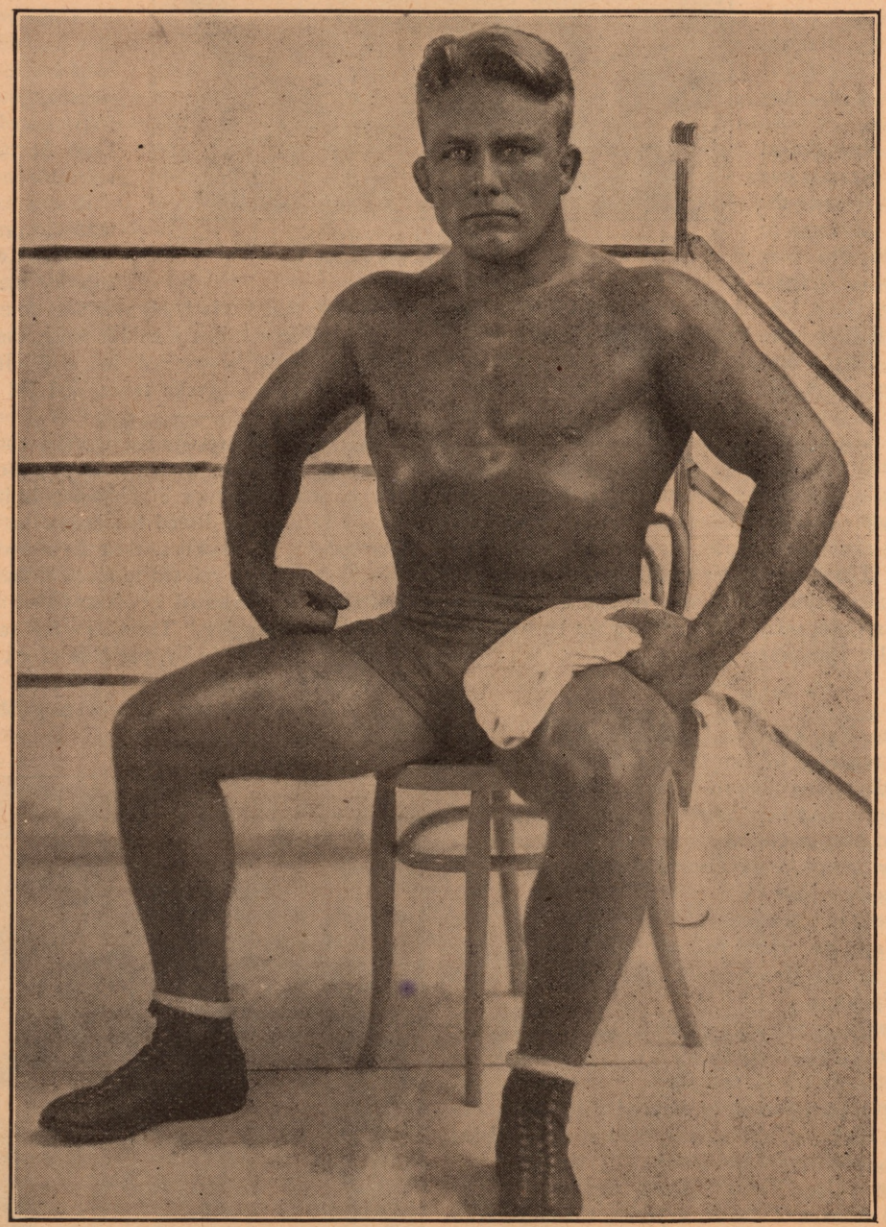
Ali fell to the dust of the pitchers' mound below but Marshall managed to remain on his feet.

Ali managed to climb back into the ring as the count neared 10. Marshall rushed out to meet his foe. He clamped on another standing full-nelson, shaking the champion like a puppy would a rag doll, until the sawdust seemed about to fly.

Suddenly he released his hold, slipped under the Turk, raised him high in the air. Then came the crash that shattered the throne of Ali.

* * *

THE death of two famed wrestlers within one week, Jim Browning, former world heavyweight champion, and Mike Romano, a World War hero, shocked their colleagues and the mat fans, and of-



*Champion Everett Marshall, whose defeat of Ali Baba in Ohio gained for Everett world recognition in Mid-West states.*

# SPOTLIGHT

By EDDIE MERRILL

fered food for thought for those who tossed aside the science of wrestling for acrobatic and rough-house stunts. In the days when Earl Caddock, Dr. Roller, Strangler Lewis, Stanislaus Zbyszko and other stars of their calibre paraded before the public, one seldom heard of the death of a wrestler brought about through a ring accident or directly attributed to active competition.

During the past three years nine husky, strong, sturdy grapplers, each with a good reputation as a wrestler, have passed into the Great Beyond either through blood poisoning, broken collarbone or some internal injury. The reason? Simple enough—the wild, unorthodox style of wrestling adopted by the majority who feel that the public demand such type of entertainment.

Although Jim Browning died from what was officially termed "pulmonary embolism," which is a blood clot on the lungs, I have been told by physicians of the Boxing Commission that the knocks which Browning took through flying tackle, and kicks in the chest, softened him and brought about his death. In the case of Romano, who was decorated in the Italian Army for World war bravery, he was tossed to the canvas by Jack Donovan in a headspin and remained unconscious until he died.

Thus in one week, the sport lost two fine, colorful performers. Perhaps eventually those who are making their living by wrestling and those who are promoting the sport, will get together and return to the good old days of honest-to-goodness wrestling, minus the frills, the kicks, the biting and what-not that have brought about so many casualties in two years.

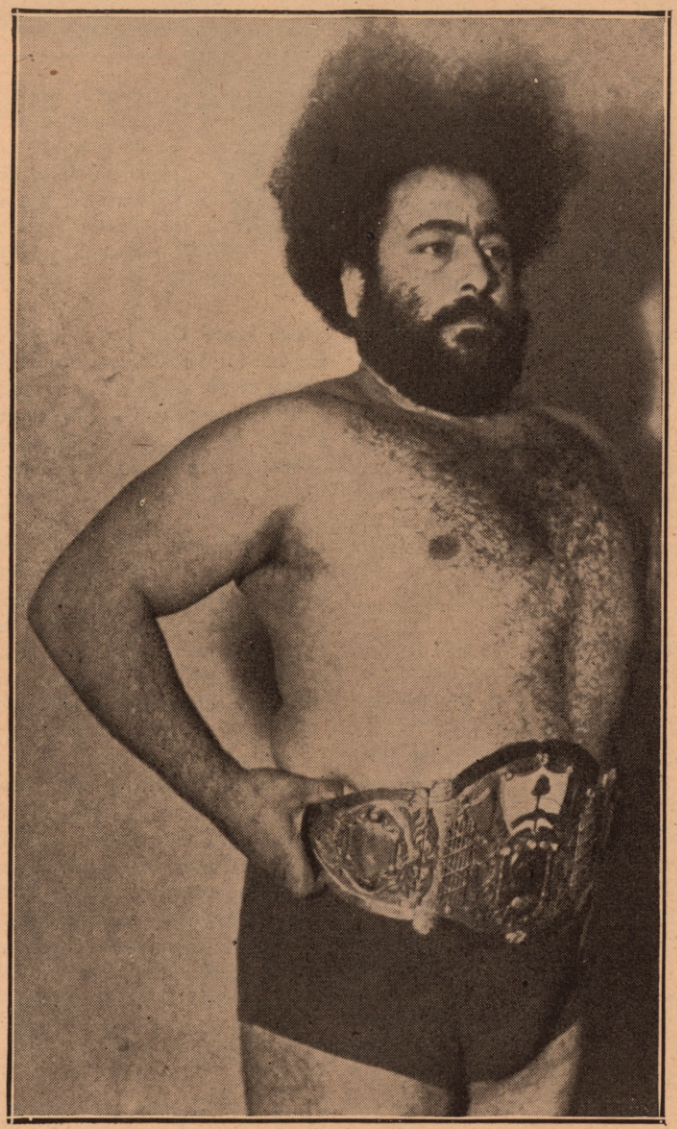
* * *

STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO, former world heavyweight champion who is now promoting wrestling in Argentina, has a new heavyweight find whom he praises to the skies. Zbyszko, in sending the picture of his protege, failed to give his name, but writes:

"I am sending you a photograph of as great a prospect as I have ever seen in the wrestling game. My new 'find' is a giant Paraguay Indian, full-blooded, weighing 243 pounds and as strong as a bull. He stands more than six feet, and has won many prizes as the strong man of his country. I think he is a wonderful wrestler and under my tutelage, I hope to develop him into a world champion.

"He is wonderfully light on his feet—a remarkable thing considering his weight. The tribe of Indians to which he belongs, won't shave and are men of iron. They possess a head of hair that is like a bush and the natives declare that several of their best men can raise several men with their hair.

"I'm sure that your readers are interested in what is going on down here. The public here is highly educated in the wrestling art and men who do not possess the technique can make no headway, I am trying to obtain the services of several high class wrestlers for next season, but won't bring any men here who cannot deliver the goods. They must be good or this is no place for them."



*Stanislaus Zbyszko's latest find. A giant Paraguay Indian, who is champion of his country.*

* * *

FROM Charley "Spider" Mascall have come these Pacific Coast and Northwest Mat Notes:

Blacksmith Pedigo, skillful welterweight mat star, has been seen in several noteworthy matches out this way. The burly ex-smith, who is appearing in California, has already downed Earl McCann, Bobby Pearce (my choice as a leading contender for the welter title), Pat Finnegan and Johnny Stote, a clever youngster from Eastern wrestling circles.

* * *

Dave Levin, the handsome Jewish boy who won the heavyweight bauble from Ali Baba Yumid via the foul route, is scheduled to meet Vincent Lopez in Los Angeles for the heavyweight title of the world (other claimants please take notice). Levin is a husky ex-butcher boy and the first Jewish matman ever to gain a wrestling title in any division of the sport. Mark these Jewish grapplers who have fought hard for a place in the limelight .... Paul Boesch, Abe Coleman, Doctor Freddie Meyers, Eli Fischer, Herb Freeman, Benny Ginsberg, Sid Westrich and Abe Goldberg.

* * *

Sheik Ben Ali Mar Allah, the Persian welterweight, has been honeymooning in Honolulu with his bride of a few months. The little lady is a former Los Angeles girl.

* * *

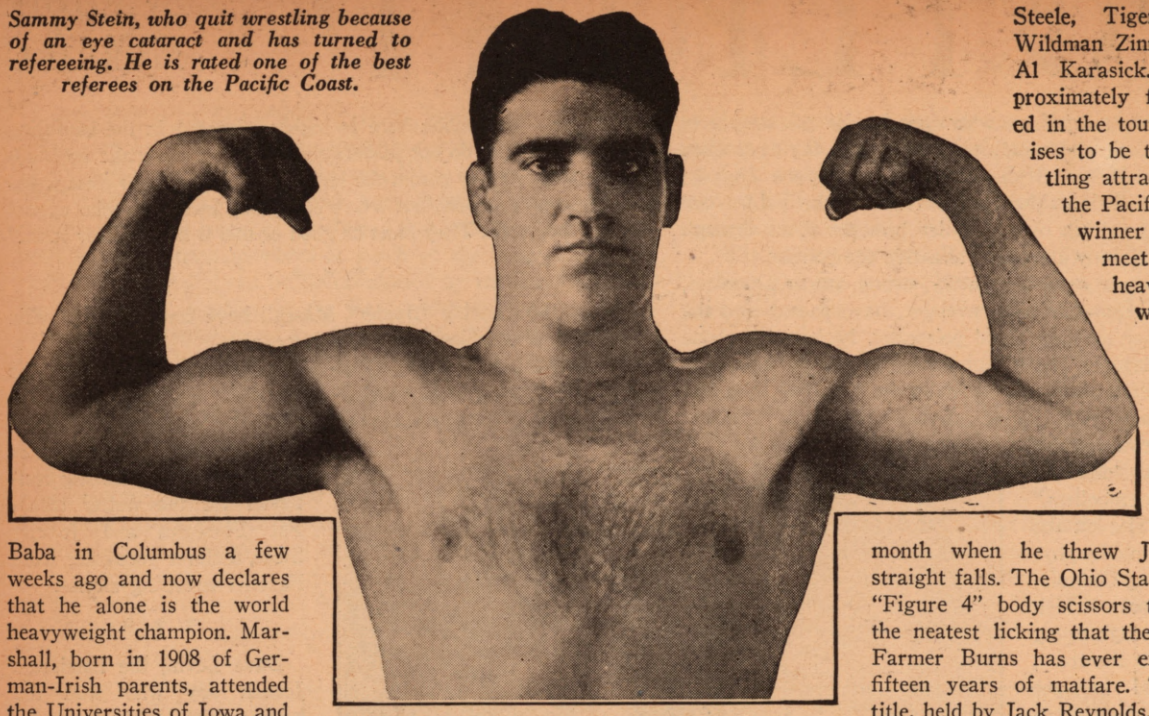
Pat Finnegan, a former dancing master of Cincinnati who likes to pose as an English nobleman, has been noticed on the RKO movie lot in recent weeks. Finnegan is featured in a film entitled "Smart Set" which will be released shortly.

* * *

George Pencheff and Tommy Nilan, two clever Australian heavyweights, are giving a good account of themselves in California. Both are fast and agile and should go far in the mat game either in America or Australia.

* * *

MINIATURES OF MATMEN—Meet Everett Marshall, blond La Junta, Colorado, heavyweight mat star, who beat Ali



*Sammy Stein, who quit wrestling because of an eye cataract and has turned to refereeing. He is rated one of the best referees on the Pacific Coast.*

Baba in Columbus a few weeks ago and now declares that he alone is the world heavyweight champion. Marshall, born in 1908 of German-Irish parents, attended the Universities of Iowa and Denver. In 1926 he was named on the All-American football team of Colorado and three years later Everett made his professional wrestling debut by downing Joe Robbins (then champion of Kansas). During his seven years of matfare Marshall has beaten Dick Shikat, Joe Stecher, Ray Steele, Joe Savoldi, John Katan, Doctor Karl Sarpolis, Al Getz, Joe Malcewicz, George Koverly, Ernie Dusek, Hans Krampfer, Abe Coleman, George Zaharias, Chief Chewchki, Dick Raines, Orville Brown and others. A year ago, Everett made a grave mistake by deserting the legitimate heavyweights for the light-heavy circuit controlled by Jack Pfeffer and since that break the La Junta star has met the leaders of the junior heavyweight division.

* * *

Although his career as a wrestler has been terminated by the dreaded eye infection, "trachoma," Sammy Stein has developed into one of the finest referees in the State of California. During Sammy's younger days he played amateur football at Closter, N. J., and later on the professional teams of Stapleton, Brooklyn, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Before turning to the pastime of wrestling, Stein spent some time as a boxer and helped train Phil Scott when that worthy invaded American fisticuffs.

In May of last year, Sam's wrestling career came to a dramatic close when his entry for the Los Angeles heavyweight tournament was politely refused. Months later, the California Athletic Commission granted this game challenger of champions a license enabling him to act as a referee. Between his duties as the third man in the ring Stein finds plenty of time to play "bit" parts in the movies. Sammy, a former All-American professional end, holds victories over Paul Boesch, Howard Cantowine, Earl McCready, Nick Lutze, Ed. "Strangler" Lewis, Roland Kirchmeyer, Mayes McLain, Charlie Santen, Tiny Roebuck and an array of mat stars too numerous to mention.

* * *

Casey Columbo, whose real name is Ugo Emerici Cassie Leopold de Collelmo, owns a thriving little ranch near Los Angeles. Cassie comes from a family of Italian noblemen.

* * *

Among the last-minute entries for the gigantic international heavyweight tournament being held at Vancouver were the names of: Dave Levin, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Leo Numa, George and "Babe" Zaharias, Vic Christy, Pat Meehan, Chief Little Wolf, Steve Savage, Thor Johnson, "Hangman" Howard Cantowine, Dick Daviscourt, Pat Fraley, Rusty Westcoatt, Ray Steele, Tiger Jack Nelson, Wildman Zinn and the veteran Al Karasick. There are approximately fifty matmen listed in the tourney which promises to be the greatest wrestling attraction ever held in the Pacific Northwest. The winner of this affair will meet the then reigning heavyweight titlist for world mat honors.

* * *

Stacey Hall, a college boy from Ohio State University, turned in the best performance of the month when he threw Jack Reynolds in straight falls. The Ohio State grappler used a "Figure 4" body scissors to hand Reynolds the neatest licking that the veteran pupil of Farmer Burns has ever experienced in his fifteen years of matfare. The welterweight title, held by Jack Reynolds, was not at stake.

* * *

The famed Dusek family, the "Merry Madcaps of Matdom," are due to descend on the unsuspecting Pacific Coast fans in the course of the next week or two. Joe, Rudy, Emil and Ernie will join the youngest of the riotous tribe, Danny, who has faced the best in the Northwest. The entire quintet are entered in the Golden Jubilee tournament being held in Vancouver.

* * *

The wrestling laugh of the month . . . . certain publicity experts who handle the ballyhoo of Alvin Britt, recently crowned junior heavyweight champ, posted a certified check of $1,000 with the California Athletic Commission demanding that Vincent Lopez be made to defend his title claims against Alvin Britt. Lopez is recognized heavyweight champion while Britt is merely an overgrown middleweight.

* * *

Curfew Chatter . . . . Don George, Abe Goldberg, Louis Bacigalupi, Bob Montgomery and Paul Orth are campaigning in California . . . . Our deepest sympathies to Dick Shikat (now in Germany) who lost his wife in an automobile accident . . . . Nat Pendleton, ex-wrestler, turned in a superb performance as Eugene Sandow in the picture "The Great Ziegfeld" . . . . Lou Daro arrives home from Japan soon . . . . George Zaharias won money when Max Schmeling stopped Joe Louis . . . . Juan Oliquevil is being groomed as a second Vincent Lopez . . . . Man Mountain Dean will be seen in the picture "The Playboy" starring George Raft.

* * *

DIXIE DOINS, by Bernice Sandboe, follow:

Paul Jones, the big, likable wrestler who makes his home here in Houston, is definitely in the running for sheriff of our city. Paul should have an easy time copping the honor for he is without a doubt one of best liked persons in town and his friends are countless. The only trouble he is having in his campaign, he says, is that the kids are tearing down all his posters to obtain a picture of their idol. So Paul solved that by announcing that he would give an autographed picture to any youngster who wanted one, and maybe they didn't keep the big wrestler busy autographing.

Paul's platform is an admirable one, his character is without a flaw and wrestling fans shall be vastly disappointed if he doesn't become our next sheriff.

*(Continued on page 42)*

# *From* RAGS *to* RICHES

## *Introducing Dick Lever, Who, Has Risen From a Ragged Little Newsboy to One of the Best Young Wrestlers in the Game*

*By* BERNICE SANDBOE

I AM going to find it exceedingly difficult to temper my enthusiasm in writing this story on young Dick Lever. Being a veteran wrestling fan (I've attended the matches religiously for all of six years), I have seen many a youngster come and go, but none has won my frank admiration so much as this boy from Tennessee.

I suppose the primary reason for my liking young Lever is his eagerness in his ring work and his sincere ambition to get ahead in the game. Somehow my vote always goes to the fellow I know is really interested in reaching the top and works hard and long to that effect. Then, too, I admire Dick because, since he was a kid of thirteen, when most young boys were playing cop and robber, he has supported his widowed mother, first by selling papers, then boxing and now wrestling.

* * *

DICK is only twenty-four now and has been wrestling professionally for seven years, which gives him a mighty big lead on most young college youths, and young fellows who crash the bone bending industry. In his seven years of wrestling this youngster has tackled practically all of the topnotchers, has acquired a score of intricate holds and gained much valuable experience. His lack of education has certainly not been a disadvantage for Dick has to his credit the knowledge and experience that the majority of the younger boys must look upon with envy. So at twenty-four, Lever can almost be considered a veteran of the sport.

Although I'll grant you that it does sound a trifle unusual, Dick's first ambition was to be a minister, which is, all things considered, vastly removed from the wrestling profession. In fact, he even studied for the Methodist ministry for two years and was a Sunday School teacher as well. When he first started wrestling he was nicknamed "Preacher" Lever. However, now Dick has switched his ambition and wants to become mat champion and, of course, wants to provide his mother with many things she's never had. Naturally, during the last seven years, he has been doing mighty well and taken good care of his mother.

* * *

I THINK you would call Dick's most outstanding bout his sensational battle with Gus Sonnenberg, when he went to a draw with the ex-Dartmouth footballer. Too, he has met Ed "Strangler" Lewis and acquitted himself in a most noteworthy and creditable fashion in that encounter. He has scored wins over Cowboy Luttrall, Marshall Blackstock, Herbie Freeman, Tiny Roebuck, Bill Sledge, Sol Slagel, Doc Sarpolis, Little Beaver, Chief Billy Evans, Rudy Strongberg, Pete Peterson and countless others. And believe it or not, he tossed Ali Baba twice, before the fierce-visaged Armenian became title-holder. He has won two-thirds of all his matches and he wrestled one year as the Masked Marvel without a single defeat.

Dick's first coaching in the noble sport of grips and groans came from no less a master than John "Tigerman" Pesek, the famous veteran who started Karl Davis on the way. Pesek has an eye for talent, and when he spots a youngster and shows him the tricks, you can bet your bottom dollar that he is above the average. So, besides his youth and his experience, Dick has the confidence of one of the greatest wrestlers in the world.

* * *

OFF ring, I think Dick is one of the nicest young fellows I know. He has a pleasant, likeable disposition and his good nature, his pep and enthusiasm win him many friends. All his fellow wrestlers like him, and when he's on his good behaviour and doesn't decide to mix in some rough tactics, he's a big favorite with the fans.

But playing rough seems to be one of Dick's major faults. When the going gets tough during a match, he's inclined to discard fair play and favor the illicit tactics. When he was campaigning in Florida not long ago, he had many a hectic battle, the most sensational of which was with Marshall Blackstock, the tough Georgia caveman. Marsh and Dick mauled each other all over the place and Dick finally won the doubtful honor of subduing Mister Blackstock.

But when he sticks to straight wrestling he can trade holds and tricks with the best of them, and it's only when he gets his temper up, Dick says, that he resorts to the rough stuff.

* * *

DICK stands five feet ten and a half inches and weighs a cool 225. He's married and there's soon to be an addition to the family. Of course Dick hopes it's a boy, so he can train him to be a wrestler. Dick wants to keep the championship in the family when he gets it, he says. His favorite sport next to wrestling is baseball, both active and passive. When he isn't busy he likes to dash out to a ball game, and he plays first base. He likes to swim, too, and has spent a good deal of his spare time at the beach. He has acquired a sun tan this summer and is as brown as a Choctaw. He's German, and his real name is Leber. His best pal and buddy is Sid Nabors, and strangely enough Dick and Sid look so much alike that people have a hard time telling who's who. Dick may never win a world crown, but there is an army of his followers here who think his prospects are good.

# Three Matmen "Go West"

*Passing of Browning, Romano and Znoski Comes as a Shock to Jack Curley and Other Friends*

By JACK CURLEY

THREE deaths within two weeks of famous matmen give the lie to those who would belittle the noble sport which has weathered the centuries, and is going stronger than ever. I don't know when I ever felt worse about the passing of friends.

There is an old saying, and it seems to be a true one, that good things as well as bad things come in threes. First came the death of Steve Znoski, a likable big fellow, of Polish descent, who was born in Connecticut. Then came the death in a hospital in Rochester, Minn. of Jim Browning, former world's champion and one of the greatest wrestlers as well as finest men who ever lived. To climax the trinity of deaths came the tragic demise in a ring at Washington, D. C. of the veteran Mike Romano.

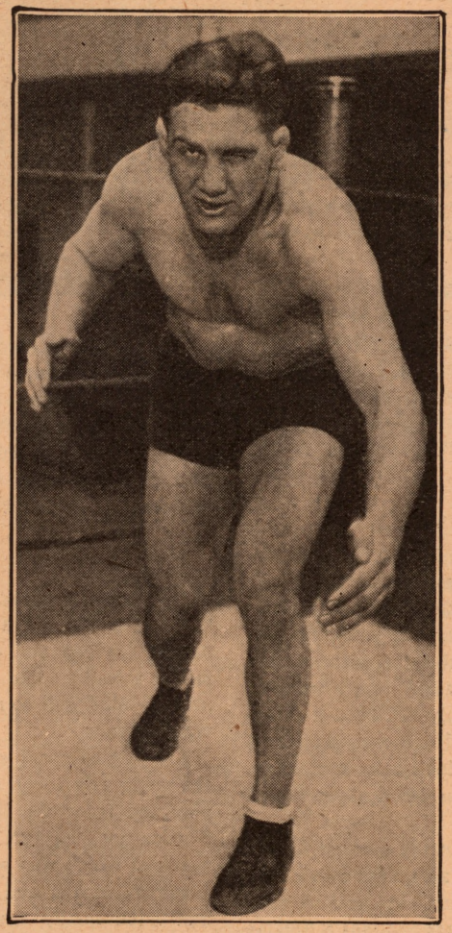
Both Znoski and Romano had been in my office just before their respective deaths. Mike, an Italian, as loyal as they come, visited me the afternoon before he died. He was never more jubilant in his life. He was enthusiastic over the prospects of meeting Dave Levin, the new world's champion in the West. Another thing that excited him was the receiving in the mail, a few days previously, of a church medal.

I guess Mike died as he would have wished, as they say in the West "with his shoes on" or in other words, in action. Mike had always given his best efforts to wrestling. He was proud of the fact that he was a wrestler.

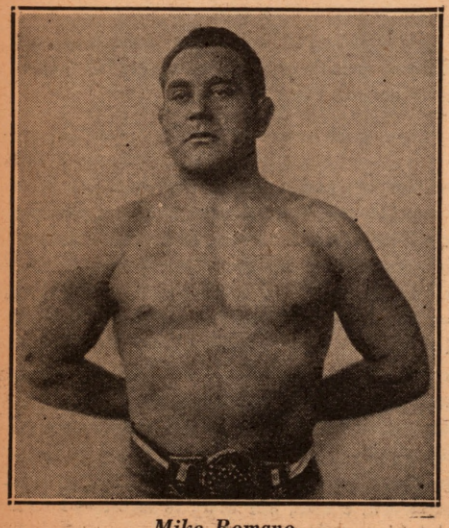
At times against Ed "Strangler" Lewis and other stars in the West, Mike had been one of the principals in bouts that drew up into the twenties of thousands. Mike was a clean living man, but the strenuous work of tussling three or four times a week for fifteen years or more, must have taxed his courageous heart to the breaking point.

* * *

STEVE ZNOSKI had walked in his sleep or in a delirium out of his hotel window in New York and dropped twenty-five feet. The doctors who attended him said he hadn't been hurt by the fall, and two nights later he wrestled, only to be stricken that night with the dread spinal meningitis, which probably developed as the result of the fall.



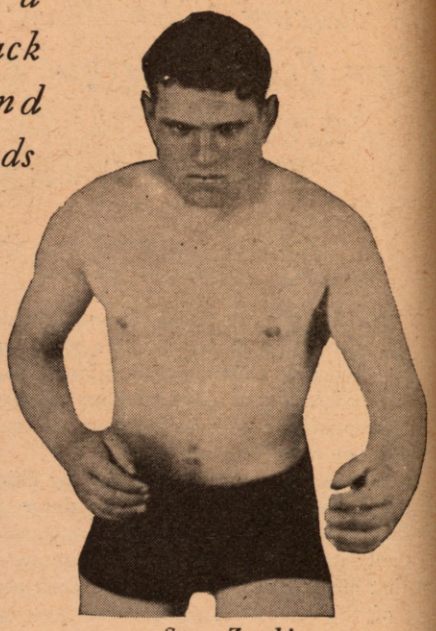
*Jim Browning*



*Mike Romano*

It had only been a few weeks before that, that another one of our wrestlers, Jim Kendricks, a former Holy Cross star died of the same disease, gamely and unknowingly entering bouts two or three nights before being stricken.

Browning had been ill for several months. Letters from his farm at Verona, Mo., told how he had dropped in weight from some 225 pounds to 140. He was driven in an ambulance all the way to Rochester, Minn. for an operation by the famous Mayo brothers, but his long illness had so sapped his strength that he wasn't able to survive the shock of operation.



*Steve Znoski*

The past year or so has seen the passing of many good grapplers, such as Joe Shimkus, Charlie Hansen, Jack Hurley, Cowboy Russell, and several others whose names I can't recall just now, travelled to the Great Beyond.

During the past six months two of our ace promoters, Joe "Toots" Mondt and Paul Bowser withstood major operations.

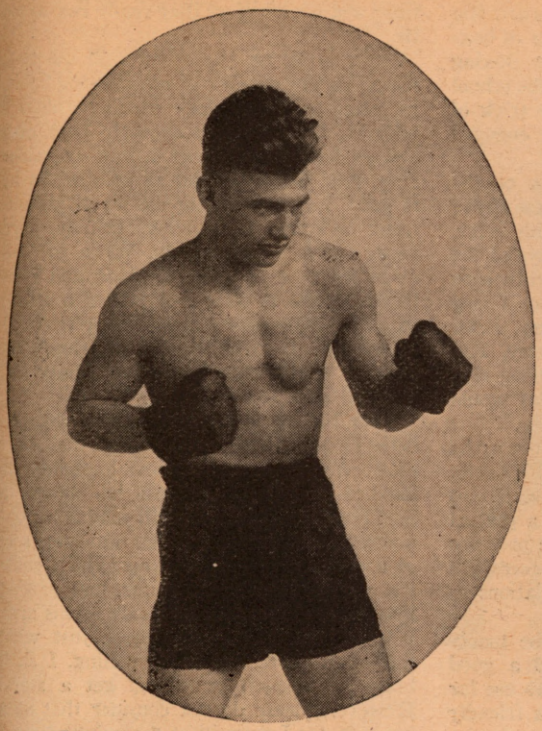
In the course of a season dozens of wrestlers are badly hurt and out of the game for weeks at a time.

Grapplers give their all to entertain and amuse the public. They are always trying their utmost to give the fans a run for their money. Matmen are noted for the fact that they work just as hard when there is ten dollars in the house as when there is ten thousand.

The matmen stoically take the raps directed at the sport, more times unjustly than justly, without uttering a murmur. And when a death comes in the ring as was the case of Mike Romano it is mute testimony that they all carry on—even to the bitter end.

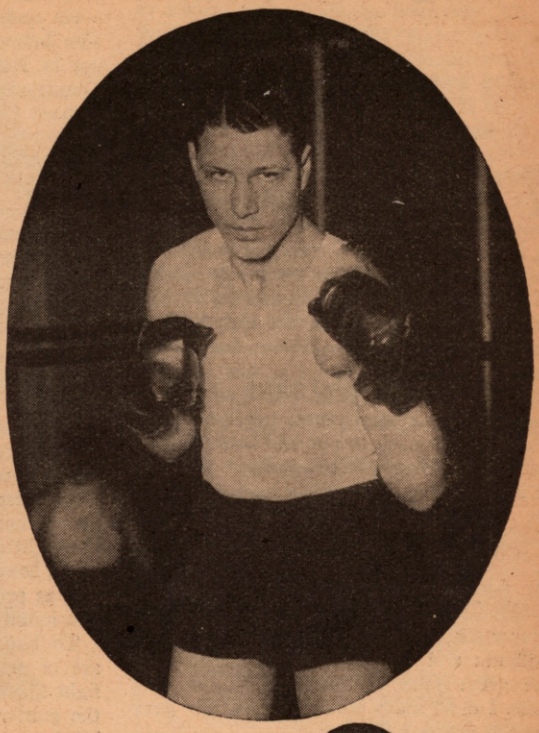
We have heard so much about crooked wrestling matches. Well, ample proof that the wrestlers go into the sport with all they possess, and do their utmost to give the fans a run for their money is the vast number of injuries these wrestlers suffer in line of duty, and the number of fatalities during the past four years. The average fan hoots and hisses a grappler when he wrestles according to Hoyle, and therefore these men are forced to give acrobatic stunts and risk bodily injury in order to please the spectators.

# Their Prospects Are Bright

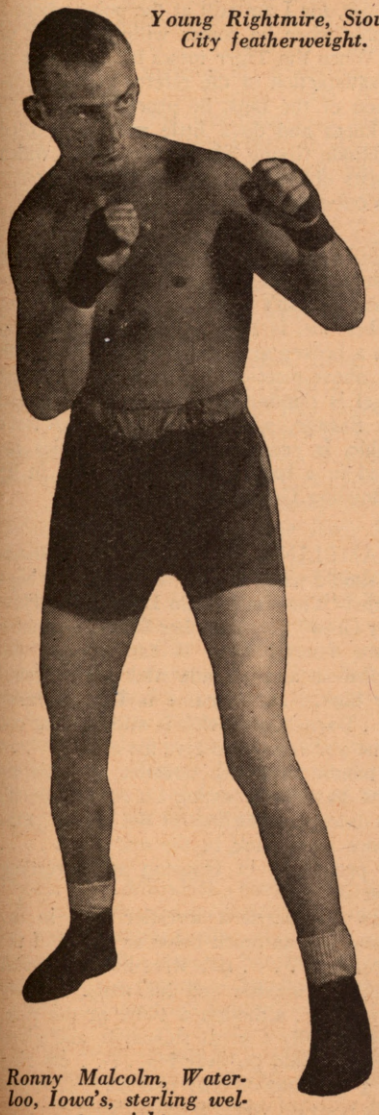


*Young Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight.*

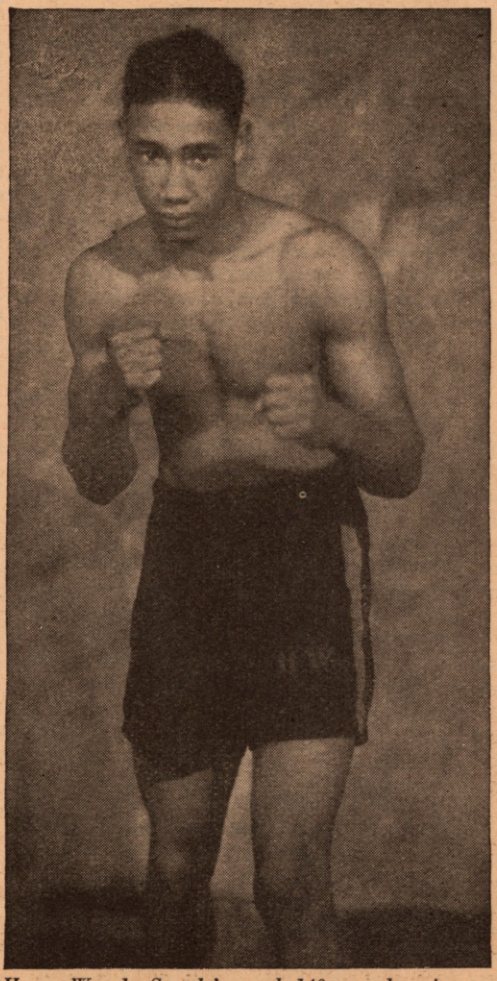
*Tom Chester, Brooklyn's sturdy middleweight.*



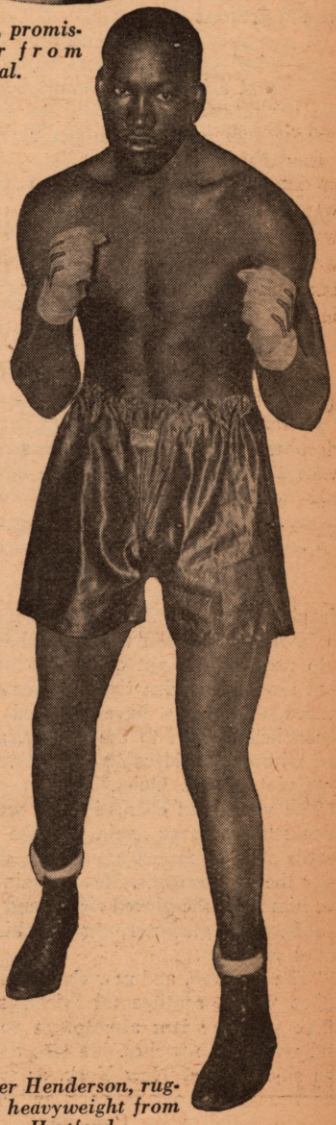
*Henri Pilotte, promising youngster from Montreal.*



*Ronny Malcolm, Waterloo, Iowa's, sterling welterweight.*



*Henry Woods, Seattle's crack 140-pound aspirant.*



*Tiger Henderson, rugged heavyweight from Hartford.*

# Death Silences Joe

(Continued from page 22)

of all denominations made that prayer of Joe's the subject of their sermons. I wager not another man in America could have checked that unruly mob of bleacherites as did Joe Humphreys with his prayer for the Lone Eagle.

* * *

THE life of Humphreys was replete with great moments. Standing in the center of the ring at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City in the presence of ninety-two thousand persons to announce the Battle of the Century, the first million-dollar gate in ring history, would be the high light of any other announcer's career, but in the career of Joe Humphreys it was just another fistic affair. Four years ago, when Joe wrote his reminiscences for THE RING, which I hope soon to put into book form, I asked him what was his greatest thrill as an announcer, expecting that he would select the Carpentier-Dempsey battle. But he didn't.

"There are two things that stand out in my mind as the greatest moments of my career," he replied. "The time I offered the prayer for Lindy when he was crossing the Atlantic and the night that I introduced the great John L. Sullivan for the first time. I don't know which I would say gave me the greatest thrill.

"I was still young," he continued, "when I was asked to do the honors in introducing Sullivan at a little sports gathering, and it was the proudest moment of my life when I arose and, pointing a finger at Sullivan, I announced:

" 'Ladies and gentlemen, John L. Sullivan, the greatest Roman of them all.' "

You see, Humphreys idolized two fighters —Terry McGovern and John L.—and Joe was a sentimentalist in regard to fisticuffs. He was not impressed by gate receipts. He felt the glory and the grandeur that was John L.'s.

* * *

FOR a time Humphreys announced the batteries at the local ball parks. And then came the day when the owners wanted the announcers to use the megaphone and that was the end of Joe's ball park career. He was ordered to use this artificial aid and, feeling that it was a reflection on his voice and art, he resigned.

"I myself am the loud speaker," he told Frank Farrell, owner of the Yankees, and in later years, when the microphone came into use at the fight clubs, Joe balked at that also, but in due time, he became convinced that times have changed and he reconciled himself to the change, although not without considerable difficulty.

"Quiet, please. Quiet."

The voice that chanted those words has been stilled. Never again will the familiar words of that famed announcer shrill out over the fight crowds. Never again will we see him raise the gloved right hand of some blood-stained gladiator, and hear his clarion tones proclaim.

"The win-nah, and new champion."

Joe was a sentimental Irishman whose stage presence lent atmosphere to boxing and wrestling matches. He was a man off the sidewalks of New York, as typical of the life of the old Bowery and Chatham Square districts of Pop Knickerbocker's Domain as ever walked the streets of that burg. He was a figure who thrived in the days when the ring boasted of the greatest gladiators of all time.

He made his start in the days when Big Tim Sullivan was the political ruler of boxing in New York, just as is the Boxing Commission today. He came from the school of hard knocks and learned every trick of the trade, even though he never engaged in fighting.

His early days were the days of the diamond-studded clan of boxing, the derby hat crowd that made merry with wine, women and song. His were the days of the twenty-five-round boxing shows when such famed ringmen as Terry McGovern, Young Corbett, Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Peter Maher, Jack O'Brien, Patsy Haley, Kid McPartland and an army of other ring celebrities performed for what today would be regarded as ham-and-egg money.

He introduced them all then, just as he did until within a few months of his death. To the crowd, the presence of Humphreys in the roped square was as much a part of the night's proceedings as was the presence of the boxers in their respective corners. He was as proud of his boxing associations as is a mother of her first born.

To him, the sport was truly the manly art of self-defense. He cherished a good fight like the rest of us. He had no use for the quitter but always extended a friendly hand to a game loser.

Boxing lost an institution when Joe Humphreys passed into the Great Beyond.

"Quiet, please. Quiet!" Joe Humphreys is dead.

# Movies and Johnson Article Aided Max

(Continued from page 3)

read and taken heed, why should I have been criticized for having believed all these warnings to have been the truth, and taken the proper precautions? Surely, we should have some consistency.

Let me now analyze Joe Louis as a fighter. He can be hit with a right hand. That is sure. I proved it.

He has the most beautiful left jab I ever have seen. It is artistic, perfect.

He has no best punch. His straight left, which he planted often in my face, and his good right, which he caught me with on several occasions to my discomfort, are on a par.

Louis hits harder than any other fighter I have met. He always is dangerous.

Now I will sit back for a while and congratulate myself that neither the left nor the right got me down, and that now nothing can stand in my way to become the champion again.

# In Wrestling Spotlight

(Continued from page 38)

Leo Daniel Boone Savage is certainly going to have a hard time hanging on to his title of Number One Showman around here now that Tiger Duala and his overgrown little brother Fazul Mohammed have hit town. These two big guys have packed more color into their two matches here than any wrestler we've seen in a long time, and what's more they really can wrestle.

Tiger is by far the cleverer of the two, mastering any number of intricate leg holds, including a hammer-lock which he obtains with his feet. He is a superbly built man and as fast and agile as a panther in the ring. And he's every bit as colorful as he is good. He trapses into the pit of punishment bedecked in flowing, brilliant-hued robes and a big fat turban. When the bell rings for time he discards these and rises on his tiptoes to do a variation of a spring dance for the amusement (or consternation) of the fans. He trips around the ring a bit with his arms in the air and as dainty and graceful as a fan dancer.

This bit of rare terpsichorean art finished he gets down to the more brutal sport of wrestling, which as before explained he handled masterfully. When he obtains a hold that he is convinced will subdue his opponent the Tiger seems to go into some sort of a convulsion, gesticulating wildly, emiting strange and weird noises, and patting hysterically a bracelet he wears on his arm. I have been unable to deduce just what this is all about, but Allah willing, I shall brave the Hindu brute and get a story. However, please do not consider that as a promise, for I am still at the point where I tremble when he comes within a block of me. When the Tiger tosses his opponent to the satisfaction of the referee and dissatisfaction of the fans, he proceeds to fall to his knees and do a little number entitled "A Hindu Giving Thanks To Allah" which consists of repeated bowings and scrapings with outstretched hands.

* * *

We have the beginning of an invalid mat community here in Houston, which I surely hope doesn't continue to grow. Patient number one, is Pete Schuh who is laid up with a broken arm, suffered in a bout with the above-mentioned Tiger Daula. Sol Slagel is nursing a badly twisted leg and Leo Savage, who is the cause of Sol's trouble, is recuperating from injuries received in a bad auto wreck he was in up in Bowling Green, Kentucky.

* * *

RAMBLIN'S ON RASSLERS—Someone should write a story on the Dusek boys entitled "The Four Little Duseks and How They Grew" . . . . another Dusek, a nephew of the famous four, is campaigning the Northwest and Canada and really going over big . . . . his name is Danny Dusek . . . . Darna Ostapovich is still holding out on me and refuses to give me a story . . . . the handsome Polish wrestler says his favorite pastime is eating . . . . Joe Muhl, who deserted wrestling for the racing game, is once more back in the mat sport . . . . he's promoting in Houston and wrestling as well.

I've discovered a wrestler who in my opinion has as much color as many of the topnotchers . . . . he's wrestling at a small arena in Houston and his name is Billy Burns . . . . although a tuffie in the ring, Billy is really a great showman, and given a break would go over big . . . . off ring he's a very likable chap and his wife is one of the prettiest young women I've seen . . . .

they have a seven-year-old youngster who calls his dad Pop-Bill . . . . Red Ryan, who seems so typically a son of Ireland, is really a Lithuanian . . . . Red has been having trouble with trachoma lately but is much better now . . . . Dan O'Connor and his wife are in the East . . . . Dick Lever, the youngster from Tennessee, has left for a campaign of his home state.

* * *

FROM Sioux City, Iowa, Bill Hawkins sends in these notes: Wrestling in Iowa is still at a high peak . . . . outdoor shows are drawing fairly good crowds considering the type of talent being used . . . . The fans are crying for new faces, and with a few big names on the cards, there is no doubt but what the promoters would have a few sell outs . . . . This has been proven with what big names the promoters have been able to get their hands on . . . . Looking around the state we see Jules Strongbow the Indian heavyweight from Broken Arrow, Okla., winning over his opponents with ease, until he met up with Cecil "Bull" Martin Boston's meanie.

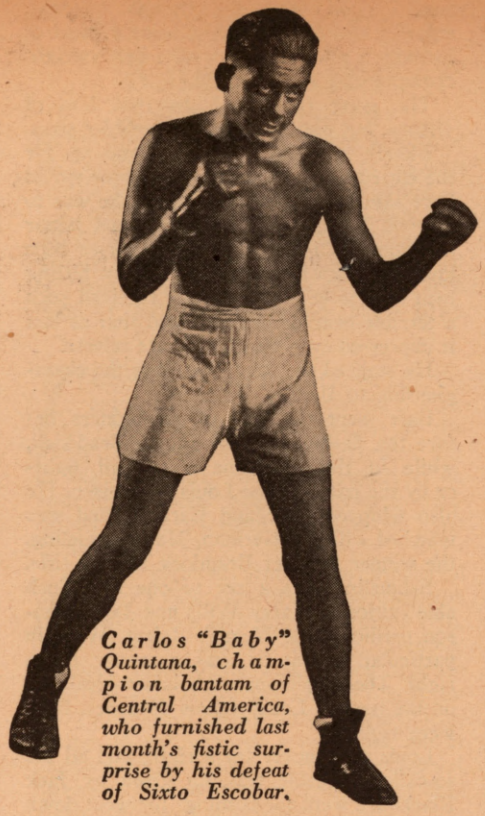
The match held in Sioux City under the promotion of John Eliades was a wild affair in which Strongbow lost when he received a fractured ankle, caused from a terrific toe hold applied by Martin . . . . Jack Harder, Kansas City, traded punches, kicked and pulled hair in a bout with Al Sparks of Ogden, Utah . . . . The match ended in a draw . . . . Farmer Tobin of Maine is also showing his wares out here with success . . . . Marion, Iowa, is another spot on the wrestling map that is doing well . . . . John Pesek of Ravenna, Nebr., is still making it tough for the young crop of wrestlers . . . . In a recent start he scored over Ray Richards . . . . At Council Bluffs Tony Felice threw Andree Adoree in straight falls . . . . Des Moine, Ia. has been attracting good crowds with such men as Strongbow, Ted Cox, Ray Richards, and others.

Earl Wampler of Scranton, Iowa. is a big card in Waterloo . . . . In a recent match there he scored over Ray Richards . . . . but lost to Frankie French at Washington, Ia. . . . Tommy Marvin of Florida won over Jules Strongbow at Cedar Rapids, Ia. . . . Dubuque, Ia. . . . Jack Brown of Shreveport, La. . . . won over Rudy Kay of Chicago.

The Masked Marvel is another big card around the state . . . . Abe Kaplan of Portland, Ore., is also in this section . . . . Al Schanke, Sioux City fire-fighter, is one of Iowa's leading referees . . . . For being a showman, Schanke is second to none and merits big time consideration . . . . He would certainly be a success in eastern mat centers . . . . Tommy McHugh of Kansas City is a press agent for a number of wrestlers booking out of that port.

* * *

JIMMY AMANN, contributes these notes from Cincinnati: The middle western states welterweight title again changed hands. Pancho Sanchez defeated the seven year regime of Sammy Klein but the little Mexican fell before the cleverness of Blondi Black, the St. Louis collegian on June 29. Black should be a popular champion. Still a youngster, the Missouri champion has developed the rear leg split to a perfection. It was with this rocking hold that he annexed the championship from the wild Mexican. Sanchez's reign on the throne, short lived as it was, was full of action. The Mexican turned boxer on two occasions to prove his worth. He defended his title three times before losing it to Black.



*Carlos "Baby" Quintana, champion bantam of Central America, who furnished last month's fistic surprise by his defeat of Sixto Escobar.*

* * *

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# Comeback Not Easy

*(Continued from page 9)*

boys from all over France had competed, but had to postpone the trip until the fall because of the postponement of the Schmeling-Louis bout, will bring back from Paris, England and Ireland the best heavyweights of those countries to compete against our best heavyweight novices.

So you see that Louis' defeat will have nothing to do with my tournaments. They will go on in the hopes that some day I'll uncover from among the army of competitors from all over the world, at least one real prospect that will pay me for all the trouble I've gone through to help boxing with my tournaments.

When Nat goes abroad, he'll attend the Paris, British and Irish one-night finals and select the boys who will make the trip to America for me.


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# From John L. to Braddock

(Continued from page 15)

over his fallen rival. When Carnera rose, his huge arms were unable to protect him from the awful bombardment. His nose squirted blood. He went down against the ropes. They shook around the ring. He rose and jabbed ineffectually at Baer. Again the slaughter came. He was down for the third time.

He was either too stupid or proud to take advantage of a nine count now and then on his many trips to the canvas. The stupidity of his seconds in not insisting that he do so passes all understanding.

A giant with neither defense nor counter attack against Baer, he held a knockout victory over Jack Sharkey.

The gong sounded as Carnera rose. Baer, with an attempt at sardonic mercy, patted his shoulder.

When the gong again rang, it did not seem possible that anything else could happen. It was as if the last act of the drama had already been reached and there could be no further climax.

All was silent as chaos. Carnera, wary of the terrible slugs to his jaw, held his guard high. Higher went the confused Carnera's guard, as Baer feinted toward it. Then rapid and fierce as machine-gun fire, Baer shot at his stomach. Hercules would have guarded himself against such blows. And so did poor Carnera. As his guard lowered, Baer's overhand right connected with his jaw. Carnera went down again.

"How many times has he gone down?" Damon Runyan asked me.

"Six," I answered.

"That's wrong," yelled another reporter above the din. "It's seven."

Baer, in a neutral corner, rushed toward Carnera, before he had completely risen. His seconds yelled. Then, laughing at his mistake, he held out a hand in mock apology. The snaggle-toothed Carnera smiled, not knowing it was the killer-clown's way of teasing him.

The challenger relaxed for a moment, like an executioner weary of wielding the axe. Carnera, too intense to relax, rushed toward him.

When the Italian reached him, Baer feinted with a right and left. The stupefied Carnera dug his immense feet into the canvas and waited for the blows. Baer withdrew from the pretended assault and laughed outright.

For the next two rounds, Baer "coasted." A man in the audience, not realizing what a task it was to knock a giant down so often, yelled in glee, "He's through. He's shot his bolt." Baer heard the words and smiled. There was murder in his eyes.

In the eighth Baer, in retreat, dragged a right over the vast Venetian's shoulder. Carnera, going forward, fell on his face. Again the gong rang before the referee could count.

When Carnera fell in the tenth round, reporters at the ringside decided that he was out.

An unprecedented thing happened. He rose and leaned against the ropes, while the referee used valuable seconds in asking him whether or not he had had enough. Baer smiled good naturedly, though he was, stupidly and unconsciously, being robbed of literally a million dollars—the heavyweight championship of the world.

The gong rang, and deprived him of victory, but not of his turkey gobbler strut.

Bloody and sad, Carnera came up for the eleventh round. A greater referee would have saved him from the torture he was to receive. To the Italian's glory and honor he staggered forth as if he had never been knocked down by one of the hardest hitting men ever to enter a ring. He received such a terrible beating in this round that at last it impressed even the second rate referee.

He stopped the fight, and gave the championship to Baer.

Baer went the way of all fighters before the flashing fists of Jimmy Braddock, while in the meantime a colored fighter by the name of Joe Louis had arisen. He also whipped Baer and Carnera, and was matched with the German, Max Schmeling, the winner to meet Braddock for the title.

Schmeling was a six to one bet. Such able critics as Harry Wills and Jack Johnson predicted the Negro's defeat, Wills in particular saying he was a sucker for a right. These opinions were laid to jealousy on the part of Louis' fellow Negroes. Both were right.

Louis was sucker for a right, and all the so-called valuable training given by Jack Blackburn went for nothing. Joe went down and out in twelve rounds. His conqueror, Schmeling, is now in line for the champion, Jimmy Braddock. This fight will no doubt bring again the golden gates of Dempsey's heyday, and retain the heavy men as the most popular of all divisions of the ring, as they have always been in America.

# Tom O'Rourke

(Continued from page 33)

HIS last big battles were at the Polo Grounds in 1923, when he pitted Eugene Criqui against Johnny Kilbane, Criqui against Johnny Dundee, and Pancho Villa against Jimmy Wilde. Criqui won the featherweight championship from Kilbane, and lost it to Dundee a few weeks later. In the Villa-Wilde encounter, the former scored a seven round knockout, and was recognized as world's flyweight champion.

At his demise the records closed Tom O'Rourke's account as the oldest fight manager in the business, an ancient war-eagle who from his eyrie had watched the ebb and flow of the pugilistic tides for over three generations. Some time ago Commissioner Bill Brown appointed him a boxing judge, and it was in the role of a Commission Inspector that he visited Schmeling in the latter's dressing-room, when the last bell rang for him.

The old building on West 44th Street, where his most intimate friend, Charlie Doesserick, once a boxer himself, and partner with O'Rourke for years, operates the Pioneer Gymnasium, will never seem quite the same to old-timers accustomed to drop into Tom's headquarters for a reminiscent chat with the white-haired veteran.

The Pioneer was formerly the National Sporting Club, already referred to as the scene of many famous ring battles. Memories of its past glories must often have unrolled before Tom O'Rourke's eyes, as he sat in his office and heard visitors discussing the comparative merits of past and present kings of the squared circle.

His friends were legion, although most of his contemporaries had gone before him to the Valhalla for those who die unafraid. From boyhood to old age his life was one of vivid experiences and colorful action. And he passed away to strident echoes of a familiar sound—the tumult and roar of the lusty fight-crowd, at once a greeting and farewell ringing loud and clear, until lost in the gray silence of the Eternal Shadows!

# Max Won't Be Able

(Continued from page 11)

He was a pitiful weakling against Louis whom he almost knocked out in one hurried, half-hearted rally in the first round. Then he crawled back into his hole and "resigned" kneeling on the floor.

Right now there doesn't seem to be a challenger worth his salt. Young Ettore never seems brilliant until he tackles Haynes. Haynes is a lion in front of anybody but Ettore.

Carnera is out of the ring for good, I take it. He still remains in the hospital at this writing, his left leg paralyzed, the result of his second battle with Haynes. It would be foolhardy to ever permit him to fight again. I doubt that he ever would attempt it again.

What then? Who? Where are they? Oh they'll come along as they always did before. When Jeffries was beaten by Johnson, nobody ever heard of Willard. When Willard defeated Johnson, Dempsey was unknown. When Dempsey defeated Willard Tunney was unknown. When Tunney triumphed over Dempsey, Schmeling hadn't been heard from. Louis popped up from nowhere. They'll drop right out of the skies I suppose. There is always hope if we don't run out of patience. Who knows but that the future heavyweight champion is right in our own village, hidden for the time but destined to comet across the skies as did all the other great champions. That is the thing which makes the heavyweight ranks by far the most interesting division of them all.

# Wants to Be a Farmer

(Continued from page 34)

home, but Roland introduced himself and went in to chat with the wife. When his big brother arrived, Roland whipped out some insurance policies he had obtained somewhere and proceeded to try to sell his brother some life-insurance.

Quite curtly the older Kirchmeyer remarked that he desired no insurance and would show the gentleman to the door, and it was only when he was ushering him out that Roland broke down and revealed his identity.

Kirchmeyer's pet holds are the front flying scissors and the "python clutch," which is no more or less than Chief Little Wolf's death lock and Orville Brown's Indian death-lock.

# Where to Now, Joe?

(Continued from page 24)

THERE'S another side of the picture, though. There was Floyd Johnson, a crackerjack heavyweight of several years back. He had run up a string of victories that labeled him as a coming champion. It didn't look as though he could miss. Then they tossed him in one night against Jess Willard. There didn't seem any doubt but what the brilliant Californian would erase huge Jess in short order.

What happened? Willard nearly tore his head off with an uppercut in the eleventh round and Floyd Johnson tasted the bitter dregs of a knockout for the first time. That one defeat broke his morale. It ruined him forever as a fighter. Floyd Johnson fought a good many fights after that, but they were pitiful efforts indeed. That one knockout was sufficient.

Bob Martin, the pride of the A.E.F., was another who looked like a million dollars until he was tagged with a kayo wallop. Incidentally, it was Floyd Johnson who tagged him, too. After that, Bob Martin was an ordinary scrapper, even a poor one, we might venture. All because of one solitary kayo. And there have been a host of others who couldn't shake off the bitter disappointment of a knockout defeat. We wonder if you will follow in the footsteps of Martin and Johnson?

We would rather think that you'll take a page from old Mike McTigue's book and rise to greater heights than ever before. Mike was a veteran of many years of warfare before he was tagged for a ten count. Wily and cagy though he was, he lived in constant dread of the day when he'd be knocked out. Eventually it came at the hands of Jack Delaney.

With the load off his mind, Mike fought some of the greatest battles of his long career, and at the fag end of it, too. We like to recall the night he outboxed and outsmarted Jack Sharkey for ten rounds only to suffer a cut mouth in the eleventh and see the fruits of his greatest ring effort go to his opponent.

We hope you won't take those paragraphs seriously when you read that you were the most over-rated fighter of all time. We know different. We know that those kayos over Ramage, Baer, Levinsky and Carnera weren't pure luck. We know you had it once, and we strongly suspect that you still retain it. You've still got your youth, your punch and your skill, and now you've got an experience that you had to suffer sooner or later. Who knows but what it will stand you in good stead?

Maybe your heart suffered a twinge that'll keep you out of the top-flight, we don't know about that. Maybe you don't know yourself now, but we still harbor the suspicion that you've got a ticker that will demand another chance at Schmeling. We like to think that you've got the "innards" that made Stanley Ketchel what he was. If you've got the "guts" to go with your physical capacities, that rankling defeat will cause nothing more than a temporary stumble in your climb to the top of the fistic ladder.

Again, we wonder which way you'll turn from the stumbling block.

# McGovern as I Knew Him

(Continued from page 13)

go the limit with Battling Nelson at his best in Philadelphia, and fight ten no-decision rounds with Jimmy Britt in the Garden.

A real fighter, a wonderful fighter was Terry McGovern to come back from the shadow of the insane asylum, victim of fast and free living, and hold his own with such stars as Battling Nelson and Jimmy Britt.

* * *

TERRY'S hardest fight? Of all the great fighters Terry ever met, none gave him quite so much trouble as did Patsy Haley the first time. McGovern was at his best then, you must remember—a rushing, tearing, ripping, slashing ring demon whom it seemed no one could stand up against.

Yet for eighteen rounds, so wonderful was Haley's ring wizardry, Patsy made the great McGovern look like a veritable tyro. So superb was Haley's ducking, blocking, slipping, sidestepping and rolling that to save his life McGovern couldn't land on him right. Terry finally cornered Patsy long enough to get over one good smash, and it knocked Patsy colder than the proverbial mackerel. Up to the knockout Haley had given McGovern a wonderful battle.

McGovern was a lightning fast feinter and a terrible hitter. He was a great body puncher, an art that seems to be lost by the fighters of the present generation. Terry hit so sharp and fast that it was almost impossible for an opponent to hold him. His long suit was to tear in to close quarters, and while his opponent attempted to clinch to save himself, smash through his guard and hammer him to the canvas.

There never was a man who breathed the equal of McGovern at infighting. He figuratively used to break his opponents in two at close quarters.

* * *

I'LL never forget the bantamweight championship fight with Pedlar Palmer at Tuckahoe in which the defeat of Palmer by the K.O. route gave me my greatest thrill. Dixon and Gardner both were after the British champion, but Harris landed the match for McGovern through the assistance of the late Doc Ordway, American representative of Peggy Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club of London. Bettinson virtually was Palmer's manager.

The promoters of the Tuckahoe Club were Billy Gray, the music publisher, and the late Sheriff Maloy of Westchester County. Al Smith was stakeholder.

The fighters posted $2,500 each for weight and appearance. The weight agreement called for 112 pounds, give or take two. The club agreed to post $5,000, covering the fighters' money.

When Stakeholder Al Smith sent the club's cheque to the bank, he found it was no good. Smith immediately notified Sam Harris. Sam was so crazy to get McGovern the whack at the world's title that he cried to Smith:

"For God's sake, Al, don't tell a single soul! I'll give you a cheque of my own covering the club's amount and to protect Palmer. Don't let Ordway or Palmer know a thing about it or they'll pull out and we'll lose the match."

On the day of the match as scheduled, it rained and the show had to be postponed until the following day. The men weighed in at ten o'clock, McGovern, as I recall it, scaled an even 112 and Palmer 113½. Pedlar refused to weigh in on the next day. McGovern, however, mounted the scales and made the weight again, so that if he whipped Palmer, as he was sure he would do, there would be no flaw in Terry's championship claims.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN led McGovern into the ring. The last thing John L. said to Terry was:

"Terry, you little Mick, knock that Englishman cold or I'll never speak to you."

Johnny Pollock was the club timekeeper and Sam Austin held the watch for McGovern. Just one minute in the first round elapsed when Terry cracked Palmer on the jaw and sent him toppling to the canvas.

Pollock, who was trying to keep time and also take notes for the newspaper for which he was writing, in his excitement, pulled the bell.

Terry came skipping to the corner and remarked nonchalantly to Harris:

"Gee, Sam, that round seemed awful short. But never mind, I'll get him in the next round."

Before Harris could call Referee Siler's attention to the timer's blunder, Palmer was brought back from the Land of Nod and put ready for action again.

It didn't make any difference, for Terry came catapulting in on him, and with a left swing to the wind and a right cross to the jaw knocked the British champion cold once more.

How time flies! Just think of it, that was thirty-seven years ago last September, yet it seems only yesterday. And if Terry hadn't cashed in and were alive today, he would be fifty-six years of age.

I prefer to remember him as the rosy-cheeked Irish-American lad from Brooklyn, the fieriest, hardest-hitting, most annihilating little scrapper the world ever has seen or will see.

There have been lots of good little men before and since the days of McGovern, but there never was and probably never will be another quite the equal of Terrible Terry McGovern.

# Has a Unique Record

(Continued from page 19)

Since then, Loughran has travelled extensively, including South America and most of Europe in his itinerary. He has performed in an amazing manner for one of his long years of service, perhaps his outstanding effort being his draw with twenty-two-year-old Andre Lenglet in Paris. He shows scant traces both physically and mentally of his arduous boxing life and Nat Fleischer, THE RING editor, could not have made a wiser choice when he honored Loughran with a belt recently, emblematic of Tommy's long and honorable career.

In Tommy's latest bout at Montreal, he lost a tough one to the youthful Al McCoy in ten rounds.

# IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

**Dominic J. Earley, Liverpool, England**

Q.—Will Max Baer ever fight again. I read in an English paper he was offered a fight with Leroy Haynes? What is Al Brown doing these days? Has he hung up the gloves? What do you think of Jock McAvoy? Did he give John Henry Lewis a good fight? When is Barney Ross going to defend his welterweight title? When he does will the opponent be Tony Canzoneri? He deserves another fight with Ross. Why don't you rate Nel Tarleton? He is the best featherweight in Europe.

**A.—Merely publicity. Baer is now leading an orchestra on the Pacific Coast. Al Brown is also a band leader and is employed in Denmark at this time. McAvoy is a good fighter and gave Lewis a stubborn battle. Ross has signed to meet Jack Carroll in Australia next December. He may defend his title this summer and there is no question but Canzoneri deserves the chance but Ross has his reasons for refusing the Canzoneri fight. Tarleton is a good man but he will have to show better form to be rated.**

**Elise Higgins, Kansas City, Mo.**

Q.—Why should there be an objection to licensing women for trainers, managers and seconds of boxers? I think the commissions should give us equal rights. What do you say?

**A.—I say no. There are plenty of men out of employment to whom such jobs belong. Stick to your own field and let such posts go where they should—to the men. Furthermore, your presence in the ring is obnoxious to lovers of sports. The ring is no place for women.**

**F. Snelling, London, England**

Q.—How many fights did Bombardier Billy Wells have in America? What was the date of the Frank Moran-Luther McCarthy fight?

**A.—Wells fought Al Palzer, Gunboat Smith and Tom Kennedy in the United States. Moran and McCarthy fought a no decision ten round bout in New York on April 30, 1913.**

**Jim Dudley, Wainku, New Zealand**

Q.—Does a boxer have to become an amateur before he can become a professional? What is a glass chin?

**A.—Not necessarily. Some of the greatest fighters of the past were without amateur experience, although it is of great benefit to work as an amateur first. A glass jaw is only a figure of speech. It means a boxer who cannot absorb punishment on the jaw or chin region.**

**E. R. Boss, Auckland, N. Z.**

Q.—Who do you consider the best heavyweight boxer in Great Britain.

**A.—Petersen.**

Q.—Will Tony Canzoneri go down as one of the greatest fighters of all times?

**A.—Yes.**

Q.—If Lopez and O'Mahoney would meet, who, in your opinion, would win?

**A.—Lopez.**

Q.—Is there a light heavyweight to-day who in your opinion could have beaten Bob Fitzsimmons?

**A.—No.**

Q.—Has Australia or New Zealand produced any world champions in any divisions in recent years?

**A.—No.**

Q.—Has any British colony produced a champion in the last twenty years?

**A.—Wilde, Welsh, Berg and Lewis.**

**Reader, Limerick, Irish Free State**

Q.—Does Tony Canzoneri suffer from defective eye-sight? Did Heeney gain a decision over Jack Sharkey in an elimination contest for a match with Tunney, or did Tunney select Heeney as his opponent? Did Tunney refuse to meet Sharkey or Jack Delaney, ex-light-heavyweight champion? Did Jack Dempsey refuse to meet Jack Delaney?

**A.—Canzoneri's eye sight is as good as any. Heeney and Sharkey battled to a draw in their elimination contest and Tunney preferred Heeney as his next opponent. Tunney never turned anybody down but was a good matchmaker himself. Dempsey never turned down a fight with Jack Delaney. They were in different classes.**

**Mervyn Kurland, Henley Road, Muzenburg Cape, South Africa**

Q.—Do you think that Laurie Stevens and Tony Canzoneri will ever get together for a world title fight?

**A.—No. Not unless Laurie comes to America.**

Q.—Did King Levinsky ever hold a world title?

**A.—No.**

**Harley Blasdel, Harrison, Ohio**

Q.—How can I strengthen my chin?

**A.—By special exercises in which pressure is brought against the chin. For example, press palm of hand against the chin, forcing the palm upward while you are pressing the chin hard against the palm. Do this as often as you get the opportunity.**

**Douglas R. Hayball, Brighton, England**

Q.—As an interested reader of The Ring I should like a few matters of interest clarified. On what date did the first Sharkey-Schmeling fight take place and in what round was the fight stopped? When did the second encounter between these two take place and was the result a fair decision? What was the result of the Sharkey-Stribling fight which Dempsey promoted? Would you rate Max Schmeling as a real first rate champion?

**A.—June 12, 1930, the fight was stopped with Schmeling winning on a foul in the fourth round. The second bout was held June 21, 1932, with Sharkey getting the decision. Sharkey won the decision over Stribling in ten rounds. Schmeling was an ordinary champion, not too good and not bad. He was better than Carnera and Willard, comparing other champions.**

**John Harris, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Q.—I have been a reader of The Ring ever since its early days and admire the manner in which you run it and display fairness to all. Now that Joe Louis was beaten I suppose there will be a lot of "I told you so's" coming to your office and razzing you for your support of Joe. Well, I never heard of a fighter yet that was never beaten. How would you rate Leroy Haynes and Joe Louis and Braddock with Louis in fifteen-round fights?

**A.—You are right. A series of circumstances brought about the defeat of Louis and if he is made of the right stuff, he will come back stronger than ever. One thing he has convinced us of is that he is able to take a good punch. He was hit some terrific right-hand smashes but took them gamely and was still trying. Louis should dispose of Haynes without any trouble and Braddock stands a good chance of outpointing Schmeling.**

**Clarence Potrykus, Milwaukee, Wis.**

Q.—Could you please give me a little information on Frankie Castillo, Henry Armstrong, Charley Coates, Young Stuhley and Leon Zorrita?

**A.—You did not mention just what you wanted of the boys. Castillo is a Mexican bantam living in Los Angeles. Henry Armstrong is a Negro featherweight from Los Angeles. Coates is a colored light-heavyweight from Akron, who is now in Los Angeles. Stuhley is a middleweight from Kewanee, Ill., and Leon Zorrita is a colored welterweight now in Los Angeles.**

**J. G. Howard, Cork, Ireland**

Q.—I have been a reader of The Ring for the past twelve months. I am nineteen years of age and my height is five feet nine inches without shoes on. I weigh 161 pounds. What division should I enter as a boxer? What are the essentials to make me one such as training, etc.? My work consists of loading carts with sacks of meal, etc. Please give me your answer in the Question Box.

**A.—Your weight is ideal for a middleweight. By the time you get into proper fighting condition you will probably scale around 158 pounds or even less. Our book, "Training for Boxers," has had the biggest sale of any on preparations for a boxer, and I would advise that you get a copy of the book if you intend becoming a boxer.**

**Robert Fleece, Louisville, Yy.**

Q.—What is the best method of acquiring an effective punch? What is the more important in a prize fight, a hard punch or skillful boxing? Do you think that Montanez could beat Ambers? What is your opinion of Jimmy Buckler?

**A.—Proper schooling and learning coordination of mind and matter. Skillful boxing is of much more benefit. Montanez would be favored to beat Ambers. Buckler is coming along nicely and seems like a good prospect.**

**Robert Fleece, Louisville, Ky.**

Q.—Was Jack Blackburn, who trains Joe Louis, a good fighter?

**A.—Yes, indeed. One of the best. He fought fellows up to the heavyweight class although he was only a natural lightweight.**

**Art Burns, Baltimore, Md.**

Q.—Will rowing help my growth?

**A.—Yes. It is a fine stretching exercise.**

**Martin Flanagan, Montreal, Canada**

Q.—Do you think that the Jack Dempsey heavyweight tournaments will develop a good young heavyweight who will become a champion?

**A.—Difficult to say. Undoubtedly such tournaments are good for the sport because they help to develop talent that otherwise might not go in for boxing, and out of the several hundred, there might emerge one good boy with championship prospects. Who knows? Miracles do happen, as Mr. Schmeling will testify.**

**Frank Carmine, Kansas City, Kan.**

Q.—Is Battling Nelson still alive?

**A.—Yes. He recently refereed a bout in the Middle West.**

**Tom Salvine, Boston, Mass.**

Q.—Is Jake Kilrain alive?

**A.—Yes. He lives in Massachusetts.**

Q.—Who was the best heavyweight produced by England in the last forty years?

**A.—I would say that to Charley Mitchell belongs that honor.**

**Dick Kemick, Durban, South Africa**

Q.—I weigh 108 pounds and am five feet two inches, and sixteen years of age. Do you think I will ever be a heavyweight? Would it harm me to fight fellows ten and eighteen pounds heavier than myself?

**A.—The biggest you will go is to the featherweight division. It is not advisable to box fellows heavier than yourself because you cannot give that weight away unless you are exceptionally good and the heavier men are of mediocre caliber. If you cannot find men of your own weight you should begin a system of putting on additional weight.**

**Alice Ford, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Q.—Are the boxing exercises listed in your books, "How to Box" and "Training for Boxers," good for girls?

**A.—Yes. There is no difference in the boxing exercises, but watch your step and don't overdo it. Take it easy, girlie.**

**Charles Conway, Milwaukee, Wis.**

Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of Andrews' old-timers' record book?

**A.—There are none available, but I have a few copies of old-timers' records that are complete up to and including 1907. They do not go beyond that, but have the complete records of the old-timers who had finished thier careers by that time. Send $1.00 for a copy. They are very good.**

**Artie Heflinger, New Rochelle, N. Y.**

Q.—Why doesn't Patsy Haley and Kid McPartland referee boxing any more in New York?

**A.—Unfortunately, the Boxing Commission saw fit to depose these two veterans and shift them to wrestling because, in the opinion of the boxing inspectors, as I was told, they were not as good as others who were kept. That to me is a huge joke, because there are no better boxing referees in the state than Haley and McPartland, and why they should be driven to the unimportant sport of wrestling, while several very incompetent referees are kept on the boxing list, is something that the commission will have to explain. Haley and McPartland are excellent referees and should be placed back on the boxing officials' listing. They belong there.**

**A "Ring" Reader**

Q.—From whom did Schmeling win the world heavyweight title, and to whom did he lose it?

**A.—Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey fought in an elimination contest for the title and Max won the title on a foul in four rounds. He later lost to Sharkey in a fifteen-round decision.**

**Noble Hennon, Jr., Tryon, N. C.**

Q.—I am six feet tall, weigh 180 pounds, sixteen years of age. Will I be a heavyweight? Does Sam Langford train fighters? Does Max Baer still fight, or what does he do? What is a good colored school for colored fighters? What is good for shyness in the ring?

**A.—You are a heavyweight already. Langford is partially blind and does not do anything. Baer is making a comeback. Gymnasiums and watching other fighters is the best schooling. Being shy is generally overcome the minute the bell rings for the first round.**

**William Kline, Bronx, New York City**

Q.—Is an examination of the eyes given for a physical test when applying for a license as a boxer? What does the physical test consist of?

**A.—Yes, an eye test is necessary. A licensed physician will give you the questions that are needed.**

**Francis H. Cary, Flint Hill, Virginia**

Q.—How old was Frank Gotch when he died?

**A.—He was born in 1878 and died in 1917.**

Q.—What was the cause of his death?

**A.—Blood poison as a result of a leg injury.**

Q.—Where is King Tut?

**A.—Living in California.**

Q.—Why are most of the leading heavyweight fights staged on a Thursday?

**A.—It is the best night for a big fight. Rickard always liked it, and the Garden and other big promoters have followed his idea. It gives promoters a chance for a week-end bout in the event of a postponement.**

**"Ring" Reader, Springfield, Vt.**

Q.—After Joe Louis' recent defeat at the hands of Max Schmeling, do you still consider Louis a great fighter? Will Louis come back?

**A.—Yes, Louis is still a good fighter. Louis does not intend to quit fighting. There is still plenty of room for Louis to improve and if he has the right temperament, there is reason to believe that the defeat should do him more good than harm.**

# LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I HAVE just finished reading Mr. Hype Igoe's article, "$40 Tops." I don't agree with you nor with Mr. Igoe that Louis will win by a knockout in his fight with Schmeling. I think you would like to know who, in my humble opinion, will win the Brown Bomber-Black Uhlan bout that shall take place next week at the Yankee Stadium. Perhaps my statement will amaze you, as it has many of my friends, but anyway, here it is: "Max Schmeling will win by a knockout between the ninth and the thirteenth rounds" in his fight against Joe Louis. I am not one of those who think that the Detroiter can beat the German. Lack of experience will prove fatal to handsome Joe when he faces Schmeling. Joe has never faced a man like Max. The European is not afraid of Louis and the Uhlan's dynamite punches and resistance will be too much for the Negro. I am writing this a week before the fight, as you note.

What happened to Steve Hamas and Walter Neusel will happen to Louis. Remember this, Mr. Fleischer, Max will leave the ring the victor.

JULIO C. SAAVEDRA,
Port Limon, Costa Rica.

* * *

AFTER reading your article about the defeat of O'Mahoney by Shikat, I find that you are one of many who believe that the wrestling champions of today are not champions, but in reality men whose opponents are forced to "lay down." These kind of champions came into being about the same time that the Texas rules were adopted. I cannot quite see the connection, but I offer the following items as "reforms." By these rules I believe that the game would have as many followers, if not more, and would still be colorful.

1. A union of the commissions of *all* the states should be formed so that one champion would be recognized at a time. Thus there would not be five or six men touring the country as champions.

2. Let the man who is the best wrestler in the country be champion. I know that is easier said than done, but if enough noise were made, it could be accomplished.

3. If a man is good enough to defeat the champion, let him do it. Do not put up with affairs such as the time Joe Savoldi beat Londos in Chicago.

4. Modify some of the roughhouse stuff that is pulled off for showmanship.

H. BUSHNELL BARKS,
University City, Mo.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of your magazine, THE RING, for at least six years and never have read anything like the letter sent by Mr. Cohen of Johannesburg, South Africa. Where in the world does he get that stuff? Laurie Stevens is one of the greatest lightweights in the world today! Who has Stevens fought? Broken-down Jackie (Kid) Berg! Sure, but it was our boys over here that sent Berg back all washed up. Stevens beat Wesley Ramey, a very good boy, but who else did he whip worth while? I take no credit from Laurie—he is a good fighter, but not good enough for some of our leading lights over here, let alone Canzoneri. He beat Ramey, yet in Mr. Borden's rating, Laurie is fifth, Ramey second. That's how much Borden thinks of Stevens.

Why should Canzoneri go over to South Africa? Bring Laurie over here and let him see if he can whip Ambers, Hurtado, Feldman, Dennis, Klick, Baker, Lombardi, Locatelli, Cool, Massey and other good boys we have here.

We have hundreds of good lightweights, Nat, and room for a lot more.

JACK ALVERNAZ,
Gustine, Calif.

* * *

GREETINGS Nat. I am sure you will excuse the liberty I have taken in writing you, but no doubt you will overlook this when I state that I am one of your most enthusiastic readers of THE RING. The whole "make-up" of your magazine, combined with the excellent photos and the excellent articles contributed by the world's greatest sporting writers, is a production which is a credit to the publishers and deserves to be read by every boxer and boxing fan the world over.

My younger son, Bugler R. Palmer, who is presently stationed in Poona, India, with his regiment, is a regular and very enthusiastic reader of THE RING, and he tells me that he owes much of his boxing success to the "tips" he has picked up from the columns of your magazine. He was successful in winning the flyweight championship belt at Bombay recently—all-India Army and Royal Air Force—knocking out his opponent in the second round. He is a "natural" flyweight and can get down to 112 pounds without weakening. Most of his fights have been won by the K.O. route. When fighting for his regiment, he boxes as a bantam, but giving weight away does not deter him from pursuing his successful winning way.

He has just established a record in India which will be hard to beat. For the past nine years, he has represented his regiment in the all-India inter-unit team championships and during that period, took part in over fifty fights and only lost one decision. That was last November, when he met Corporal Lewis of the Shropshires, bantamweight champion of all India for four successive years. The decision in Lewis' favor, after a great fight, was badly received as most of the critics present were of the opinion that Palmer had won. Of course, he had to give away six pounds in weight, which was a big advantage in Lewis' favor. The boy will be twenty-six years old come August next and his time expires in March next.

ALEX PALMER,
London, England.

* * *

HAVING been a regular reader of THE RING for some years, I wish to give you the lowdown on boxing and boxers in Australia. Previous correspondents, in my opinion, fail to emphasize enough the class of our champs. I am closely connected with the leading trainers and promoters of Australia, as well as the fighters themselves, and thus feel justified in expressing the opinion of Australian fight fans. Firstly, we would like to see more space devoted to Australian boxing news. If you cannot acquire the necessary information, I would be glad to supply same. Well, here goes for a summary of the present title-holders in Australia.

Ambrose Palmer, our heavy and light-heavy champion, unfortunately has been forced to quit due to poor eyes. He had defeated every heavy, light-heavy and middle in Australia with any claims to class until he was stopped by an American, Leo Kelly.

Our middleweight leader, Fred Henneberry, is definitely in world's class. He has victories over Dave Shade, Tommy King, Vincent Sereci, Ron Richards and Red Affinito, whom he put in hospital. This was a regrettable affair. Affinito, who is an American, was far below Henneberry's class and took a terrific beating. This should be a lesson to promoters to import only the best fighters from other lands as we sure have the fighters to accommodate them.

Jack Carroll, the welter leader, is our best bet for world title honors. He fights Barney Ross for the title in November, so I'll let Jack's actions speak for themselves. He has outclassed Bep Van Klaveren (twice), Willard Brown, Tommy Jones and Wesley Ramey, also Billy Townsend.

Our lightweight champion, Alf Blatch, cannot be included in the class of those already mentioned, but is a good fighter.

The feather champ, Merv Blandon, seems handicapped in this division by lack of reach and height. He was a first-class bantamweight, but is still good enough to scare a few of your top-liners.

Mickey Miller, bantam king, is going ahead in leaps and bounds and is now a force to be reckoned with in any company.

Wishing THE RING every success.

PAT RYAN,
Brisbane, Australia.

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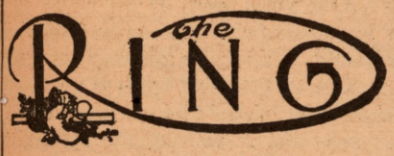


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**Jack Dempsey**

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## IN AUSTRALIA
**With ARTHUR KELL**

BY knocking out George Simpson in the third round of a fifteen-round contest at the Sydney Stadium, Maxie Rosenbloom threw a "bombshell" among the local critics, who said the "play boy" was through. The ex-light-heavyweight king proved he was far from it by giving a delightful exhibition of brilliant boxing, dropping his countryman to the resin on a number of occasions before adding the finishing touch. Simpson foolishly entered the ring with a heavily bandaged ankle, but it is doubtful if he would have done any better if not handicapped with the injury.

A well-known Melbourne sporting writer once said, "A Chinese hermit knows more about jazz bands than Jack Carroll knows about boxing." Jack has made that wise scribe "eat his words" by proving himself to be one of the greatest welters in the world by beating Bep Van Klaveren (twice), Wesley Ramey, Jack Portney and our middleweight champ, Fred Henneberry (twice).

Jack Carroll is a slaughter-man by trade in Melbourne, married, with two children. In his twenty-nine years, Carroll has had twelve years in the hemp square.

Not much is heard of Merv "Darkie" Blandon these days, and the pugnacious featherweight is sadly neglected by the National Sporting Club. Blandon is a great little fighter, although he may not come up to expectations as far as boxing ability is concerned.

After beating the veteran Jack Fitzgerald, Young Kimber, a product of Jack Dunlevy's gym, did not live up to expectations when he went down to a points decision to Jackie Sharpe at the Newtown Stadium.

Maxie Rosenbloom travelled to Melbourne and met Ambrose Palmer, stating he does not blame the ex-heavyweight champion of Australia for retiring.

Claude "Tiny" Nichols lost a golden opportunity to distinguish himself when Maxie Rosenbloom, whom the Western Australian was to have fought, contracted a cold, consequently the bout was called off.

For a fighter to come from comparative obscurity to be one of the leading bantamweights in the land overnight is something out of the ordinary. "Snowy" Clarke of Western Australia accomplished this feat by defeating Micky Miller in Melbourne after having given the national title-holder a sound thrashing. The Western Australian boy had a fight in Sydney but no attention was given him. He then travelled to Melbourne and is now sought after by many Southern promoters.

Although he was giving away twenty-five pounds, Ron Richards knocked out "Young" Acquinaldo in the third round in Brisbane. Acquinaldo was down seven times in the second round.

The previous week in Brisbane, "Young" Acquinaldo was disqualified for foul tactics in a contest with Les Pearson. After his defeat at the hands of Richards, Acquinaldo attacked the referee and Richards, but he was soon quieted and left the ring.

The referee for the Barney Ross-Jack Carroll title fight next December will not be announced until the contestants are in the ring on the night of the fight. Ross is taking care the official will be free to exercise his judgment when the time comes.

Charles Lucas, on returning from America, made a trip to Melbourne to interview Ambrose Palmer. He is hopeful of inducing the brilliant Palmer back into the ring. John Henry Lewis is said to be the bait.

Maxie Rosenbloom made a press announcement to the effect that he is fed up with boxing and will very soon retire and live a normal life. Many announcements like this one figure in the papers, but most of them are publicity stunts.

Leo Kelly has resumed training after his idle spell caused through an injury to his eye.

George Simpson wants to fight Rosenbloom again on a winner-take-all basis. He blames his ankle as the foundation of his defeat at the hands of "Slapskie" recently.

Hughie Meeghan, son of the famous Australian champion of that name, knocked out "Kid" Rooney in the sixth round of a ten-round contest at Leichhardt Stadium.

Bill Wooller, 133 pounds, knocked out George Lowe, 131 pounds, in the fourth round of the main ten-round contest at Leichhardt Stadium.

**We regret to announce that the notes by Herb McHugh, our Australian correspondent, did not arrive in time to be used in this issue.**

## RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA
**By BERT COHEN**

THE Laurie Stevens-Phil Zwick encounter was unavoidably postponed as Zwick, suffering from a heavy cold, was unfit. Despite the postponement and a temperature of zero on the night of the fight, which was held in the open-air at Wanderers Stadium, a splendid crowd of nine thousand was present.

Zwick put up a courageous display but was outclassed by the Empire champ. Attacking from the start, Laurie was seldom in trouble and again displayed his amazing stamina by finishing as fast as he started.

Zwick provided the high light of the battle by dropping Stevens in the fifth with a corking right. Temporarily dazed, Stevens wisely took advantage of the count, rising only at eight. Zwick rushed in but the South African, fully recovered, drove him back with a ferocious body attack. Zwick took this, his solitary round, by only a shade. Of the remaining rounds, Stevens won seven, while two were even.

In the eighth, ninth and tenth, Laurie meted out terrific punishment, but the American, his face a gory mass, valiantly lasted out the scheduled ten rounds. Stevens was a clear victor on points, but Phil was a gallant loser. The large crowd left well satisfied by the boys' display. Weights: Stevens, 9 st. 9½ lbs.; Zwick, 9 st. 5½ lbs.

In the chief supporting bout, Dave Katzen, rising young fighter, wrested the South African bantamweight championship from Alec Knight. Though lacking Knight's punch, Katzen boxed with superb skill to win clearly. Watch out for this boy.

Les Van Rooyen, South African welter champ, boxed a draw with Len McLoughlin over six rounds; while Nick Swart (flyweight) shaded Scotty Fraser, also over six rounds.

Negotiations are still proceeding for a world's lightweight title match here in December.

The scheduled match between Laurie Stevens and Louis Botes, Natal lightweight champ, took place. Botes is a fighter of considerable experience, having fought some of the best men at his weight in England, while he has gone the full distance against Wesley Ramey and Aldo Spoldi. Nevertheless, he proved no match for the Empire champion, the ferocity of whose attack overwhelmed him. After the second round, Laurie scored almost at will and after Botes had been sent down to the canvas three times for long counts, the unequal contest was stopped in the fourth round. Weights: Stevens, 9 st. 9 lbs.; Botes, 9 st. 6½ lbs.

On the 24th of June, Stevens was married. His honeymoon embraces a tour of England, to be followed by a trip to U. S. A., where he will visit relatives in Los Angeles.

JOTTINGS—Willie Smith, the featherweight champ, fights Maurice Holtzer in Johannesburg on August 29 . . . . Freddie Miller sails shortly for the Union, He, too, will fight Smith . . . . Ben Foord, South African heavy, fights Jack Peterson next month for the Empire title . . . . The South African Olympic boxing team is: S. R. ("Robey") Leibbrandt, light-heavyweight; E. Peltz, middleweight; T. Hamilton-Brown, lightweight; Charlie Catterall (Empire champ), featherweight; A. Hannan, bantamweight; A. Passmore, flyweight . . . . Watch out for them when the finals are fought.


## WANTED . . .

Have you any old-time fight or other sports pictures which were given away years ago with cigarettes? If so, get in touch with

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## *A Few More Left*

During the past month, we have returned 46 orders for **"Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer.** The entire issue of 16,000 has been sold. There are still available, however, **22 De Luxe Editions,** autographed by Jack and the Author and printed on heavy, India paper with a beautiful Blue Leather binding. These will be sold until disposed of, at **$10 each.**

**Nat Fleischer, THE RING**
**Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C.**

# A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

WHEN it comes to picking out the most important fistic events of the month there is nothing to overshadow the Max Schmeling-Joe Louis surprise which fell like a bombshell. Jack Sharkey returned to the heavyweight running by winning from Phil Brubaker, the latest Pacific Coast sensation. Al Ettore maintained his heavyweight standing by winning over Leroy Haynes for the third straight time. Freddy Steele won the American middleweight title when he defeated Babe Risko. Tony Marino won his right to the world's bantamweight title when he knocked out Baltazar Sangchili in fourteen rounds.

Beginning with activity in the heavyweight division, Schmeling's twelve-round knockout of Louis is still the tops. Ettore's victory over Haynes was next in order while Haynes disposed of Tom Williams in six rounds. Sharkey's triumph over Brubaker is also ranked high. Maxey Rosenbloom made his Australian debut a good one by scoring a three-round knockout over George Simpson. Red Burman scored over Dutch Weimer. Al McCoy won from Tommy Loughran and kayoed Larry Johnson in six rounds. Lee Ramage scored over King Levinsky and Don Conn, while the King won from Joe Bauer.

Max Baer started a series of boxing contests or exhibitions, any way you care to look at them. He disposed of Buck Rogers in three, George Brown three, Wilson Dunn three, Bob Frazier two, and scored over Tony Souza and Millionaire Murphy. Art Lasky disposed of Johnny Pacek in five rounds and fought a draw with Butch Rogers. Hank Hankinson whipped Lee Savoldi but lost to Jack Roper.

Bob Pastor whipped Steve Dudas, Ralph Barbara and stopped John Anderson in four rounds. Ben Foord disposed of Manuel Abrew in five rounds and George Cook in nine. Tom Beaupre kayoed Bob Tow in the first session. George Brescia whipped Abie Feldman. Adolf Heuser scored over Erwin Klein. Frankie Hammer won over Charley Coates. Lee Savoldi whipped Don Alberts.

Junior Munsell defeated Babe Hunt. Jack Trammell disposed of Charley Belanger in five rounds. Jack London scored over Obie Walker. Tiger Jack Fox kayoed Tuffy Dial in five rounds. Roscoe Toles won from Eddie Simms. Leo Lomski fought a draw with Ford Smith. Willie Reddish trimmed Terry Mitchell. Artie Sykes disposed of Red Brennan in five rounds. Harry Thomas whipped Vincent Parrile. Johnny Erjavec bested George Vallos. Izzy Singer outpointed Johnny Duarte.

John Henry Lewis, the light-heavyweight champion, has proved to be a very active leader. He defeated Max Marek, kayoed Jimmy Merriott in three rounds and Tony Shucco in eight. Al Gainer disposed of Tony Galento in four sessions. George Nichols won over Allen Matthews. Carmen Barth trounced Swede Berglund. Steve Carr drew with Dave Clark and Leroy Brown. Clark whipped George Vallos. Bud Mignault won from Mickey Patrick. Charley Weiss outpointed Eric Lawson while Sam Bruce defeated Frankie Edgren.

Freddy Steele's victory over Babe Risko was the outstanding bit in the middleweight class. Lou Brouillard disposed of Jack Ennis in eight rounds. Frank Battaglia disposed of Buck Creed in the eighth. Ken Overlin won over Jimmy Jones. George Black and Jackie Aldare. Aldare whipped Butch Lynch while Butch kayoed Jose Rodriquez in two rounds. Young Corbett made another successful comeback when he disposed of Johnny Dias in seven rounds. Al Quaill whipped Roscoe Manning. Solly Krieger disposed of Joey Speigal in six and Johnny Rossi in five. Paul Pirrone kayoed Leo Duncan in five rounds. Ben Jeby stopped Al Cocozza in three. Gus Lesnovich kayoed Lou Rogers in one. Al Diamond whipped Johnny Summers. Joe Smallwood disposed of Nick Damianov in the first round.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, disposed of Morrie Sherman in two rounds of an overweight match. Fritzie Zivic is still going strong. He defeated Al Manfredo, stopped Laddie Tonelli in four and Louis Jallos in ten rounds. Izzy Jannazzo disposed of Steve Haliako in four. Sonny Jones was beaten by Gordon Wallace and Andrea Jesserun. Johnny Clinton scored over Gustave Eder while Eder kayoed Jay Macedon in seven rounds. Frankie Blair defeated Harry Dublinsky.

Wildcat O'Connor kayoed Lew Massey in five rounds but was beaten by Mickey Makar. Ray Napolitano was beaten by Mickey Serrian and Ralph Vona. Jimmy Leto won over Caspar La Rosa. George Salvatore defeated Joe Pennino. Teddy Loder disposed of Jack Crawford in seven rounds. Jake Kilrain won the British welterweight title by knocking out Dave McCleave in eight rounds. Kilrain also whipped Chuck Parker and Jean Debeaumont. Milt Aron kayoed Frank Sagilio in six rounds. Gaston La Cadre whipped Leon Zorrita. Glen Lee won from Jack Burke. Bobby Wilson was beaten by Joey Ferrando but kayoed Eddie Mays in seven rounds. Willard Brown drew with Tony Herrera. Cocoa Kid scored over Vince De Angelo. Ray Nash whipped Paris Apice.

Lou Ambers, leading lightweight contender, scored over Joey Greb. Laurie Stevens disposed of Louis Bates in four rounds. Wesley Ramey won from Jimmy Garrison. Enrico Venturi scored over Lew Feldman and Pete Mascia. Indian Hurtado whipped Al Casimini and Phil Baker, while Baker kayoed Ernie Ratner in three rounds. Howard Scott turned in two victories over Battling Battalino. Chino Alvarez fought a draw with Eddie Cool. Pat Kissinger scored over Lew Massey. Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, whipped Boyo Rees. Aldo Spoldi disposed of Norman Snow in one round.

Norment Quarles kayoed Pete Nebo in seven rounds and whipped Danny London. Danny disposed of George Soubasis in six rounds. Al Roth won over Red Cochrane. Joey Costa defeated Lou Lombardi and drew with Young Zazzerino. Bushy Graham defeated Johnny Jadick. Davey Abad whipped Johnny Page and drew with Midget Wolgast. Page was also beaten by Jimmy Fantini, who also kayoed Freddy Wilcox in three rounds. Jimmy Vaughn scored over Johnny Durso and Gene Salvatore. Joey Alcanter won from Mickey Genaro. Frank Bojorski won over Johnny Durso. Eddie McGeever defeated Sammy Angott. Red Guggino won from Paris Apice and Pete De Ruzza. Harry Mizler won over Antoine Aarts.

Petey Sarron intends to become an active champion. In the featherweight division he whipped Nick Camarotta, Lloyd Pine and kayoed Bobby Dean in five rounds. Freddy Miller, still a 126-pounder, scored over Young Rightmire. Baby Arizmendi whipped Wally Hally. Henry Armstrong won from Johnny De Foe. Maurice Holtzer scored over Basta and Ginger Foran. Tony Chavez defeated Moon Mullins. Jimmy Buckler won on a foul from Henry Hooks in four rounds. Johnny Cabello disposed of Joey Archibald in two rounds. Merv Blandon won from Bob Anderson. Kid Chocolate scored over Johnny Erickson. Jackie Wilson disposed of Tommy Rogers in four sessions. Tommy Speigal scored over Mose Butch. Johnny McGrory won the verdict over K. O. Morgan. Jimmy Perrin whipped Nat Litfin.

Tony Marino won the world bantamweight honors with his fourteen-round kayo over Baltazar Sangchili. Louis Salica drew with Young Jack Sharkey. Johnny King disposed of Charles Vercammen in three rounds but was beaten by K. O. Morgan. Pablo Dano defeated Al Romera. Mickey Miller was beaten by Snowy Clark and Spider Roach. Bobby Magee whipped Johnny Jones and kayoed Harry Brooks in eight rounds. Lucius Fleet won over Mason Glover. Indian Quintana won from Santos Hugho.

In the flyweight division, Small Montana scored over Augie Curtis. Benny Lynch disposed of Syd Parker in nine rounds. Peter Kane, sensational knockout artist of England, disposed of Herbie Hill in two rounds and Jim Maharg in three. Billy Nash drew with Jack Gubbins. Bobby Hines won from Phil Milligan. Maurice Huguenin scored over Carrio. Tut Whalley defeated Jimmy Brady. Joe Hardy scored over Peter Miller, while Tiny Bostock whipped Herbie Hill.

**The eight best prospects of the month are:**
**Flyweight—Enrico Urbatini, Italy.**
**Bantamweight—Harry Cohen, Australia.**
**Featherweight—Al Capone, England.**
**Lightweight—Billy Beauhold, Jersey City, N. J.**
**Welterweight—Frankie Blair, Camden, N. J.**
**Middleweight—Larry Johnson, Los Angeles, Calif.**
**Light-heavyweight—Buddy Ryan, Roselle Park, New Jersey.**
**Heavyweight—Tom Beaupre, Dallas, Texas.**

## RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for month ending July 11:

| Heavyweights | Light-Heavyweights | Middleweights | Welterweights |
|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Jimmy Braddock | World's Champion John Henry Lewis | World's Champion Marcel Thil | World's Champion Barney Ross |
| 1—Max Schmeling | Al Gainer | Freddy Steele | Jack Carroll |
| 2—Joe Louis | Leo Kelly | Lou Brouillard | Jimmy McLarnin |
| 3—Al Ettore | Jock McAvoy | Fred Apostoli | Jack Portney |
| 4—Jack Sharkey | Carmen Barth | Ken Overlin | Ceferino Garcia |
| 5—Maxey Rosenbloom | Fred Lenhart | Erich Seelig | Fritzie Zivic |
| 6—Leroy Haynes | Jack Gibbons | Babe Risko | Bep Van Klaveren |
| 7—Phil Brubaker | George Nichols | Swede Berglund | Kid Azteca |
| 8—Red Burman | Allen Matthews | Young Corbett | Izzy Jannazzo |
| 9—Andre Lenglet | Steve Carr | Al Quaill | Gordon Wallace |
| 10—Al McCoy | Bud Mignault | Solly Krieger | Johnny Clinton |
| **Lightweights** | **Featherweights** | **Bantamweights** | **Flyweights** |
| World's Champion Tony Canzoneri | World's Champion Petey Sarron | World's Champion Tony Marino | Title Vacant |
| 1—Lou Ambers | Freddy Miller | Sixto Escobar | Jim Warnock |
| 2—Pedro Montanez | Baby Arizmendi | Baltazar Sangchili | Small Montana |
| 3—Frankie Klick | Mike Belloise | Louis Salica | Benny Lynch |
| 4—Leonard Del Genio | Henry Armstrong | K. O. Morgan | Valentin Anglemann |
| 5—Laurie Stevens | Nel Tarleton | Johnny King | Pat Palmer |
| 6—Wesley Ramey | Dick Corbett | Henry Hooks | Peter Kane |
| 7—Enrico Venturi | Dave Crowley | Lew Farber | Jim Campbell |
| 8—Indian Hurtado | Maurice Holtzer | Pablo Dano | Pat Warburton |
| 9—Hubert Kid Dennis | Tony Chavez | Joe Mendiola | Syd Parker |
| 10—Howard Scott | Juan Zurita | Joey Archibald | Billy Nash |


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# BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE excitement that followed the Schmeling-Louis result has not diminished any in interest. The writers, would-be critics and general public are still hysterical at the outcome of the greatest pugilistic upset since Jim Corbett captured the heavyweight crown from John L. Sullivan.

Financially, the promotion was a bust for the promoters. The general boycott campaign instigated against Schmeling was worked in devious ways. Chain letters by the thousands were circulated and the hand to mouth campaign resulted in at least a loss of $300,000 at the gate. From a positive million-dollar attraction the gate dwindled until it reached the net figures of $464,945.

With all due respect to the people who picked Schmeling (after the fight), the only one individual who had a clear, concise manner in which the bout was to be fought was Schmeling himself. He explained his theories, his plan of attack, and revealed the defects of Louis to the wide, wide world, but his listeners were deaf. He is entitled to every bit of credit for the victory, without a possible taint. The only flaw attached to the victory is the fact that Schmeling comes from Germany.

Schmeling is being made to suffer for all the vicious persecution of the Jews and Catholics by Adolf Hitler and his victory was the greatest contradiction to the diabolical plans of the barbarous Dictator of Germany. Schmeling, without the assistance of the same persecuted Jews, would be a forgotten figure today. Joe Jacobs made him world's heavyweight champion when Schmeling lay on the floor claiming a foul in his bout with Jack Sharkey. It was Jacobs who forced the referee to disqualify Sharkey and thereby declare Schmeling the winner on a foul.

It was Mike Jacobs, the promoter, egged on by the pleadings of Joe, who brought back Schmeling from pugilistic oblivion. Max was a forgotten man in this country but for the insistence of these same Jews who pushed Max into prominence again. It would be interesting to know the topic of conversation engaged in by Schmeling and Hitler when they had their highly advertised luncheon at the Palace. Schmeling left his country practically under secrecy. The Germans probably had a slight suspicion of what was going to happen to him, but now that Max came through a victor, he is the hero of the populace and an inspiration to the boyhood of Germany.

There must be some moral attached to this tale, but it is beyond our comprehension. The promoters of the show suffered a big loss in the promotion and it would be impossible to estimate the exact figures. The guessing experts have figured the losses anywhere from $100,000 to a higher figure. The Commission again shared in the disorder that emanated from the disgruntled sports writers from various parts of the country who failed to be given proper press privileges. The two per cent complimentary privileges were disregarded and legitimate boxing writers from all over the country were placed in an upper stand section to report the fight for their papers, but that did not prevent favored politicians, theatrical stars and other dead heads from taking the places of legitimate newspapermen in the working press seats down front.

Carl Granite, promoting shows at Phillipsburg, N. J., would like to hear from managers at his home in Belvidere, N. J.—Johnny Marcelline, former Philadelphia amateur star, is now living in New York and is managed by Tom Jones—Jack Lofthouse, 1208 N. Madison St., Peoria, Ill., is looking for good lightweight material—Charley Rose has imported a Spanish light-heavyweight, Jimmy De Sola by name—Milton Cohen is handling the affairs of Frankie Terranova—Dominic Mancini, crack Pittsburgh lightweight, is being managed by Ray Arcel—Harry Levene, English manager, has arrived in New York with Jackie Kid Berg and Leon Ketchell, the tallest heavyweight in captivity. Leon stands seven feet three inches in height. The main question is how good is Mr. Ketchell under fire. If he can stand up under competition there is a fortune in store for him in this country.

Gustave Eder, Germany's welterweight champion, met his first setback at the hands of Johnny Clinton, promising New York ex-amateur. The fight was staged at the Queensboro Arena, the home of upsets. Eder did not really lose the fight, but lost four rounds for low hitting which detracted from the rounds that he had rightly won and was handicapped by the loss of the decision—Ben Jeby made his comeback a successful one when he scored a technical knockout over Al Cocozza at the Queensboro. Jeby was in front from the start and when Cocozza's eye handicapped him so badly, the referee refused to allow him to come up for the third round. Jeby is in line for some good fights if he can carry on the good work—Another Queensboro card found Andrea Jesserun winning from Sonny Jones. Jesserun is one of the best of our younger welterweights and is handled by Mike Burke, the former Greenwich Village Strong Boy.

Mike McNulty, old-time manager from St. Paul, is now living in San Diego, Calif., looking after the affairs of Lee Savoldi, a heavy, and Patsy Hennigan, Pittsburgh lightweight—Swede Berglund, one of Charley McDonald's American Legion pets, was given a setback by Carmen Barth at the Hollywood Legion, which will probably prevent McDonald from using Berglund for the next week or two—Jimmy Fantini, New York lightweight, is coming along in fine style on the Coast. He has won all his starts—Davey Abad has finally decided to do some fighting and consequently has turned in some corking results in California. Abad is probably doing it for the wife and kiddy and literally and figuratively, there can be no better reason—Eddie Mead's two boys are students at an aviation school in Glendale and expect to graduate shortly. Mead will probably remain on the Coast until that event takes place and then head eastwards.

Indian Hurtado turned in two victories at the Dexter Park Stadium, winning from Al Casimini and Phil Baker—Fritzie Zivic intends to make the Zivic name an outstanding one. In the past two months he has turned in some miraculous performances and seems headed for the top of the welterweight division—Steve Haliako, after failing to make a good fight against Izzy Jannazzo at Dexter Park, announced his retirement. Steve is a fine boy and should stop before he is banged around by mediocre competition—Jannazzo stopped Steve in the fourth round but that does not indicate that Izzy is a mediocre performer—Lew Brown, once of the firm of Bronson and Brown, is back again at his old love, handling promising material. His latest charge is Solly Ambruso, a likely looking lightweight from Hartford—Meyer Rickover, one of the State Athletic Commission's inspectors, recently became the daddy of a seven-pound boy, coming into this world at the Beth Israel Hospital.

And still they come. Sixto Escobar, rated No. 1 man in the bantamweight division by the New York Commission and the N. B. A., met his Waterloo at the hands of Baby Quintana, the Panamanian bantam, and like other big upsets of the year, the Queensboro Arena of Long Island City proved the jinx. The Panama lad was one and a half pounds over the bantamweight limit. He won seven of the ten rounds in handy fashion. Both boys suffered cuts around the eye in the opening round and each fought viciously throughout. It was Escobar's first start since having his tonsils removed and he was far from top form.

TID-BITS—There is a standing offer of one thousand dollars to anyone who can bring about the reconciliation of Eddie Walker and Al Weill—Eddie Walker and Sammy Goldman—Eddie Walker and Johnny Attell—Feuds are common in this game of boxing and were it not for that little misunderstanding there would be much more harmony in this sport—Jack Hurley, who managed Billy Petrolle, and Sam Pian, who handles Barney Ross, carried on a feud with Jimmy Johnston at Madison Square Garden which has cost all parties concerned plenty of money—There is no definite reason for the William Randolph Hearst Milk Fund being in existence—If it weren't for the fact that Johnston disagreed with their policies, there would be no independent organization now promoting under the name of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club—Madison Square Garden has always stood supreme in boxing, but poor diplomatic policy has hurt the prestige of the Garden in many ways—If it is absolutely necessary for a charitable organization to participate in the proceeds of boxing shows, why not turn over the profits to a fund like the National Sports Alliance, an organization which takes care of all disabled athletes when they are unable to engage in boxing any longer—Boxing can do a great deal of good, if personal selfishness is withdrawn from its policies.

Tony Marino, the miracle man of boxing, came through to win the world's bantamweight championship from Baltazar Sangchili in the fourteenth round of a scheduled fifteen-round championship contest at Dyckman Oval. Tony came here from the Coast an unknown quantity and engaged in a few minor battles to show his worth. He was given the chance to show against Lou Salica and demonstrated his fitness by winning in a clear-cut manner. Sangchili was winning the fight before the sudden termination. He dropped Marino in the first, seventh and eighth rounds and looked like he was headed for certain victory but suffered a temporary paralysis after being hit in the fouteenth and went down in a heap to be counted out. It was the first time that Sangchili was ever floored and it was a very good break for Charley Cook, who brought the youngster from the Coast. Marino and Escobar should be a very attractive show for the promoters this summer.

Aldo Spoldi made short work of Norman Snow at the Queensboro Arena by finishing him in the first round. There was very little to the fight before the unexpected finish when Spoldi let a short right hand drop and put Snow down for keeps. Snow had shown on several occasions previously and looked very promising. Spoldi is a dangerous hitter with either hand—Dan "Doc" Avery, located at 26 Nelson St., Dorchester, Mass., would like to get in touch with Paul Cavalier, Mickey McAvoy, Louis Le Page, Nick Masters and Al Battling Levinsky. He claims that it is to their advantage to communicate with him—The nose injury that Tony Canzoneri suffered in the McLarnin battle will prevent him from having a busy summer—He had matches pending with Lou Ambers, Pedro Montanez, Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin, and it is doubtful whether he will be able to engage in more than one at the most before the summer season will have ended.

Paul Pirrone celebrated his debut under the management of Eddie Walker by scoring a knockout over Leo Duncan in Philadelphia in the semi-final to Al Ettore and Leroy Haynes—Ettore turned in his third straight victory over Haynes and Leroy should be convinced by now that Ettore is the better man—It looks like Lew Tendler and Jakie Friedman are going to get a break with Ettore and they are a cinch to land a bout with Joe Louis—Enrico Venturi, busy punching Italian, won from Lew Feldman at Dexter Park and then scored over Pete Mascia at the Coney Island Velodrome—Frankie Jacobs returned from Butte, where Johnny De Foe gave Henry Armstrong a stubborn ten-round bout, though losing the verdict—Jay sends word in that the people out West are very hospitable and accorded him treatment fit for a king—Bernie Friedkin is on the sidelines due to a bad hand—Fred Eisenstadt, who contributes articles to the *Daily Mirror*, is getting his fistic knowledge from Frankie Jacobs, though he used to be a boxer himself.

The question of Joe Louis' assimilation of punishment has now been definitely settled. Regardless of what the future holds in store for Joe (and I honestly believe that he will rise to greater heights than ever), he proved that he can take a solid punch without flinching. He took a worse licking in that one fight than some heavyweights take in their entire career, yet he stood the cruel assault for twelve rounds before going down—The fight pictures, the clearest ever shown, will make more profit than the Louis-Schmeling fight drew in money—Marriage and fighters not being able to blend properly was again brought out in the Louis fight—Their first starts are usually disastrous—It happened to Louis, Schmeling, McLarnin, and many other lesser lights.

Boxing must be a good old sport when the moving picture game, rated the fourth among the world's greatest industries, has to rely upon boxing to receive publicity notices. Not that the films are short of material but it betrays a pitiful weakness on their part when stars like Clark Gable and George Raft have to boast about their fistic display to get their names in the papers. Raft, who is in his forties and has a grown son, expressed his opinion about the weakness of present-day fighters and that he could hold his own with any of them. Gable was credited with scoring a knockout over his trainer at the M.G.M. studios and the Coast papers began challenging Max Baer on behalf of Gable. Can you picture anything more asinine?

## CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL McCOY, nee Florian LeBrasseur, advanced to a high rung on the heavyweight ladder by scoring a close, disputed decision over Tommy Loughran, talented Philly ring maestro, in the ten-round feature of Armand Vincent's attractive card at the Montreal Baseball Stadium before a gathering of close to ten thousand customers, paying about a "grand" short of ten grand. These sterling performers staged a peach of a battle to top off an evening of enjoyable entertainment, perfect weather, and encouraging patronage, proving that the fans will turn out if the attraction is sufficiently appealing.

The McCoy-Loughran clash certainly lived up to advance notices—and then some! McCoy forced the fighting most of the way, scored the most damaging blows, and staged a garrison finish that swung the judges to his side. But in the main he absorbed an artistic boxing lesson from the evergreen Philly dancing master, as the latter, jabbing incessantly with a darting, rapierlike left hand, blocking, ducking, slipping the McCoy wallops and tieing up in the clinches, turned in one of his masterful displays.

McCoy, who is much more skilful than the average heavyweight, looked crude at times against the wraithlike wizardly displayed by Loughran but his roaring finish, a tenth-round bombardment with both mitts that had Loughran bleeding and backpedaling, swung the judges from one extreme to the other. Two judges voted for McCoy while the third, John Long, balloted for a draw, which most of those present figured was the worst Loughran was entitled to. Arguments waxed long and loud after the verdict was given and many figured a return bout was just about certain. Those who insist McCoy was outclassed, however, failed to give him due credit for his great display, even though he was actually outpointed. McCoy's apparently faultless timing against the shifty Loughran would have been deadly against less talented opposition and the fight definitely proved that McCoy is a really worthy campaigner in the heavyweight ranks, a coming menace to the leading contenders, as well as proving that Loughran has not slipped nearly as much as many believed. A return bout, though logical and a sure-fire gate attraction, is not likely as McCoy and his youthful mentor, Bill Brennan, refused to consider risking his newly won status in the heavyweight division.

Dave Castilloux, McCoy's cousin and stablemate. proved too good a sharpshooter for Orville Drouillard, game and battle-scarred Windsor lightweight, in the ten-round semifinal. Castilloux had his blond foe on the verge of a knockout in the second round only to have the Windsor bulldog come back viciously and return the compliment in the third. From then on it was all Castilloux, a rare prospect, with his opponent showing rare grit to stay right with him. It was a rattling good semi-windup.

Jimmy Ostadal, young local heavyweight, who has been campaigning in the States during the winter, was the most impressive performer in the preliminaries. Jimmy, who fights under the name of Ostall in Yankeeland, flattened "Cop" Asselin, Quebec City's "white hope," with neatness and dispatch in two heats. The Quebec policeman withered quickly under Jimmy's two-fisted barrages. Young Jack Delaney kayoed Joe McDeavitt, and Romeo Emond, Sylvio Mireault's Coaticook redhead, pasted his heavier foe, Paul Joffre, handily in a four-rounder in the other heavyweight prelims, while Desse Greene, fiery local flyweight, had too much pepper for Ovila Lapointe, Sherbrooke, in the opening four.

RINGSIDE RAMBLINGS — The McCoy-Loughran battle was a "Battle of Wrangles" before and after . . . . wrangling over the verdict afterwards, as already outlined, and plenty of wrangling, with threats of court proceedings, before . . . . in fact, causing postponement of the fight for a week . . . . McCoy was signed for exclusive Canadian appearances until 1937 by Promoter Jules Racicot last year . . . . money was lost by Racicot while he built up McCoy last year . . . . Armand Vincent contacted and contracted him this year and made the Loughran match . . . . Racicot threatened injunction to stop fight, commission demanded certified cheque for $5,000 from Vincent in case injunction was placed . . . . McCoy claimed Racicot had failed to live up to his end of bargain . . . . Racicot denied it and started proceedings for injunction . . . fight declared off by commission on day of fight . . . Vincent brings cheque next day and fight is on again . . . . Racicot makes sporting gesture . . . . will not take out injunction but will sue McCoy and his manager later . . . . Vincent will line up alongside McCoy and Brennan . . . . no suit served at this writing but probable shortly.

Joe Smith, Loughran's manager, insisted on supervision of bandaging and taping of fighters' hands . . . . insisted McCoy adhere to rules and use less tape than usual . . . . a la Joe Jacobs with Joe Louis in Schmeling bout . . . . wrangle over Joe Marsh's age to decide who his pilot is or will be in future . . . . previous contract with Sam Gibbs expired and was spirited away to New York and signed by Lou Wyman . . . . Gibbs goes to New York a little later and brings Marsh back and signs him to new contract . . . . both parties claim Joe turned twenty-one when they signed him . . . . case in courts and no one seems to be able to determine his birthday.

STRAY SHOTS—Olympic boxing trials attracted entries from all parts of Canada . . . . Dick Duplex to go with team as coach . . . . Dennis White not interested in seeing Germany so passed up trip . . . . also finds business pressure makes trip inconvenient . . . . Tommy Osborne, Montreal heavy, billed as chief drawing card for trials at Forum . . . . Osborne was priming in New York gymns against leading heavies . . . . Oliver Shanks, Alberta's light-heavy champ, looks like good bet in his class . . . . travelled from Edmonton via cattle train . . . . looked good in daily workouts with Tommy Loughran, who thinks the twenty-year-old Western lad is a comer . . . . Max Alper selects Shanks an outstanding Olympic title prospect for Canada . . . . Al Foreman, Alper and Shanks proclaim verdict to McCoy over Loughran a "highway robbery" . . . . Eddie Carroll, Ottawa welter, fighting in main bouts in Sherbrooke . . . . he is married, did the trick in Ottawa quietly on May 12 . . . . in good shape now and has won last five fights . . . . Harold Stewart, popular Montreal lightweight two years ago, on verge of making a comeback . . . . in his last fight two years ago he scored over Eddie Carroll at Forum.

## FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THE South has produced many good fighters in its course but from appearance, Chino Alvarez looms out as the best, from the point of showmanship, aggressiveness, punching prowess, the ability to fight back when is necessary.

Standing five feet ten inches and tipping the beams at 135 pounds, Chino lets the whole world know of his arrival. He is just twenty-two years of age. To face him is like facing twenty-two of Uncle Sam's biggest guns.

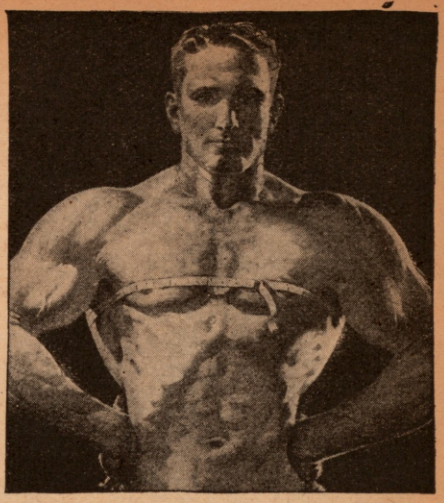
"He who packs the punch, packs the house" has been demonstrated in 210 bouts. That's exactly how many encounters Chino has had and nary a time has he failed to fill the arena to the rafters, whoever he may be fighting. Why, down here in the South, when Chino is booked, the fans buy their tickets the first day they are on sale, otherwise the chances are that if you wait until the second day, all the tickets will be sold out. Yes! Even standing room. That's how Chino draws the faithful "Under Southern Skies."

Eddie Borden did him justice last month when he rated Chino in the elite circle. This, brother Eddie, you should have done a long time ago, but like everyone else, you probably had your doubts for maybe, who can tell, you may have been under the impression that the boys Chino was annihilating, were only mediocre pugs. If this be the reason then I am sure that you have been convinced that Chino is the best bet for lightweight honors. After storing the best mitt slingers on the shelf, Southern promoters had to bring pugs here from above the Mason-Dixon line to confront the Cuban Bomber.

The Cuban Bomber is being guided in the right direction and care is taken with whom he is pitted. He loves the scent of resin and though he fights spasmodically, we have never known of his taking a backward step. He is good, and we have to hand it to him, but above all we have to hand it to Lou Diamond, his eminent manager, who is credited with bringing Chino out of the raw and placing him amongst the best of the country.

I MAY BE WRONG BUT—Joe Lipps, protege of Jack Dempsey, is being termed the Adonis of the ring . . . . Pat Flaherty, a very good middleweight a few years back, is on the Savannah police force . . . . as is Govan Rhodes at Augusta . . . . Besides fighting, Eric Lawson is a thespian . . . . The South now has two world champions. They are Tony Canzoneri and Petey Sarron.

Jack Dempsey drew over five thousand fans at Charlottle, N. C., recently . . . . Joe Lipps knocked out Bob Hoover at Atlanta . . . . Ralph Chong, Chinese middleweight, is anxious to hit Southern soil. He writes that he is gunning for Billy Hood and Carl Knowles and, if necessary, will take both on the same night. Boy, won't this be a card! . . . . Rumor has it that Jack Dempsey may take over Joe Dinerman, Savannah's star amateur welterweight . . . . You couldn't find a better prospect, Jack . . . . Jack Ross, heavyweight wrestling champion of the South, has well saved his money and with a few more years in the ring, he should retire fixed for life . . . . At the age of forty-five, he is still ranked as a tough youngster to fool with . . . . Too bad that Joe Louis had to lose to Max Schmeling the way he did. In fact, it is too bad that he lost, for he has done more for boxing in the past two years than any other fighter.

»If you do not add... 3 INCHES TO YOUR CHEST 2 INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS ...it won't cost you one cent!"

*Signed:* GEORGE F. JOWETT

YES SIR! Three inches of muscles added to your chest and at least two inches to your biceps, or it won't cost you a penny. I know what I am talking about . . . I wouldn't dare make this startling agreement if I wasn't sure I could do it.

■ All I want is a chance to prove it! Those skinny fellows who are discouraged are the men I want to work with. I'll show them how to build a strong man's body... and do it quickly...and I don't mean cream puff muscles either. Wouldn't you, too, like to have the brawny proportions of the idealized figure shown above? I will show you how to get real, genuine, invincible muscles that will make your men friends respect you and women admire you.

■ I want to tell you fellows . . . there's something about this "strong man business" that gets you... *thrills* you! You'll get a great kick out of it...you'll fairly feel your muscles grow.

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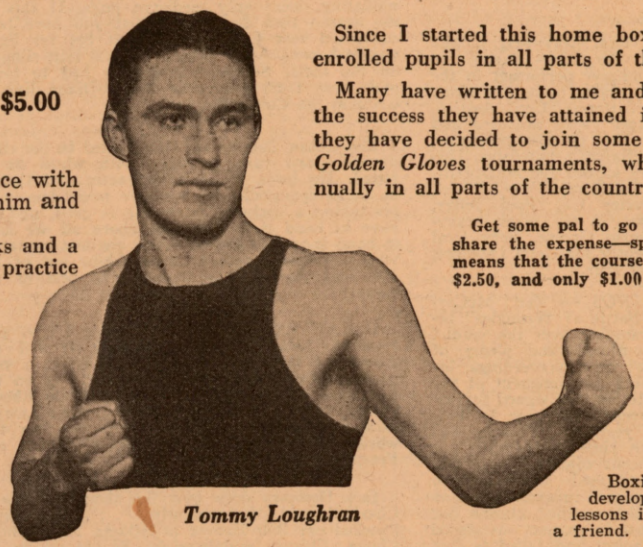

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## NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

AFTER eight weeks on the sidelines due to a serious operation and period of convalescence, it is a great happiness to return to the columns of THE RING and again greet its many readers.

It happened that our recovery so timed itself that we had the fortune to look in upon one of Boston's occasional fistic tourneys—a spasmodic occurrence with no particular objective except to furnish the fans with just another fight. The show, staged by the Goodwin A. C. at Fenway Park, had as its feature Jack Sharkey, now doing a comeback, and Phil Brubaker of Stockton, Cal., the latter often referred to as the "Fighting Parson" because of his former divinity school affiliations. And Sharkey was returned the winner at the end of ten busy rounds—a unanimous verdict on the part of the ring officials; the first decision for the Squire in four starts barring his opener months ago with Edward "Unknown" Winston.

Brubaker, a fine, clean-cut young man, bordering on twenty-two years, went into the ring tired and with practically very little real training. Though rated as No. 5 in the list of ten best American heavies by a Chicago statistician, he impressed as having but little more than courage, a punch and a prayer. Phil scored a surprise in the first round when he pumped in a right to the jaw, followed by a left and right to mouth—blows which sent the former champion to the canvas for a count of one. Jack managed to weather out the balance of the round. In the second the Squire got another pummelling and lost another heat to the visitor.

Jack came out fighting in the third and, from that stanza on, thanks to his experience, some of his old cleverness and greater strength, kept well out in front to the final bell. Brubaker was outclassed and outboxed by the veteran. It was the Squire's best thus far, a fact which has led his press admirers into declaring him fitted to take on Schmeling, Louis, Baer or Braddock. It is a point open to argument. We doubt if one undisputed win in four starts makes a topliner, or one defeat in twenty-eight starts, as in the case of Joe Louis, ruins a star.

Two New England amateur champions made their "pro" debuts under the feature—Fred Camuso of Fall River, 135 pounds, and Ralph Zannelli of Providence, 147 pounds. Camuso lost in six heats to Tony Bent of Cambridge, a more experienced ringster, while Zannelli outfought Gabby Paulin of Lynn in six rounds. In another six, Terry "Tiger" Warrington of Halifax, N. S., making his first appearance in a Boston ring in months, easily outpointed Buck Tracy of Everett.

Between rounds at the Sharkey-Brubaker fight which, we should add, attracted 7,989 cash customers, a gross of $13,348 and net of $10,741, it was announced that Al McCoy, the Dorchester-Maine boy, would meet Leroy Haynes in a Boston ring. Inasmuch as McCoy has offers from Nate Lewis for bouts in Detroit and Chicago, while a win over Haynes would mean little, but a defeat everything, they are not likely to meet. McCoy, however, has announced a willingness to pass up all of his offers for a "shot" at Sharkey, a contest which would be both a logical and natural for Boston. At this writing, the Squire and his backers have yet to passionately warm up to the idea.

Lou Brouillard, out of the active ring for several months due to an injury to shoulder muscles, is back again. In his first start, at Worcester, Mass., he forced Johnny Ennis of Newark to stop in the eighth round of a scheduled ten. It was a rugged, two-handed fray while it lasted.

The Irish-American A. A., which for several years has done the lion's share in keeping the amateur end of boxing alive in Boston and vicinity, is planning to resume its activities early in September. It will stage tourneys every week throughout the cold months, but at its clubhouse in South Boston instead of the Boston Arena. The Glover A. C., a smaller "pro" organization, also is likely to get going in the fall in real earnest. There is a big demand here for such clubs.

Credit goes to Jack Sharkey as being one of the very few Bostonians who thought Schmeling had the slightest chance of defeating Joe Louis. Jack wagered very little, if anything, on his forecast, but did pick, and in a public way, the Teuton to win.

We were one of the many who fell hard for Louis—gave Schmeling but three rounds to remain on his feet. We missed the fight itself, being in no physical condition to look it over, but have studied the pictures carefully. Though the German won, and that clearly—also gave the Bomber a beating—the inability of Louis to change his style or avoid to any extent a telegraphed right-hand punch, continues a puzzle. According to the films, Louis fought a game, willing, but dumb battle. Whether this seeming dumbness was up to himself, his corner or Schmeling, we are not in a position to say. At the least, Joe could have ducked his head when Max cocked his right, taken the blow on the dome and perhaps caused the German to smash his hand.

Dave Castilloux, Al McCoy's 135-pound fighting cousin and a member of the same stable, scored a two-round win over Henry Pilotte of Quebec while the fistic kinsmen were in that city. Dave is coming along very nicely, he being one of the few younger ringsters who, after stinging an opponent with one hand, does not step back and wait for his foe to recover. He is booked to meet Louie Fox in the semi-final to the McCoy-Loughran bout.

Paul Bowser, former wrestler and for years one of the big showman-promoters, still is confined to his home at Fair Oaks Farm, Lexington. Though convalescing, it will be weeks yet before he is anything like his former self. Bowser was stricken with a serious internal trouble the first week in April and underwent two major operations in a Greater Boston hospital. His chances were but one out of about five hundred to live, but he made the grade. Three weeks ago he was removed to his home in Lexington, where he continues under medical care.

Danno O'Mahoney, still claimant of the title he lost to Dick Shikat last March in New York, had his third official collision with Yvon Robert, the French-Canadian, at the Boston Garden and, much to the general surprise, came through the victor. The affair attracted about nine thousand customers. We'll say for Danno, he really did look fine, put up a very good bout, though there was about as much fighting and rough-house as there was wrestling. Inasmuch as he is due to return to Ireland for the summer, it was the "dope" that Robert would surely plant him.

However, Danno, using his "whip," took the first fall in 27 minutes, and the final fall in 10 minutes 8 seconds. Between these tosses, Robert biffed Danno over with a smash to the chin and fell on him for a fall in 2 minutes 3 seconds, the hold being registered as a top body press. Following the fray, Francis McGrath, representing the American Wrestling Association, presented O'Mahoney with the diamond belt, emblematic of the world's championship, also a gold belt donated by the A. W. A., similarly emblematic.

## HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

HOLYOKE Arena is closing up for a while as the dog races are giving too much opposition. Horse racing also hurts although they are run in the day, the sports can stand only so much excitement in one day.

The last two shows the crowd was small. It did not pay for the fighters to fight for that kind of money, (they were on percentage). It did not pay the club to run. Young Chappie and Lou Fox put on one of the greatest fights in the history of the Arena, for something like $60.

Jerry Maloni, of Springfield, substituted for Sal Canata, and fought Hunter Welch, of Boston, a draw. Johnny Dube, of Haverhill, proved too smart for Billy Delany, of Athol. Dube boxed nicely and had Delany befuddled through the six rounds. Tommy Logan, of Burlington, Vt. now making Holyoke his home, won over Roy Collins in another six. Logan proved the sturdier of the two and showed to better advantage. Johnny Barinowski, of Pittsfield, won a four rounder over Joey Collins, of Boston, in a slugging match. Barinowski is a good prospect.

Tommy Rawson vs. Joey Greb saved the show at the Arena, when an all star card of three ten rounders, failed to bring out very much action. The Rawson-Greb fight was a good one and a draw verdict was given at the end of the fight. Rawson was the better boxer, gaining points by his clever boxing, clean hitting and infighting but Greb was the aggressor, boring in taking half a dozen to get in one.

Bobby Allen, of Boston, and Wesley Farrell, of New Haven, fought an uninteresting fight, although both boys tried. Ruby Bradley won again over Gus McLellan of Boston. Battling Attey, of Boston, won over Art McAlpine, of Springfield. Gene Bonin, of Willimantic, Conn., won over Jerry Wright of Springfield, Mass. in a four.

Cocoa Kid, of New Haven, won over Vince De Angelo, of New York, before a small crowd at the Valley Arena, Cocoa was too clever for the wild swinging New Yorker, who missed many times each round. Ruby Bradley again won over Bob Richie, winning every round by a good margin. Ruby has won about sixteen straight fights in this last comeback campaign.

Tommy Logan making his home in Holyoke stopped Eddie Barrett, of Boston, in the first round of a six round bout. Willie Rose of Boston, won a decision over Angelo Manna, of Worcester, in a fast six round bout. Richie Gibbons, of Springfield, in his pro debut lost a close decision to Tony Sacco, of Boston, in a four rounder.

Bennington, Vt., Harry Conley, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., won the main bout over Sherman Rosen of New York, in the first outdoor show of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. In the semi, Larry Kelly of Oneonta, N. Y., won over Al Zeliski of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., in another six. Freddie Wright, of Bennington, Vt., fought a draw with Art Dupree of Danby, Vt. in the other six. This was a great fight. Al McDermott of Arlington, Vt. knocked out Young Andy of Danby, Vt. in the second round of a four rounder. Tommy Flynn, fought a draw with Cliff Nugent of Danby, Vt. in the other four rounder.

North Adams, Mass. The Meadowbrook Arena opened up with cloudy weather on their first open air show which was attended by about 700 fans. Cocoa Kid won a decision over Werther Arcelli of Boston, in the ten round main bout that was put on third, owing to the weather outlook. Doug Murchie won over Billy Delany of Athol, Mass., in a six; Johnny Barinowski of Pittsfield, won over Dean Cross of Athol, in four rounds.

Terry Rogers, at 148 lbs., is a good looking boy and with plenty of work will come along in good shape. Rogers is from Amherst, Mass. but will fight out of Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Lou Alpert, of Upper New York, a real good feather is trying hard to get started in this section. Alpert is an action fighter like Lou Ambers, and will make a hit in any club. He can be reached through me at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Bob Lee, former heavyweight of this section, is back again after ten years in Boston and vicinity, Bob is the same laughing affable fellow he was when boxing up this way fifteen years ago.

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## LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
**By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS**

PROBABLY because of the terrific heat, Petey Sarron of Birmingham, Ala., newly crowned world's featherweight king, did not impress a small crowd by his victory over Nick Camaratta, New Orleans, La. The overweight match, Sarron's first action since his victory over Freddy Miller, was staged at the Jai-Alai Arena under Marty Burke. Sarron did little but slap and maul, nevertheless, it was enough to defeat Camaratta.

Advanced by a great fanfare of publicity as a puncher, Nat Litfin, New York featherweight, failed to show enough ability to cope with the greatly improved Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans' only fistic attraction. Perrin toyed with Litfin for ten rounds, easily avoiding the few punches the New Yorker elected to send his way.

Other bouts of interest during the past month resulted as follows: Joe Lombardo kayoed Boswell Thompson and Joe Molay; Bill Raggio outpointed Johnny Blalak, all middleweights. Sidney Duncan lost to Doug Berlier; Joe White pummelled George Holmes, all featherweights. Joe Saille beat Jules Guidry and Angelo Musso, bantamweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Marty Burke, veteran boxing impresario of New Orleans, will stage outdoor shows at spacious Heineman Baseball Park . . . . In addition, Burke puts on shows at Jai-Alai Arena . . . . Negro boxing is completely dead with no one to promote them . . . . However, Burke announced he will show some of the big names among the colored fighters in the near future . . . . Jimmy Moran, Louisiana referee, picked Schmeling to beat Louis *before the fight* . . . . There are any number of promoters and would-be promoters in New Orleans, but only two shows were held last month, both falling below the thousand-dollar "gate" figure . . . . Jack Panno, prominent in Chicago twenty-five years ago as the bantamweight "Kid" Ryan, is a very successful business man in New Orleans . . . . The writer's address is 1028 No. Salcedo, New Orleans, La.

## IN THE COAL FIELDS
**By JOE BRADY**

AT Hazelton—In the star bout of eight rounds at Buhler Stadium, in which Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight champion was the referee, Joe Banovic of Binghamton, N. Y. engaged in a slugfest which ended in a draw with Henry Taylor, Philadelphia's slugging light-heavyweight. Your writer was guest announcer and had the pleasure of introducing Dempsey, to the large audience that jammed the stadium.

In the six round semifinal Johnny Greycar, Freeland welterweight, gained the decision over Carl Gilmore of Endicott, N. Y. In the other bouts, Steve Kahley won from Johnny Vandurek six rounds . . . . Johnny Snyder, of Wilkes-Barre, drew with Jack Moran . . . . While in the six round opener Billy Speediel defeated Nick Alopeck . . . . The honored guests that attended the show were Eddie McCloskey, chairman of the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission, Three Star Hennessey, noted handler of boxers, Max Waxman, partner to Jack Dempsey, Mike Coll, Sports Editor of the *Standard Sentinel*, Pop Martin, Sports Editor of the Hazleton *Plain Speaker*, among others.

At Tamaqua, (Amateur's)—Phil Baker 160 lbs., of Nanticoke, turned the tables on Vince Kozak, of Hazleton, in the three round wind-up at the High School Arena when he decisioned the heavy favorite who has been winning consistently before local boxing fans . . . . In the other bouts Johnny Tamasick lost to Ed Morgans . . . . Joe Kotch, defeated Gene Pinter . . . . Vic Gilgi, local High School athlete, won the decision from Joe Black . . . . Joe Reilly got the nod over Frankie Reynolds . . . . Speedy Evans kayoed Mickey Chinchar in the third . . . . Idaho Mongeli, defeated Dick Williams . . . . Tony Humicki decisioned Ed Zelinsky . . . . Freddy Morgans won from Chubby Shields . . . . In a three round slugging match in which both boys made several trips to the canvas, Billy Eck got a split verdict over Johnny Kruss . . . . The committee in charge plan to conduct Simon-pure boxing shows throughout the year and later turn to professional game.

At Binghamton, N. Y.—Although not a Coal Region town, the show held at Bingo which had two Scranton mittmen emerging victorious in their respective bouts. The first being Pat Henihan, of Scranton, who punched his way to a six round decision over Dom Pasculli of New York City. The hard hitting Henihan, floored the "big" city boy on three occasions. Joe Nealon, who also hails from Scranton, turned in the best performance of the evening in the six round semifinal encounter with Tony Greb of Newark, N. J. Nealon, got the unanimous decision and for his good showing he received a Gold wrist watch, besides his purse from Al Stern, local promoter. In the wind-up of eight rounds Joe Banovic, won an easy verdict from Eddie Saxon of Syracuse . . . . Thys Menger, got the six round decision over Jimmy Knight, colored gladiator from Paterson, N. J. While in the opener Joey Woods of Portland, Maine, lost a close verdict to Earl Weaver.

Just Rambling—Eddie McGeever, of Scranton, defeated Sammy Angott and Danny Koplick . . . . Wildcat O'Connor, Forrest City, lost to Mickey Maker . . . . Mickey Serrian, Scranton, won from Ray Napolitano . . . . Eddie Brink of Scranton lost by a T.K.O. to Johnny Morro . . . . Three Star Hennessey has Luke Beatty the "Delta Destroyer" in excellent physical condition and will turn him loose for fast company . . . . Al Lewis, Scranton featherweight, is back in training after suffering from a bad orb in his last encounter with Mickey Doyle, at Bingo . . . . Joe Nealon is to be appointed on the Physical Athletic staff of Lackawanna County . . . . Jimmy Herman battle scarred light-heavyweight from Hazleton, has hung up the gloves for keeps . . . . Pat Sweeney, Hazleton Boxing Inspector, is a constant reader of THE RING Magazine, which keeps him well posted on present day ring performers . . . . Wrestling is growing to be a losing proposition for local promoters and they soon will turn to boxing as a means to reimburse their bankroll . . . . Three Star Hennessey, can be reached at 220 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton, Pa. . . . And is always willing to use new talent . . . . Jack Messett is still running his bar, which is located in the heart of the business section of Scranton . . . . The writer will answer all mail, address him in care of Hennessey . . . . THE RING can be purchased at most newsstands throughout the Coal Fields . . . . When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's book Shop on Linden St.

## BOXING IN CUBA
**By MILT BARON**

KID CHOCOLATE piled up two more victories within the last month, and it is apparent that his comeback attempt will be realized. He scored over Lew Feldman of New York in classy fashion, and then took on Johnny Erickson and won as he pleased. In both these encounters, Chocolate used some nifty footwork and displayed his original brand of uppercuts, jabs and hooks, and looked very impressive. Pincho Gutierrez, his manager, is well pleased with the Keed's work and feels certain he will nurse the Cuban Wonder back to big time circuits.

Sixto Morales, hard-punching welter, scored in one round over Baby Face Quintana with a hard right to the jaw. Tomas Avila lost a four-rounder to Cheo Barge, and Baby Louis won in six over Kid Donatien by the K. O. route.

Havana Kid, classy bantam, managed by Luis Gutierrez, disposed of Prudencio Arce in eight rounds. Havana Kid looks like a comer, and lots will be heard of him in the future. K. O. Mendivia lost a six-rounder to Rob Rodriguez, and Baby Louis knocked out Kid Aguilera in two.

Joe Legon, Cuban welterweight champion, has left for Porto Rico, where he has several good contests signed up. Clodomiro Castro, popular Cuban boxing man, will guide the youngster's interests, and Castro knows his stuff okay.

Ramon Molina, plucky Cuban welter, was deprived of a victory when the decision was awarded to Sixto Morales after ten hard rounds of battling. Molina put up one of the toughest fights of his career and impressed the crowd with his work. Lots of booing resulted after the announcer gave the verdict. A draw would have probably been okay. Johnny Cruz was stopped in seven rounds by Joe Pedroso.

Doctor Cesar Fuentes is the new president of the Cuban Boxing Commission; Mike Castro, secretary; Juan Campeon, treasurer; and Jess Losada and Valentin Diaz, commissioners.

## PHILADELPHIA NOTES
**By ARCHIE PIROLLO**

THE first outdoor show of the season at the Phillies' Ball Park was a tremendous success, featuring Al Ettore and Leroy Haynes, and held during the Democratic Convention here. Ettore turned in his third consecutive victory over Haynes. In the opening bout, Gus D'Orazio surprised by his win over Paul Hoft. Jersey Joe Walcott knocked out Phil Johnson, and Terry Mitchell lost the decision to Wille Reddish. Paul Pirrone stopped Leo Duncan.

Tommy Loughran is being mentioned as Joe Louis' opponent here. He lost an unpopular decision to Al McCoy in Montreal.

Anthony Georgetti, Camden boy, has turned in his manager's license for that of matchmaker. He will book for the Atlas Boxing Club at the Pensauken open-air track in Camden. Anthony, as he is known amongst his friends, is very popular and knows his stuff. He was connected as trainer and manager with some of Jersey's best boxers.

Lancaster—Joe Smallwood stopped Nick Damianov. Bobby Dean won over Earl Fredericks. Jackie Hiller defeated Kid Hockers. Arizona Kid knocked out Jack Schlicter. Young Tony Ross drew with Jack Grebil.

Atlantic City—Frankie Blair won over Young Gene Buffalo. Johnny Johnson defeated Joe Beltrante. Jack Sheppard stopped Jack Saxon. In another show, Roosevelt Rowe outpointed Joe Flocco. Bobby Green knocked out Paul Eno. Vic Smith drew with Lew Williams.

Amateur shows are in full bloom here, running three to four shows weekly in open-air spots. Also weekly in Wilmington, Palmyra, Batesville, Beach Haven, York, Harrisburg.

Tommy Cross, local colored featherweight, returned after six wins in Chicago . . . . Bobby Green and Johnny Johnson are the best colored attractions in Atlantic City at the present time . . . . Johnny Freeman, after several months' layoff due to a bad hand, is back and we look forward to a bright future for this boy . . . . Howard Dougherty, son of the "Baron," is promoting shows in Leiperville . . . . Frankie Caris, local middleweight star, defeated Bob Turner in Newark . . . . Eddie Satin is the new matchmaker in Lancaster . . . . The writer can be reached at 1306 Sansom Street, Arcade No. 7.


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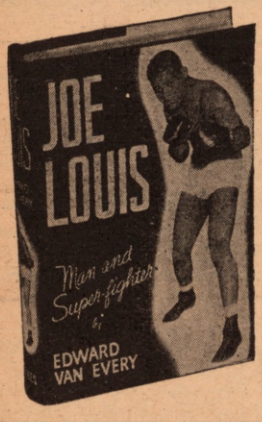


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## IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE Chicago outdoor season is more than half over and less than a score of shows have been held, only one of which was important, giving indication that the semester may be marked down as one of the poorest in the ten-year history of legalized boxing in Illinois.

Marigold Gardens, Broadway and Grace Street, was the spark which kept boxing alive here. Weekly shows are being offered there by co-Promoters Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun throughout the year. Inasmuch as there was little or no competition from rival organizations the shows were made more attractive than usual. Consequently, the popular neighborhood club, which serves as both an indoor and outdoor arena, attracted capacity crowds quite frequently, making the campaign there a profitable and encouraging one.

The open-air inaugural was held at the Marigold Arena, May 25, and was headed by an eight-round scrap between Leo Lomski, the old Aberdeen Assassin, and Eddie Boyle of Cleveland. A crowd of 1,500 paid $1,468 to see Lomski win the decision. Milt Aron, former Dubuque, Ia., sectional Golden Gloves champion, stopped Frankie Sagilio, Cicero welterweight slugger, in six rounds before a record attendance of 2,133 at the North Side club. Gross receipts were $2,403.

The first big boxing party here was offered at Comiskey Park in July apd involved a ten-round heavyweight elimination between Max Marek, 1933 Chicago Golden Gloves title-holder, and John Henry Lewis.

It was presented under the auspices of Fred Irvin, colored head of the Metropolitan Sporting Club. About two hundred disabled American World War veterans were seated in an exclusive section near the ring as guests of the promoter. Veterans unable to attend the show listened to a blow-by-blow description of the battle over a telephone hookup from the arena to Edward Hines Memorial Hospital. Five per cent of the net receipts went to the Hines Hospital fund. Lewis gave Marek a thorough beating.

Of course, the impending indoor season activities will be centered at Chicago Stadium, where a number of big cards are being lined up by James C. Mullen, new boxing head at the West Side building.

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The controversy over whether the dye used in manufacturing boxing gloves is the reason for many fighters losing their eyesight has been renewed here with negligible results. Such members of the fight fraternity as Jim Mullen, Jack Hurley, Sammy Frager, Kid Howard Carr and Eddie Long scoffed at the charge. They hold that monsell solution, infected training gloves and resin are some of the reasons.

Kid Howard pointed out that cheap dye, mixed with perspiration of fighters who may have syphilis or some other contagious disease, may cause an infection, but he has never heard of such a case. At any rate he disinfected sparring gloves and vacuumed the ring canvas at his gymnasium.

Long blames eye ailments to the utilization of monsell solution. This solution, barred in states where boxing is regulated by commissions, is so powerful that when used on eye cuts it sometimes affects the optic nerve, at times causing paralysis to set in.

Frager holds that the dye in good gloves is not dangerous.

"A vegetable dye is used," he explained, "to color the gloves. This dye is not poisonous."

Sammy recalled that white gloves were used here about ten years ago, but after a short period the experiment was discarded. For one thing, blood spilled on the gloves during warfare gave the scrap too gory an appearance.

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One of the oldest heavyweight wrestlers in the country is Jack Washburn, who says he is thirty-seven, and one of the youngest is Dave Levin, who is twenty-three . . . . Duke Barry, sixty-one-year-old globe trotter, was making his rendezvous at Jack Kearns' eating and drinking establishment in Chicago's Loop a few weeks ago . . . . Pal Moore, the old Memphis will o' the wisp, had $65,000 worth of life insurance in force at one time, according to employees at the Chicago office of the New York Life . . . . Tony Palazzola, who deserted the East to make his home in San Francisco, stopped off in Chicago with Phil Brubaker en route home from Boston, where Brubaker lost to Jack Sharkey . . . . Tony, one of the shrewdest men in the game, and probably the only one possessing one leg, explained that the San Francisco heavyweight was handicapped against Sharkey . . . . He holds that Brubaker went into the battle with a sore right hand and was bothered by a nasal obstruction . . . . Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight champion, was down to 106½ pounds after he had given one of his numerous classes at his gymnasium at 1154 East 63d Street a boxing lesson during the hot spell here.

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Opening the mail bag:

Did Jack Dempsey floor Luis Angel Firpo in the first round after the latter knocked Dempsey out of the ring in that session of their battle at New York in 1923?—P. S., Cameron, Wis.

Dempsey floored Firpo six times and then the South American knocked Jack out of the ring in the first round. Dempsey was floored again before the round was ended, but he did not drop Firpo again in the opening session. The seventh knockdown scored by Dempsey was the knockout in the next round.

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What size glove is used by lightweight, welterweight and heavyweight contestants? What size glove was used in the Schmeling-Louis scrap? Are old or new gloves used in bouts?—H. S., Chicago.

Five-ounce fighting gloves are used in New York in all divisions, including the lightweight, welterweight and heavyweight. Six-ouncers are the rule in Illinois. New gloves are used in wind-ups.

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Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion, made his Chicago debut as a promoter at Northwest Stadium when he presented a ten-round light-heavyweight bout between George Nichols, former champion, and Allen Matthews, colored St. Louis challenger. A crowd of about one thousand saw Nichols win the decision after one of the greatest battles held on the Northwest side. Nichols scored two knockdowns in the first round, during which he received a cut eye. The blood flowed from the wound in every round thereafter, handicapping George. He clinched victory in the final round by flooring Matthews again.

K. L. Hemming, Mandell's brother-in-law, and Harry Eagels are giving Sammy cooperation in the shows.

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The Illinois Boxing Commission rescinded the rule providing that bouts in which contestants suffer an injury be called a draw.

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Al Miller, former fight manager, is a salesman for Joe Triner . . . . Mike Gibbons, the old St. Paul middleweight contender, a master at feinting by brushing his nose with his right glove, was taught the trick by Sam Langford, the former Boston Tarbaby . . . . Gibbons, forty-eight years old, is a fight manager and gymnasium proprietor at the moment . . . . He has established a gymnasium in the basement of the Hand Building in St. Paul . . . . His stable includes his son, Jack Gibbons, and a rangy junior lightweight, Harvey Woods . . . . Tom Gibbons, brother of Mike, and the man who stayed fifteen rounds with Jack Dempsey at Shelby, Mont., July 4, 1923, has two more years to serve as sheriff of the county which includes St. Paul. His friends are confident Tom will be reelected to another four-year term.

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Tom Kenneally, 1934 Catholic Youth Organization heavyweight champion, serves as detective at Arlington Park race track during the summer. His welterweight brother, Phil Kenneally, also a former C. Y. O. title-holder, holds down an usher's job on Andy Frain's staff at Chicago Stadium during the winter.

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Sam Pian, co-manager with Art Winch of Barney Ross, an inveterate cigarette smoker for twenty-seven years, has not touched tobacco of any kind for the last eight months . . . . Jack Kearns expects a second heir in September . . . . George Dungey, twenty-one-year-old Bloomington, Ill., welterweight, and his twenty-three-year-old brother, Charles Dungey, 150, went nineteen rounds at two minutes after engaging in a heated argument. The referee was their father, George Dungey, Sr., and no decision was given, both boys being reported too exhausted to continue.

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TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Sid Barbarian, Detroit, Mich., lightweight, and Joe Tiplitz, Philadelphia, Pa., were being considered as a possible opponent for Ace Hudkins at Council Bluffs, Ia., following the Nebraska Wildcat's indefinite suspension in his home state . . . . Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Meriden, Conn., world's featherweight champion, was ready to defend the title in a fifteen-round match against Red Chapman of Boston at the Queensboro A. C. Stadium at Long Island City, N. Y. . . . . A crowd of 15,370 saw Sammy Mandell, the Rockford Sheik, whip Rocky Kansas, Buffalo, N. Y., in ten rounds in Illinois' first legal boxing match at Comiskey Park in Chicago, to win the lightweight title. Little Phil Collins refereed the battle. Promoter James C. Mullen announced gross receipts were $73,988.90. Kansas' share was $50,000, which was paid out of Mandell's purse of 55 per cent of the net receipts. The victory cost the new champion $13,375.50.

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## HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
BY MICKEY McINTIRE

DETROIT fistic followers are still wondering how it ever happened, that surprising knock-out of Joe Louis by Max Schmeling, but most of the local fans think that in a return match, there will be a different story. There is no doubt now, Joe is not a "super" man, but he still is a mighty good fighter, and we look for him to come back strong, and perhaps win the heavyweight title.

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Lefty Gwynne, ruthless little warrior of the Jimmy Brady stable turned in a neat performance when he dished out a shellacking to Jackie Callura, Toronto bantam, in a ten round main go at Hamilton, Ontario. Gwynne has been going great guns since coming here two years ago, and aside from his defeat by Red Casson, he has a perfect record. Casson put up a nice fight on the same Hamilton card, but dropped a hairline decision to Angelo Callura.

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Roscoe Toles, Detroit's latest negro heavyweight sensation is primed to meet Eddie Simms, Cleveland knocker outer in Nick Londes' Navin Field show. If Toles comes through he will be in line for bigger time. Toles has compiled a good record, the only boxer to win over him being Johnny Whiters, Pontiac boy wonder, in a bout which took place some time ago.

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Billy Wassil and Willie Peaks, two former middleweight amateur stars, provided the feature for a recent Hazel Park show, and after a bristling battle the bout was called a draw. Both of these boys are destined to go far in the professional game.

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Sam Hennessey, dean of Detroit's fight referees, had a bad break during the month. Sam had an opportunity to referee in the Olympic games at Berlin, but through a misunderstanding with his employer was unable to make the trip. That's really a shame as Sam deserves that trip to Germany. He is without doubt the most popular referee in Detroit. All the clubs like to have him work their shows, and the amateurs especially, appreciate his style of refereeing. Hennessey refereed in the Nationals at Cleveland and in the Olympic tryouts at Chicago, and fight followers in those towns were pleased with his work. Often people find fault with his decisions, but Sam calls 'em as he sees them, and in the opinion of this writer, there isn't a squarer guy living. Well maybe Sam will have an opportunity to go to the Olympic games in 1940.

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Frankie Wolfram, the wandering featherweight returned to Detroit long enough to battle Al Gillette, Eastern star. Gillette had mingled with the best little men in the game. Wolfram had been on a tour of the West where he turned in several sterling performances. The best thing about Wolfram is that he is always in perfect condition. When in Detroit he can be seen training any day at the West Side A.C., where his trainer Julius Gonzales holds forth.

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## SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

**By J. JIMMIE AMANN**

LLOYD PINE, Ohio's fighting bantamweight champion, made his debut in the featherweight ranks during the current month, and pilot Joe Basco didn't take any soft set-up for the Akron mite in his 126-pound class bow. Pine took on Petey Sarron, world's featherweight champion, in a ten-round title match on June 23 at the Akron ball park and after ten hard-fought sessions, Sarron won the decision.

Tom Tetrick, of the Tetrick Motor Sales, was the promoter of the title fight. The only knockout on the card was Al Holub's over Cleam Early of Canton in the sixth and final session. Wesley Martin of Cleveland won the eight-round semi-final verdict from Steve Jonda of Youngstown. Leo Rittenour beat Andy Martin in six sessions, and Frankie Williams defeated Harold Humiston in the four-round opener.

The Parkway Arena in Cincinnati did a round-about in two of their three scheduled shows. One good card was called off due to rain and another a return match between Tony Koenig and Lou Barney was postponed due to an injury on the part of Koenig while in training.

Koenig and Barney, who hails from Dayton, fought a torrid eight-round draw three weeks previous. The Cincinnatian showed well against the more experienced Barney and a bright future is predicted for Koenig.

On the supporting card, Billy Miller, Cincinnati, bested Joey Valpariso, New Orleans; Jimmy Schlank stopped Gene Luker, with Johnny Joiner and Kayo Lee battling on even terms.

Previous to his fight with Petey Sarron, Lloyd Pine stepped over to Youngstown to hand Al Gillette, New York featherweight, a good thrashing over the ten-round route. The bout was the first outdoor program of the season at Idora Park.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Joe Basco predicts Lloyd Pine as the featherweight champion by July, 1937 . . . . we hope so, Joe . . . . the kid is classy and has the earmarks of being a great little fighter to represent the Buckeye State . . . . Freddie Miller came back in Kansas City with a register over Young Rightmire . . . . Jack Ryder, Cincinnati *Enquirer's* veteran baseball authority, departed from this world on June 5 . . . . Jack Ryder was known around the ball circuits as a square shooter . . . . Jack was a boxing fan and a real booster always . . . . need more be said, except that all of us will miss him tremendously . . . . God Rest Your Soul, Jack, in Sport's Great Valhalla . . . . Mickey Brown, Cinci featherweight, is going great guns out at Bill Saffin's Mount Washington Arena . . . . in his last two starts recorded Mickey took Chet Williams and Frankie Lockwood into camp.

Phil Shapiro, New York fight mentor, is more than just anxious to show his two stars, Ralph Chong, Chinese middleweight, and Joe Novellino, Eastern featherweight, in this territory . . . . Shapiro wants Chong with Paul Pirrone and Novellino in there with Miller or Pine . . . . Phil's latest rage is Dewey Cannon, another featherweight . . . . a wee word for Clyde Huffaker, Knoxville: he's a comer . . . . Archie Hindman of Hagerstown, Indiana, reports that boxing is going great in the Hoosier State . . . . his summer promotions in the city of Richmond have been so successful that a new ball park is being erected . . . . Archie's Richmond programs have been drawing on the average of fifteen hundred attendance . . . . which is plenty good for the size of that Indiana city . . . . Universal Sporting Club, which is growing in leaps and bounds, is open to membership to any sport fans the world over . . . . the dues are only ten cents per year and the idea of the club is to boost the slogan, "cleaner sports on a cleaner plane" . . . . it also is trying to draw the fans into closer relation by exchanging their views through the club membership . . . . application can be had by addressing the club at 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this also goes for any information in regards to boxing in this section . . . . but drop that return stamp and envelope if you wish an answer.

Buddy Knox, Dayton's fighting Harp and one of the leading stars of the recent Chicago white hope tourney, showed for the initial time in a Cincinnati ring, and Buddy, under the watchful eye of his manager, Oscar Koff, stopped Al Gatchell of Cleveland in the second round.

## ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

**By SAM PORCELLI**

BUSHY GRAHAM, the Utica flash, came through in great style with Johnny Jadick last month. Bushy gave Jadick a licking, winning six out of the eight rounds, and had Jadick on the floor in the first and third rounds. In the semi-final bout, Al Traino easily outpointed Joey Kolba of Utica. In the third round, Kolba pushed Traino out of the ring and Traino came back into the ring before the referee counted ten and gave Kolba a good licking and had him on the floor three times.

At Alexandria Bay, hard hitting Joe DeCarlo, Rochester welterweight, stopped Chuck Evans of Kingston in one round. Sammy Goritz, Rochester, beat Hup Smith, Kingston, five rounds; Charles Lovintina beat Joe Vidva, four rounds; Mils Young defeated Joe Buka, four rounds, and Ara Shields won over Joey Brown, four rounds.

Amateurs: At Watertown, Harvey Lacelle beat Hup Smith, five rounds; Budge Pellerito beat Jimmie Coletta, five rounds; Art Crowe beat Ken Horton, four rounds; Con Varry beat Romi DeMarco, four rounds; and Pepper Ryor beat Hal Planty, three rounds.

Joe Brennan and Jack Case of Watertown are planning on showing Braddock at one of their amateur cards there soon.

Hughie and Henry Smith are caddying daily and keeping in shape.

Jim Flood would like nothing better than a shot at Bert Courage . . . . Don Stevens is driving a dry cleaning truck . . . . Sammy Goritz is working for the W.P.A.

Al Traino back from his honeymoon looking great . . . . Joe Sicanolfi is working at pick and shovel . . . . Sam Lota is playing semi-pro ball on a local team . . . . Joey Stefano is back from New York . . . . Eddie Thomas says he can lick any amateur in the world his weight . . . . Tony Palizzi, the auto mechanic, is a great card in Syracuse . . . . Mike Dempsey, one of the greatest fighters Rochester ever had, is training amateur boxers . . . . Tiger Smith is a foreman on a W.P.A. job . . . . Joe Brennan is turning fans away at his weekly shows at Watertown.

The address is 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, N. Y., so get your notes in before the first of the month.

## CONNECTICUT NEWS

**By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY**

MATCHMAKER FRANKIE FAY presented the first open-air professional fistic card for 1936 at the Disabled American Veterans' Arena in South Norwalk, featuring Phil Baker, the Norwalk lightweight, and Ernie Ratner of New Jersey. Baker scored a three-round knockout victory of a billed ten-rounder. Pinky Morris, Bridgeport lightweight, was credited with a triumph over Frankie Smith on a technical knockout in the seventh round. Tommy Brown, featherweight from Norwalk, boxed Johnny Compo, New Haven mitt swinger, to a draw in six. Young Eddie, Stamford, won over Kid Cement of Westport by a technical kayo in the fourth session. Al Brown, welterweight of Westport, was awarded a victory over Al Vassolo, Stamford, on a technical kayo in the second session.

Steve Carr, Meriden light-heavyweight, won a popular ring win over Leroy Brown of Charlestown, S. C., in a stirring ten-round star bout at the New Haven Arena on Promoter Tom McArdle's last professional boxing show of the season. In the second ten-round bout on the same card, Casper La Rosa, New York, and Johnny Rossi of Worcester, Mass., battled on even terms. Wesley Farrell, colored welter, turned in a two-round knockout over Babe Wood. Johnny Compo, the New Haven featherweight, punched his way to win over Bobby Woods of Massachusetts in six. Frankie Conroy, middleweight of Hartford, won a unanimous four-round decision over Ken Perry, Waterbury, middleweight.

At the White City Stadium, West New Haven, in a return main event, Steve Carr, Meriden, and Leroy Brown of South Carolina drew in ten rounds. In the semi-final fray, Wesley Farrell, welterweight, battled eight rounds to a draw with Johnny Bellus. Tiger Jack Renault, two-fisted slugger of New Haven, slammed out a win over Battling Attey of Boston in six rounds. Babe Synott decisioned Pinky Morris of Bridgeport. Gene Bonin, heavyweight, gained a technical knockout over Johnny Hogan.

FISTICUFF TOWER TOPICS—Eddie Reed, Hartford, outboxed Billy Rose, Boston featherweight, in six thrilling rounds . . . . William E. Gordon, Director of the Globe Intelligence and Identification Bureau, Expert Detective Service, Findlay, Ohio: Notification received. Poster posted as wished . . . . Pinkie Lou Masters, RING correspondent: Thank you for your card . . . . John "Jock" Malloy, Warren Plains, N. C.: You can. Get in touch with Dave Karess, boxing manager, 1327 Boynton Ave., Bronx, N. Y. . . . . Al Nelson Gainer, New Haven, won a ten-round decision over Joe Knight . . . . Bat Battalino, Hartford welter, was defeated by Howard "Cowboy" Scott in a ten-round contest at Washington . . . . Eddie Hogan, the Waterbury heavyweight, has retired from fisticuffing, and is living on a ranch in sunny California . . . . Mickey Genaro, scrapping lightweight of Waterbury, is married and has one child . . . . Michael Costello, lightweight, won on a knockout in the first heat and whipped Al Walfe . . . . Charlie Williams, light-heavyweight, defeated James J. Johnson, scored triumphs over Pete McElligott and Johnny Williams.

## IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

THE startling upsets in the heavyweight division during the past few years makes it appear that the only certain thing about the big fellows is their uncertainty to run true to form.

Take the case of Alfred Lafayette "Butch" Rogers, the burly ex-soldier known as the "One Man Army" on the Pacific Coast.

Rogers, who is under the management of Bill Miller, started off with a whoop and a bang less than a year ago, by scoring five straight knockouts in Los Angeles. Overnight, almost, he blossomed into a banner gate attraction.

Then came a set-back. Matched with towering Hank Hankinson of Akron, whom Butch spotted something like forty pounds in weight, and a yard or thereabouts in height and reach, the rugged artilleryman ran out of gas in the seventh round, and was counted out by Lieutenant Jack Kennedy. They drew a gate of close to eight thousand dollars at the Olympic Auditorium, a record since the advent of Matchmaker Joe Waterman, who is making fight history on the Coast.

Another blow to Rogers' hopes for fame came in his fight with King Levinsky, who also outweighed the soldier by a tremendous margin. Rogers was flattened in the fourth round by the Kingfish, but he had the King reeling and tottering in the second round, the result of a hefty smack to the jowls.

During the past few months, Rogers has staged an amazing comeback. He won decisively over Lee Savoldi, classy St. Paul heavyweight, at Detroit, and in his last fight, at Hollywood Legion Stadium, the soldier boxed a draw with Art Lasky, Hebrew heavy, who is now going great guns again.

At the conclusion of the eighth round, Referee Jack Kennedy gave five rounds to Butch, two to Lasky, and called one even. Had the soldier been able to maintain the pace he set in the earlier rounds, he would have romped home a winner, to score an upset almost comparable to the Schmeling-Louis upset.

Greatly emboldened by the soldier's smashing showing against Lasky, Manager Bill Miller is now trying to get the soldier a spot on the Braddock-Schmeling title card. Easterners have looked at much duller battlers than Rogers. Whatever his faults, the Butcher always gives the cash customers a run, and manages to provide a thrill or two in every round.

There's no telling how far, or how high, the soldier will go. He's strong, tough, rugged, and punches well with either hand.

Kid Mexico, former middleweight scrapper during the four-round days in California, is running free boxing shows in Long Beach, Calif.—and doing O.K. Mexico makes his money at the bar—wine, beer and whiskey at five cents a toss. Ted Frenchy, the Negro battler, who retired ten years ago, boxed there recently and had the crowd in an uproar when he took out his left eye and put it in the referee's pocket just before the start of the fight. Yes, it was glass, and Ted is pretty proud of the fact that he was good enough to win the decision.

Bill Miller is the best fisherman of the press agents and Hugh Pinney is the best soft ball player. Both catch 'em where they ain't.

Grapevine reports in Los Angeles are to the effect that Joe Louis wants to make his first comeback fight in southern California, and that no less than three local promoters are trying to land the Brown Bomber. The best opponent Louis could face out here is Hank Hankinson, heavy-hitting Akron, Ohio, Swede. King Levinsky, who has been doing well on the Coast, had a crack at Joe Louis—but quit cold in one heat! Hank is the "hot one" for Joe Louis out here.

One-Round Garrison, who once fought Jack Dempsey and made seventy-five thousand dollars in the boxing game, is tending bar at Willie Orner's tavern on Main Street in Los Angeles. He was dug up for Dempsey in 1919 when the Manassa Mauler was being barnstormed prior to the Willard bout. Jack Kearns was making one-night stands piling up a knockout record. Dempsey's opponents were offered one hundred dollars if they stayed three rounds. Garrison met Dempsey at Forrest Park, St. Louis. He was down twelve times the first round and five times in the second and third, but was on his feet when the third round bell clanged.

King Levinsky won a slow and uninteresting bout from Joe Bauer at Hollywood Legion Stadium. The fans started walking out on the "fight" in the seventh round. Both fighters held on for ten rounds. These are the type of fights which have switched the fight followers to run to the Olympic in Los Angeles for real action.

Joe Waterman has been doing right well with his weekly cards at the Olympic in Los Angeles. During twenty-six consecutive programs his entertainment has attracted 180,000 fans. These ring followers paid $124,936 after the Federal taxes were deducted. This is an average of close to seven thousand fans per week and a gate of better than four thousand dollars each Tuesday. Less than a year ago the boxing gentry were referring to the Olympic as the "Mausoleum of Maul."

Ceferino Garcia, still "tops" among the welterweights of the Pacific Coast, pounded out a one-sided victory over Peter Jackson at the Olympic that drew a gate of $7,600. A match between Garcia and Tony Canzoneri would draw close to $50,000 in Los Angeles this fall.

One of the fellows who won a small fortune when Schmeling stopped Joe Louis is Art Jawitz, New York sportsman, who brought the pictures of the fight to Los Angeles for the Bill Duffy-Jack Dietz firm. Art bet on Carnera and Baer when they fought Louis, but more than made up for the losses when the Teuton romped in. He bet a Spring Street house $500 against $3,500.

Poker-faced Davey Abad, veteran Panama boxer, continues to turn in sparkling performances in California rings. Within a month Abad defeated Johnny Page and Perfecto Lopez at Hollywood Stadium, and drew with Midget Wolgast in a sizzling ten-rounder at the Ventura Boxing Club which attracted a turnaway crowd. Eddie Mead is handling Abad out here. By the way, Mead tells us that he is in the market for a chicken ranch. Tired of city life.

Wrestling appeals to the boxing managers of Los Angeles. George Parnassus, Bill Miller, Eddie Mead, Cal Working, Joe LaBarba, George Burns, Babe McCoy and Gus Wilson attend the weekly burping cards at the Olympic.

Speedy Dado, that great little Filipino boxer who has just closed the most brilliant career of any Manila boxer since Pancho Villa, is Mae West's newest chauffeur. The brown skinned boy made close to $300,000 in eleven years of boxing, but craps and the ponies got it all.

Gus Lesnevich, in the semi-windup to Rogers and Lasky at Hollywood, definitely proved he is too good for prelim talent in Los Angeles when he shook off some hard blows to the chin to come on and flatten Lou Rogers, a good boxer from Oakland, in the first round. Rogers was down three times. Suey Welsh is handling the New York middleweight out here and has been promised a main event at Hollywood with either Carmen Barth or Swede Berglund during August.

Johnny Keyes and Babe McCoy are offering something new in the way of gymnasiums—a clean one! Yes, sir, believe it or not, but the Ringside Gym is as spic and span as our friend Lou Stillman's gymnasium in New York—and that's a neat one. McCoy is booking most of the ring stars from Mexico in California, such as Kid Azteca, Juan Zurita and Baby Casanova.

RANDOM SHOTS—Hank Hankinson had no trouble stiffening Karl Walker, German heavyweight, in one round at the Olympic . . . . six nights later, the big Swede defeated Lee Savoldi, clever St. Paul heavyweight, at San Diego before a packed house . . . . keep an eye on Bob Nestell, *Examiner* Golden Gloves heavyweight champion of the Coast, who since turning pro, won all seven of his matches in sensational style . . . . Gus Wilson, who is managing the promising youngster, has some main event work lined up for Nestell at the Olympic during August and September . . . . Nestell knocked out Danny Alberts in one minute in their semi-final bout at Olympic during late June . . . . George Raft and Clark Gable were the only movie stars who bet Schmeling would defeat Joe Louis . . . . they won plenty of money on the fight . . . . Pat Wright, the former boxing promoter of Houston, Tex., is back in Sunny California with two young fellows who look like fighters, talk like fighters and eat like fighters . . . . their names are Wishy Jones of Louisville, Ky., lightweight, and Chico Hernandez of Houston, bantam . . . . Art Lasky, after his draw fight with Butch Rogers, stopped Johnny Pacek, the Chicago Slav, in five rounds at the Olympic after Pacek had been saved from a K.O. by the bell in the fourth heat . . . . Lasky, in the throes of a none too successful comeback campaign, was expected to be an easy victim for the smart boxer from the pineapple town . . . . the gamblers made Pacek a ten to six favorite.

Roxie Eisen, the Patent Leather Kid of boxing, who has a fine stable of young fighters, will soon be rewarded with a main event for his Rudy Villa, the fighting newsboy . . . . the Mexican kid, who won the state amateur featherweight crown, is undefeated as a pro, and as we mail this column, is leading in Joe Waterman's fistic derby, a $1,000 prize for the best former amateur star turned pro during 1936 . . . . Tom Gallery plans to stage a big fight card at Gilmore Stadium during the fall for the Motion Picture Relief Fund of America, of which Marion Davies is president, and he has informed this column that he has Tony Canzoneri signed for the main attraction . . . . Baby Arizmendi made Wally Hally look bad, winning every one of the ten rounds in their main event at the Olympic . . . . George Parnassus is one person in Los Angeles that's not interested in what they say about Dixie . . . . "What they say about Ceferino Garcia is what interests me," sings the little Greek, who handles one of the best boxing stables in the country . . . . Nick the Greek, who has been on the Coast for several months, bet a chunk of dough on Lasky the night he kayoed Pacek . . . . Johnny Rogers has taken over the boxing club in Oakland while Leo Leavitt is in Honolulu with Small Montana, flyweight champion . . . . the new Oakland matchmaker is one of the shrewdest boxing men in the game and has a legion of friends in California.

Errol Flynn, Warner Bros. flicker star, was a member of the 1928 Olympic Games Irish boxing team, tossing gloves in the light-heavyweight division . . . . he still keeps in shape by boxing daily at the Burbank gymnasium on the studio grounds . . . . Mushy Callahan, the former junior welterweight champion, trains the Celtic star . . . . Joey Grey, brother of "Killer" Grey, the movie player, is boxing as a welterweight in Los Angeles rings . . . . He is managed by Eddie Mead . . . . Al Lang plays the part of announcer in the Jimmy Dunn picture, "The Fighter," recently completed at Columbia studios . . . . the well-known boxing manager and trainer conditioned Dunn into boxing form for the fight sequences . . . . Willie Orner dropped $2,200 when Joe Louis was kayoed by Schmeling, but the popular boss of the Main Street gymnasium paid off like a major . . . . he placed most of his bets at 8 and 10 to 1 on Louis . . . . Bep Van Klaveren, Dutch windmill, who recently returned from Australia, is in Los Angeles . . . . the sensational welterweight from Holland is being sought to box on an outdoor show . . . . he is a favorite with the movie colony, having won all his bouts at Hollywood Legion Stadium.

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of work on the Coast with Al Lang, boxing manager, care of Willie Orner's gymnasium, 319 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Freddy Steele's overwhelming victory over Babe Risko establishes him as world's middleweight champion in some quarters, but THE RING Magazine still recognizes Marcel Thil, the Frenchman, as the real world title-holder.

Steele did not have any trouble with Risko and scored two knockdowns, one in the first and the other in the ninth. The fight attracted nearly 27,000 fans and probably outdrew any pugilistic event held in the Northwest.

Nate Druxman, who promoted the show, ran everything in big league style and guaranteed Risko $25,000 and an additional $1,000 for training expenses, while Steele was said to have received a sum of $10,000.


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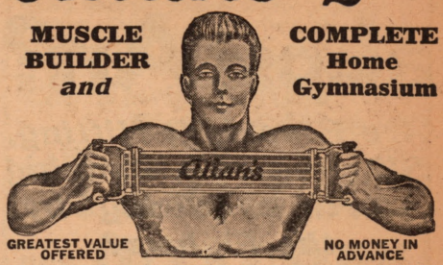


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## SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
**By BILL HAWKINS**

SIOUX CITY'S two boxing promoters, Tommy O'Loughlin and Ty Dillon, formed one of the largest boxing enterprises in this section when they merged into partnership, consolidating the Riverview Park Arena and the Uptown Arena. Before the promoters drew up an armistice, both clubs were operating on the same night. Henceforth the clubs will operate every other week, with club shows in the park arena, and topnotch fighters in the Uptown Arena, where the prices have been increased. It was a wise move for everyone.

Riverview Park Arena—Armanda Sicilia won a ten-round decision over Jimmy Buckler, Louisville, featherweight. Angelo Puglisi, Duluth middleweight, won over Karl Lautenschlager of Kansas City in a sixer. Bill Hasselstrom, Bismarck, N. D., heavyweight, won over Stan Savoldi in six fast rounds. Georgie Feist, Grand Forks, N. D., beat Joey LePelle, Dallas, Texas, featherweight, while Jimmy Knight of Bismarck scored a win over Jimmy Netterman, Louisville lightweight, in the opening sixer.

Uptown Arena—Frankie Wolfram, popular Winnipeg featherweight, battled to a draw with Ted Garcia, pleasing Belle Fourche, S. D., youngster. Albert Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight, stopped Joey McDonald of Denver in three heats. K. O. Larson of Fort Meade, S. D., was licked soundly by Jimmy Johnson, Sioux City lightweight. Lloyd Rawson, Sioux City welter, and Ray Watson of Reno, Nevada, battled to a draw. Roy "Kid" Newman, Sioux City lightweight, beat Vince McCoy of Toledo, Ohio.

Pinkie George, well-known Waterloo, Ia., promoter, was badly injured in an auto accident. The promoter suffered body and head bruises, along with a fractured right leg.

Kansas City, Mo.—Everette Rightmire, Sioux City's ace featherweight, dropped a decision to Freddie Miller, former featherweight king, in ten rounds.

Waterloo, Ia.—Johnny Higgins, Oakland, Ia., won a close decision over Jess Ackerman of Valley Junction, Ia., in six rounds.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Harry Booker, Chicago Negro lightweight, scored a ten-round victory over Jimmy Legrone of Des Moines, Ia. Joe Lukas of Fort Dodge won over Freddie Penn, Omaha bantamweight. Goldie O'Hara of Fort Dodge defeated Jack Meredith of Chicago in a four-rounder. Bern Trickle knocked out Smiling Smythe of Omaha in three rounds.

Riverview Park—Everette Rightmire, Sioux City, won over Paul Estrada of Kansas City in ten rounds. Jimmy Buckler of Louisville, Ky., knocked out Joey Le Pelle of Dallas, Tex., in four rounds. Dick Demaray, Tappen, N. D., welterweight, beat Sonny Acker, Kansas City. Andy "Kid" Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, beat "Wild Bill" Hasselstrom of Bismarck. Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, beat Jimmy Netterman of Louisville, Ky. Jimmy Knight won over Eddie Reynolds of Le Mars, Ia.

Uptown Arena—Jess Ackerman of Des Moines won over Young Terry of Akron, O., in ten rounds. Tommy Corbett of Omaha beat Kid Rippatoe of Fargo, N. D. Ray Mann, Sioux City, beat Battling Nelson of Norfolk, Nebr. Mickey Slater, Sioux City, won over Merlin Smith of Humboldt, Ia. Lloyd Weaver of Sioux City beat Young Gotch of Manning, Ia. Billy Clancy, Sioux City, beat Hymie Spiegel of Omaha.

Omaha, Nebr.—Lloyd Weaver, Sioux City, and Tommy Corbett of Omaha went to a fast draw in the Krug Park open-air show.

Uptown Arena—Tommy Cross, Chicago Negro lightweight, beat Mervin McLean of Peoria in a fast ten-round bout. Peter Doss, Sioux City Negro heavyweight, won over Wally Elkins of Peoria. Billy Clancy won a hairline decision over Young Newsboy Brown.

Riverview Park Arena—Andy Miller, Sioux City, won a decision over Jack Charvez of Kansas City in six rounds. Jimmy Nettermans lost a close decision to Jimmy Knight.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Young Mickey Walker, Fort Dodge featherweight, won a ten-round decision over Sammy Scoglio of Chicago, Ill. Walt Matthies, Chicago, won from Sammy Mussco in two rounds by a T.K.O. Joe Lukas beat Hymie Spiegel of Omaha.

Esterville, Ia.—Andy Miller, Sioux City, won from Prett Ferrar of Des Moines, Ia., in ten rounds. Don McDermott, Armstrong, Ia., won over Bob Jackson. Lewis Wildin, Algona, and Red Neary went to a draw. Don Harris beat Young King Levinsky. Swede Allen scored a T.K.O. over Frannie Warrington. John Cosgrove and Kid Hargraves went to a draw.

Perry, Ia.—Henry Jones, Fort Dodge, Ia., won a T.K.O. decision over Bill Corey of Coon Rapids, Ia. Goldie O'Hara scored a T.K.O. over Young Kid Chocolate of Des Moines, Ia. Bud Rule and Wild Bill Hendricks went to a draw. Kid Meyers lost to Young Habab.

Riverview Park Arena—Jimmy Buckler of Louisville, Ky., scored a two-round kayo over Jesse Valparaiso of New Orleans. Dick Demaray, Tappen, N. D., welter, stopped Lloyd Weaver of Sioux City in two. "Wild Bill" Hasselstrom won over Peter Doss of Sioux City. Mickey Slater, Sioux City, went to a draw with Joey LePelle of Dallas, Tex. Jimmy Netterman won over Jimmy Knight.

Uptown Arena—Harry Booker, Chicago Negro, won a ten-round decision over Jimmy Legrone of Des Moines. Albert Manriquez of Sioux City and Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg went to a ten-round draw. Battling Nelson of Norfolk, Nebr., shaded Ray Mann, Sioux City. Two local featherweights, Billy Clancy and Young Newsboy Brown, went to a draw.

Coon Rapids, Ia.—Bob Corey, Coon Rapids, knocked out Tuffy Lemaster, Omaha middleweight, in three rounds. Bill Corey and Jimmy Wooten of Omaha went to a draw. Eddie Randolph of Fort Dodge, Ia., knocked out Wild Bill Campbell of Gray, Ia., in two rounds. Young Gotch of Manning, Ia., won by the foul route from Wayne Hammer.

Emmetsburg, Ia.—Pret Ferrar, Des Moines heavyweight, won over Verne Trickle of Emmetsburg in eight rounds. Bob Jackson beat Swede Allen. Irish McKeeney of Dubuque, Ia., beat Kid Reinert of Des Moines. Johnny Goodson stopped Georgie Johnson in one round. Kid Neary beat Battling Wicks. Jimmy Conway beat Young Murray.

Des Moines, Ia.—Mike Klomp, Lime Springs, Ia., light-heavyweight, knocked out Blaine Siven of Cedar Rapids, Ia., in four rounds. Bob Cory, Coon Rapids heavyweight, won over Bobby Booker of Des Moines. (Amateur bouts.)

Readers, don't forget to mail your notes to me by the first of every month. Please mail same to me at 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Henry Hooks, one of the first ten bantamweights of the world, is making Sioux City his headquarters . . . . Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg featherweight, after a successful trip here, returned to Detroit, Mich., where his manager, Jim Brady, has a number of bouts in line . . . . Bob Morley, one of Sioux City's most promising amateur boxers, won a victory over Wilbur Whitebeaver of Winnebago, Nebr., at Sioux Falls, So. Dak. . . . . Morley is trained by "Pop" Rightmire . . . . Glenn Lee, Omaha welterweight, is going good in southern California . . . . Joe Basco of Akron, O., will steer Lloyd Pine, featherweight star, this way soon . . . . Henry Jones of Fort Dodge knocked out George Moarhead in six rounds at Webster City, Ia . . . . Roy Gillman, Fort Dodge, Ia., promoter, is drawing some of the largest crowds around the state to his shows . . . . Such towns as Webster City, Ia., Emmetsburg, Des Moines, Waterloo, Boone, and a number of other ports are holding boxing cards . . . . Quillin Hoberg, well-known Sioux Cityan, was named A.A.U. Commissioner for this district . . . . Milt Aron, Dubuque, Ia., welter, stopped Frankie Sagilio in seven heats in Chicago.

## BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
**By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL**

BUTTE—Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles, outpointed Johnny De Foe, New York, in ten. It was a slashing fight from start to finish. De Foe carried the first round, the fifth and eighth were even, while Armstrong carried the remaining seven. Jimmy Best, Billings colored flash, and Willie Walker, Seattle, colored, matched themselves for the semi-final of the De Foe-Armstrong go and made such a farce of the thing they were both thrown out of the ring. The referee called the affair "no contest." Jimmy "Babe" McCusker, Bozeman crack bantamweight, and a boy who never fails to please a crowd, stopped Jimmy Tait, Billings, in one. Nick Barrone, Butte, stopped Stacy Coulter, Laramie, Wyo., in one. Johnny Otis and "Saast" Saastinen, both Butte boys, fought a fast and pleasing four-rounder to a draw.

Al Webster, the old Billings Iron Man, has hung up the gloves and has taken out a license as a referee . . . . Rolland Parshall, a few years back one of the best lightweights in the northwest, has also hung them up and is employed at the Goan Motor in Billings . . . . Young Dempsey, Billings welter of the Webster days, is a bartender at the Hidleberg Inn, Billings . . . . Babe Ellis says his boxing days are over on account of a bad knee . . . . Wild "Bill" Hasselstrom, Bismarck, N. D., boy, who knocked the ears off Bob Frazer, Seattle, Max Baer's last opponent, is really going places. Hasselstrom is still in his teens and looks like real timber. Hasselstrom comes from the stable of Isham Hall and looks like the goods . . . . Don't forget to have your dope in by the 27th of each month.

## ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS

By G. A. M. TUTTY

OUR friend, and Northwestern commentator for this magazine, Dave Cavadas, with the help of the Vancouver Boxing Commission, has been instrumental in bringing about a fine Rules and Regulations booklet, that sets forth its aims and objects, etc. in a definite way and is the best seen by our scribe, in any commissions offices in this Dominion. Col. W. W. Foster, D.S.O.V.D. is chairman and Lt. Col. J. P. Mackenzie, D.S.O. and J. Henderson form the commission on wrestling and boxing in Vancouver, B.C. We are stressing the great want of a central commission, to govern these sports in this Dominion, with representations from each province. When this is done, both sports will be the better off, fundamentally.

Winners in the Ontario amateur wrestling titles are as follows:— 118 lbs., M. Debora; 123 lbs., T. McKinley; 134 lbs., N. Choma; 145 lbs., B. Engbloom; 158 lbs., H. Pearce; 174 lbs. T. Evans; 191 lbs., T. Worthy; heavyweight, T. Worthy. All winners were from the Toronto West End and Central Y.M.C.A.'s clubs.

Steve Romans, Strong Pine, Sask.—I do not answer personal appeals unless accompanied by stamp addressed envelope. Want men with some experience please. Thank you, and the above message for all who need answers.

The St. Ann's A.C. Hamilton staged the first amateur show in six months. Chuck Baker K.O.'ed Dave Dore in the 2nd round. Izzy Katz K.O.'ed Jack Rostrum in the 3rd, Mike Gravino won a close decision over Alec. McCullough. The bouts were staged in the baseball open-air park, just a fair crowd to view same. But Hamilton is coming back with boxing shows.

Mr. Harry "Paddy" Firth, a dead ringer for Joe Humphries, "the beaut" of New York, will make a very sound commissioner of boxing for Moncton N. B., we think the appointment is a sound choice. Mr. Firth has had a lot of experience in matters pertaining to sound judgement in boxing matters, both from the promotional end, as well as the active participation, in same.

Eddie Caroll, of Ottawa, after one or two fights in New York State has returned to Ottawa. He is a good boy and as good a judge as our friend, "Dumb" Dan Morgan admires his prospects, and thinks he's the "goods," and we are sorry that he does not seem to get more work there, for some reason.

One of the best matched amateur cards in a long time was the Maple Leaf show when Sammy Luftspring beat the Canadian welter champion, Maurice Camytree, on decision—at that it was a draw—Camytree should start faster next time. Ted Keating beat Lennie Stein, Alf. Nyberg, Port Arthur won from Bev, Carter easily Nyberg is a pleasing lad, Norm Hurdman decisioned Gordon Schmaltz, Kitchener, Stewart McLean, Barrie, did everything but K.O. Buss Hurdman. All in all, it was a fine series of bouts with over 3,000 fans attending the night's show.

"Lefty" Gwynne, former Torontonian, beat Jackie Callura in the latter's home town, Hamilton, in the main bout there; Gwynne is fast getting on "top of the heap" in the bantam scramble, and is near the top.

Would like all news for this section by the first, please. Sent to the writer, at 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Canada.

Angelo Callura beat Red Casson of Detroit, Len Wadsworth K.O.'ed Max O'Connor, Detroit, 5 rounds; Andy Worthy, Winnipeg, decisioned Chauncey Bernhardt, of Caledonia, in the last show in the Ambitious City.

Murray Patrick's bid for fame at the next Olympic games in Berlin has met with a severe bump. He has to undergo a nasal operation, that will keep him out of the ring for this summer and his trip is off. He thought if successful, he would have turned pro after his performance in Berlin, possibly in England. But we still think that Ted Keating of Winnipeg given the opportunity, such as that has been showered upon the Patrick boy, in New York, would be our selection, for a real battler, of the future.

In the Eastern Ontario trials, Ottawans won fly, bantam, welter, middle, and light-heavyweight titles in the Amateur games at Cornwall, Ont. Dale McCormick, 112 lbs., 118 lbs., Art Crowe, John Parent, Cornwall, 126 lbs., Don St. Louis 135 lbs., Ed. Westwood 147 lbs., Will Dupont 160 lbs., Shifty Brown 175 lbs., Lloyd McKenzie, heavy. Winners will participate in the Dominion Olympic trials in Montreal, P. Q. in July.

The last wrestling show at the Maple Leaf Gardens featured the former football star and "flying tackle" expert, Gus the Goat, Gus Sonnenberg and drew but a pitiful 2,300 fans. The wrestling seems to have had its day with the combine trust here, and the old Mutual Street Arena promoter, the old original wrestling promoter, by the way, is getting the crowd they are tiring of the old faces, etc., and giving Ivan the breaks.

Tommy Bland was thinking of taking a trip to South Africa, if the opportunity was remunerative enough, to meet Laurie Stevens for the Empire lightweight title, but it's a little late in the day, for Tommy to show at his best.

At St. Catherines, Ont., Chuck Baker, Hamilton, beat Mel. Glionna, Toronto; Norm. Hurdman, Toronto, beat Lefty Jordon, Hamilton; Alan Foster, St. Catherine's, beat Bus. Hurdman, Toronto; Jackie Roberts, Toronto, beat Red Mathews, Hamilton by K.O. in 3rd round before a good open-air show and the crowd was the best for a long time in the Garden City to see an amateur show.

At London, Ont., Hamilton boxers won five of the ten amateur battles staged there. The heralded battle-royal was not forthcoming, and the fans walked out in disgust. London is the poorest city in Ontario from a boxing standpoint, the fans there don't seem to take to the sport. Even having a featherweight as good as Cliff McWhirter does not seem to "draw out" the conservative city of London (in the bush.)

Henry Lemieux, Hotel Papineau, Montreal: Cannot make any exception. Must ask you for a stamped address envelope if you want a personal reply. Unfortunately there is nothing here for your brothers, have seen them both fight. Professional boxing a little slow here right now.

Canadian Olympic trials being held in Montreal, P. Q. will draw a goodly sized crowd in that city and great bouts are the prospect.

Jack Corcoran-Playfair Brown combination did not pull so great a crowd at their Montreal show for the "hungry, white and hopeless" showing that they are not what it takes to draw a crowd. Jack Dempsey is the man to pull this out. Many thought it was Dempsey's show when 16,000 turned out first time to the bat, but the promoters figured they could save money by calling it their show but they thought wrong and lost the crowd's support.

Not so Montreal promoters. They got Dempsey and Nat Fleischer to present a RING belt award to the winner of their show and what is more they got the crowd, as it should be. Some people do not realize that this is the proper procedure if it does cost a little more at first, it is made up in the final analysis. Jack Dempsey not only is a swell fellow but a great boxing idol, and carries his crowd wherever he goes. Promoters will learn yet.

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT San Luis, Colo., Matt Rhoades, Denver heavyweight, making his professional ring debut, was a party to one of the rankest fiascos that I have ever witnessed. His opponent, a gangling Negro answering to the name of Archie Garrett, rolled over and played "possum" in the second round of their scheduled ten round bout. If there ever was a bout demanding the attention of the state boxing commission, it was this one.

At Gillette, Wyo., Jack Jones, promising Wyoming middleweight, easily outscored Bobby Busch, Casper battler, in a six round bout.

Bobby Mason defeated Wildcat Villion of Casper in another interesting six round mill. The latter pair are welters.

Maybe a lot of colored folks were heart-broken at Joe Louis' knockout at the hands of Max Schmeling, but there is one ebony-hued gentleman in Pueblo, Colo., who rejoices. It is none other than Sam Greer, veteran Pueblo heavyweight mauler, who purchased a ticket in a "pool" on the fight. His ticket read, Schmeling, K.O. in 12th round. And Mr. Greer found himself exactly $1,000 richer as a result.

Maybe Schmeling is a better man than Joe Louis, but you'll have a hard time convincing most western fight fans to that effect. The consensus of opinion out this way is that Max got over a million to one shot when he dazed Joe with that right-hander in the fourth.

At Santa Fe, N. M, Matt Rhoades shoved over Jess Lasky in the fifth round of a scheduled ten round bout, The pair are heavyweights.

It looks as if Mike Montoya and Jim Perry will have to get together in a finish fight somewhere to decide just who is really the better man. One day I get a letter telling me that Mike can, and has, licked the Fort Sumner light-heavy on a dime. The next, I get a missive telling me that Perry can lick Mike more ways than a farmer can whip a mule. Mr. Promoters, there is a chance to line up a "grudge" fight. Or are the boys talking for publication?

(Continued on page 61)


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## TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JEFF DICKSON'S final show of the season at the Royal Albert Hall was partly filled but the fighting was of the best. Erich Seelig, the German Jew, boxed in good form and dealt out severe punishment to Eddie Pierce, South Africa, for ten rounds.

Gunnar Barlaund, the Finlander, again appeared in England, and his opponent, Pat Marrinan of Belfast, proved no match for the hard-hitting Finn, who hit from all angles and cut both eyes of the game Irish lad. At the end of the second session, the referee went over to Marrinan's corner and decided to stop the bout in Barlaund's favor.

The Dick Corbett-Benny Caplan affair for the Southern Area featherweight championship was a left-handed bout, with Corbett a good winner at the end of fifteen rounds.

It would not be right if I did not mention the fine contest between Dennis Howard and Jack Watkins, who battled through six rounds at top speed without a clinch. The referee, Harry Jennings, gave the only decision possible—a draw.

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Harry Mizler outpointed Jackie Flynn in the star bout at the Stadium Club, Holborn. The bout went the distance of ten rounds, with Mizler proving too clever for the Irish lad.

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Dai Jones gained a clear points victory over Glen Moody after twelve hard fought rounds at Pontypridd.

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Benny Lynch, claimant to the flyweight championship of the world, fought in championship style to stop Mickey McGuire in the fourth of a twelve-rounder in the latter's home town. Referee Jack Curphy stopped the one-sided contest after McGuire had taken a count and was all in.

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Ivor Pickens retained his Welsh welterweight title when he met Panther Purchase, late of South Africa, in what was to be a fifteen-round contest. Purchase, who was ahead on points, was forced to retire at the end of the eleventh owing to a cut eye.

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In answer to many queries re what some of the old-timers are doing at the present time:

Bombardier Billy Wells and Gunner Moir are working in films . . . . Sid Burns drives a taxi and also acts as a second at boxing shows . . . . Ted Kid Lewis owns a night club in London . . . . My brother, Young Cohen, drives a taxi in New York . . . . Joe Bowker trains England's amateur boxers and is a boxing writer . . . . Jimmy Wilde writes boxing for the *News of the World* and is chairman of the National Union of Boxers . . . . Elky Clarke is a leading boxing writer in his native Glasgow, and also runs a successful "pub," as does also Tommy Milligan . . . . Matt Wells is a boxing instructor at St. Bart's Hospital . . . . Jim Sullivan is a dock laborer . . . . Sam Keller runs a coffee house in Billingsgate Fish Market . . . . Joe Fox owns property and has a candy store in Birmingham . . . . Jim Kenrick owns a general store and is a prominent boxing referee . . . . Jack Hart is a referee and a Billingsgate fish porter . . . . Ted Broadribb (Young Snowball) is a prominent manager and is a director of Jeff Dickson's Sports Promotions, Ltd. . . . . Alf Hewitt is a coach at Guy's Hospital for their boxing team . . . . Tommy Noble sells embrocation . . . . Sid Smith has a "guess your weight" weighing machine in the prominent market places, also Nat Brooks . . . . George Proctor and Ben Brown act as seconds at the Ring, London . . . . Ben Jordan is in real estate . . . . George Moore is a successful master builder . . . . Alf Craig is a foreman at Short's Aeroplane Works, Rochester . . . . More later.

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Benny Lynch handed out a quick K.O. to the young Welshman, Pat Warburton, who was knocked out in the third of a scheduled ten-rounder at the Stadium Club. Frank Hough seemed to have lost his winning form when he again was beaten, this time by Nat Franks, who won a good contest on points after ten rounds.

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My tour for a week in Scotland brought me in contact with many old acquaintances in Glasgow and the outlying districts.

Judah Solomons runs a swell gymnasium with the former Scottish welterweight champion, Jim Cater, in charge, and draws a good crowd at the workouts.

I have arranged for THE RING to be on sale at the Judean Club, Glasgow, where any Scottish reader may purchase same from Jim Cater.

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Alec Creamer, promoter, and Charlie Black, matchmaker, were full of smiles when the weather turned in their favor to the tune of 25,000 paying customers, who gathered at the first open-air show at Shawfield Park, Glasgow.

Jake Kilrain, age twenty-two, won the welterweight championship of Great Britain from Dave McCleave in the eighth of a fifteen-rounder with a hard right-hand body punch, which put the holder down and out. McCleave, who held the title for only five weeks, should be congratulated for putting his crown at stake in so short a period.

In his title fight with McCleave, Kilrain proved too aggressive and punched too hard for the holder and never allowed him to get into his stride. It was afterwards discovered that McCleave had his breastbone damaged and will be out of the ring for some time.

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In the supporting bout of ten rounds, Joe Connelly came in for a few surprises. George Reynolds would not go down after receiving Connelly's hardest right-hand punches, and coming back to dish some out himself. At the end of a ding-dong battle, Connelly was almost out on his feet. The big crowd did not take kindly to the decision, which went to Connelly.

Johnny McGrory, Scottish featherweight champion, gained an easy victory over Jack Green.

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I want to mention the fine performance of a future Scottish champion, possibly Great Britain. I am alluding to young Johnny Finnerty, ex-amateur lightweight champion, who showed fine form in outpointing Joe Kerr over ten rounds. Don't forget, folks, Johnny Finnerty is the name.

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Tom Casey won the Crystal Palace novice's competition when he outpointed Ron Linley in the final of six rounds.

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Jack Robinson won a gruelling contest of twelve rounds from "Snowey" Edwards at the Yarmouth Hippodrome before a packed house.

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Tommy Martin again proved too fast and clever for Paul Schaeffer, Canada, in their ten-round return contest at Plymouth. Martin followed up this victory by stopping Harry Mason in the fifth at Wolverhampton.

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George Cook, veteran Australian heavyweight, was knocked out for the second time in his long career when he was forced to take the count by Ben Foord, South Africa, in the ninth at Cardiff. The bout was fought in the open air and the amount taken in at the gate was $655, of which both boxers were on a percentage.

In the chief supporter, Charlie Bundy made short work of Alf Luxton, whom he knocked out in the second.

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Barnard's Promotions staged a successful open-air show at Wolverhampton when Al Diamond had his last contest in Great Britain before returning home to U.S.A. His opponent, Johnny Summers, wanted a return match after losing narrowly at Plymouth, but he was amply satisfied this time as Diamond showed his supremacy. He put Summers down for nine in the first and won easily on points.

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Jack Lord of Bolton won the Northern Area welterweight championship when he forced Pat Haley to retire in the eleventh of a fifteen-round bout at Port Vale after a gruelling contest.

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Len Beynon, Welsh bantam champion, won another title when he outpointed the featherweight champ, Stan Jehu, for the title, after fifteen rounds of clever boxing at Swansea.

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Peter Kane, whom I have great hopes of becoming a champion, gained his seventeenth successive K.O. victory over Herbie Hill, flyweight champion of Wales, in the second round of a twelve-rounder at Liverpool.

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Paddy Peters made short work of the new K.O. discovery, George McAvoy of Stepney, who was forced to take a sample of his own medicine in the fourth of an eight-rounder at the Devonshire Club, London.

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Eddie Steele and Alec Bell fought a fast twelve-round bout at Millbay Rinkeries, Plymouth, before a big crowd in which the former did enough to merit Referee Bob Wade's decision.

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Jim Lawlor, with a dangerous left swing, successfully used the Dexter weapon against Tom Bruffin, who was forced to take the count in the second at Deptford.

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Tommy Rogers repeated his points win over Peter Clarke when they met in a return contest over ten rounds at Walsall.

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Bobby Hines caused a mild surprise when he outpointed the northern flyweight champion, Phil Milligan, over eight rounds of a fast contest.

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Johnny King made short work of the Belgian, Charles Vercamman, at Rotherham, when the latter was K.O.'ed in the third of a twelve-rounder.

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Joe Brahams gained a clever points victory over Phineas John after ten rounds of hard fighting at the Mile End Arena.

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Jack Hyams was called upon by the B.B.B. of C. to meet Bill Hardy in defence of his title, which he won when the referee called a halt in the eleventh with Hardy acting as a receiver throughout.

The bout was followed by an interesting ten-round contest between Len Wickwar and George Odwell, who battled all over the ring, and it came as no surprise when Referee Charlie Darby called it a draw.

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The open-air show at Leicester, postponed two days owing to rain, drew a good crowd, and the heavyweight bout between Ben Foord and Manuel Abrew was full of thrills.

The end came quite unexpectedly when, after a two-handed battle, the colored Scotsman was sent down and rested on his knee. He arose at ten, but the referee declared him out and said that he did not beat the count.

Another ten-rounder was between Larry Gains and Emil Scholtz, which Gains won with a bit to spare.

The other mixed bout was between Obie Walker and Jack London. The former hit hard and soon had London boxing on the defense. London outpunched him in some fierce rallies and at the end of the ten rounds was declared the winner.

Eddie McGuire outpointed Jim Mount in another eight-round bout that was full of action.

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A great fight between cruiserweights was seen at Yarmouth Hippodrome when the local, Bob Firmin, was matched with Jack Robinson. For twelve rounds these two warriors did not spare each other and Robinson, who seemed to have a bit in hand, had to be content with the referee's decision of a draw.

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Johnny McGrory avenged his last year's K.O. defeat by K. O. Morgan by outpointing him by a narrow margin over twelve rounds at Cathkin Park, Glasgow.

Benny Lynch continued his sequence of K.O. victories by knocking out Syd Parker in the ninth of a twelve-round bout in an overweight match.

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Jackie Wilson gained another easy victory when he stopped Tommy Rogers in the fourth of a ten-rounder at Barnard's Promotion in the open air at Wolverhampton.

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Peter Clarke outpointed Hal Cartwright in a slashing twelve-round bout at Wolverhampton.

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Eddie Steele continued his run of success by K.O.'ing Frank Borrington in the second round in the open-air show at Wolverhampton.

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At the Mile End Arena, Buster Osborne showed fine form when he beat Alf Tustain, a tough welter from Barnsbury. The end came in the eighth when Tustain had been put down for a long count and the referee wisely stopped the bout.

Billy Nash gave weight away to Jack Gubbins and did very well to receive a draw at the end of twelve sterling rounds.

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Eddie Phillips made one of his rare appearances on the occasion of the charity show for the Royal Free Hospital at the Stadium Club. His opponent, Ernie Simmons, put up a game show for the ten rounds, but Phillips was a good winner.

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Jim Lawlor, southpaw welterweight, defeated Pat Haley in seven rounds at Lowestoft, when the latter retired, claiming a damaged hand. After putting up a good battle, his retirement caused considerable surprise.

In a supporting bout of ten rounds, Harry Mason defeated the local, Ronnie Barber, after a good contest.

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It is rumored that the well-known sportsman of the West End "bright spots," Bobby Barnett, is contemplating promoting big boxing shows in the coming season. "Bobby," who is a popular fellow, is well respected in sporting circles and his endeavors will be well patronized by followers of boxing as he intends to import top class American boxers against top class English boxers.

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Considerable surprise was shown when the announcement that Syd Hulls had sent in his resignation as matchmaker for Wembley Stadium.

A. J. Elvin has given out a statement that the next show at Empire Pool, Wembley, will take place in October.

Perhaps the Petersen-McAvoy fiasco had something to do with it. I remember the old National Sporting Club ran a show with three championships on one bill. It drew a capacity house. Why not again, Mr. Elvin?

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Johnny McMillan, who was trying a comeback, suffered a nasty jolt to his aspirations when Billy Charlton gained a points victory over him after twelve glorious rounds at the Parkehead Arena.

In the supporter, the new Scottish sensation, Jackie Wier, again demonstrated his power of punch when he disposed of Jim Callery inside of two rounds. They fought for a side bet of twenty pounds. Watch out for this boy Wier. More will be heard from him during the coming season.

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Eric Jones, the Coalville flyweight, was declared the winner over Tut Whalley in the eighth at Coalville, when the latter, who was well behind on points, struck low and was immediately disqualified.

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Since I have put in my notes that THE RING Magazine can be purchased fom the writer at 3 Edward Street, London, E. 1, I have been overwhelmed with orders from out of the way places in the British Empire with postal orders of one shilling and four pence for the world's most popular wrestling and boxing magazine, viz., THE RING (post free).

Those of you who still cannot get your book by the first of the month should send your postal orders to me every twentieth day of the month and you will receive THE RING by return of post.

# Rocky Mountain News

(Continued from page 59)

At Trinidad, Colo., Sol Levinson, Denver featherweight, defeated Ernie Lara, of Pueblo, for the state title in the featherweight division. The battle, a ten round affair, sparkled with action throughout. Levinson piled up an early lead and in the last two rounds, opened up and hammered Lara with a barrage of lefts to win the unanimous decision. Lara scaled 122 pounds, to Levinson's 125.

I am glad to see Trinidad back on the fistic map. There was a time when the coal mining metropolis was one of the best fight towns in the state. There is no reason why it shouldn't be again. John A. Barbera is the promoter there now. Maybe he'll uncover another Benny Chavez for us.

Les Showers, the genial maestro of the amateurs, dropped in for a chat. He has just finished a tourney at Durango. One thing about Showers, if he can't make a go of an amateur tournament there's not much use of anybody else trying it.

At Walsenburg, Colo., Mike Montoya, La Veta, middleweight, lost his Rocky Mountain middleweight championship to Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg Negro, in one of the most surprising upsets in Colorado ring history. Montoya was counted out in the sixth round when he failed to get to his feet after being felled by a smashing right to the chin. A few of the fans protested that he was up at "ten," but the decision stood. There was nothing "flukey" about Louis' victory though, as he had all the better of the milling fom the opening round when he dropped Mike for two "nine" counts. Montoya suffered a couple more knockdowns in the sixth and last round.

I was very much surprised at the class of the Walsenburg Thunderbolt, and how he can punch! With proper handling this colored boy is likely to follow in the footsteps of Young Peter Jackson, the old Denver mauler of thirty years ago, as Colorado's kingpin middleweight.

Remember, I have a list of active promoters out in this section that you can have for a dime. Also any questions relative to the fight game out this way will be cheerfully answered, but don't forget to inclose postage if you expect a reply.

Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

## IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

**By SHERIDAN BROWN**

THE daily newspapers bring tales of a match in the offing between Joe Louis and Phil Brubaker in a San Francisco ring. That scrap would jam either Dreamland Auditorium or the spacious Civic Auditorium. The Dreamland impresario, Tony Palazolo, is steamed up for the match, which would prove the piece de resistance of West Coast heavyweight classics. Brubaker, the former College of the Pacific divinity student, victor over King Levinsky and Abe Feldman, and robbed of a verdict over the ancient Jack Sharkey, versus Louis, the toppled tin god of pugilism! Such a bout would prove whether or not Brubaker is ready for the top flight heavies and whether or nay the Brown Bomber has the stuff to come back after taking that now historical shellacking from Maximilian Siegfried Otto Schmeling.

In regard to the Brubaker-Sharkey fight, it seems that Phil was the victim of a "home-town decision." The 22-year-old Californian had the Garrulous Gob on the deck, split his nose and gave him something of a real going over, and yet the honorable referee naively hoisted the former champion's glove. That hurts! Brubaker's fine record is marred for the first time and by an unjust decision.

Frankie Hammer, sorrel-topped Oakland, Cal., heavyweight, provided the East Bay fans with something of an upset when he punched out a decisive ten-round win over Charley "Killer" Coates, the Akron, O., darky, at the Oakland Municipal Auditorium. Frankie, after getting off to a bad start, came on to box Coates silly and give him quite a trouncing. Don Shields, boxing inspector, was far from satisfied with Coates' performance and warned the colored light-heavy on two occasions to open up and fight. Anyhow, it's a nice victory for the colorful Hammer and a welcome addition to his rather spontaneous record.

Another surprise of the month was provided by Gaston LeCadre, veteran French welterweight, when he outfought Leon Zorrita, flashy Cuban youngster, in a fast ten-round top at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium. LeCadre was an underdog in the betting, but he proved himself a bit too tough and smart for the speedy black boy. In the semi-windup, George Theodoratus, former Washington State College grid hero, made his pro debut. The 217-pound Greek scored a 65-second knockout over one "Flash" Roulette, a former adagio dancer from Los Angeles. Roulette proved to be something of a pushover for the highly publicized Theodoratus and the burly Greek won with a couple of well-directed punches.

Fred Apostoli, San Francisco's middleweight title contender, withdrew from his scheduled match with Mike Bazzone of Pittsburgh, Pa., for the second time, claiming that he had wrenched his back in training. Freddie is an excellent mittman and should whip Bazzone but these postponements aren't gaining him any new admirers.

Young Corbett III, former world's welterweight champion and more recently a contender for the middleweight laurels until beaten by Lou Brouillard, is making a comeback in the 160-pound ranks and will meet Johnny Diaz, rugged New England Portuguese, at the Dreamland Arena. The Fresno Italian is in fine physical shape and has serious designs on the title.

JUST TALKIN'—It seems that when you get through with the ring, you go into the business of peddling beer across a polished bar . . . . Tom Sharkey, great heavyweight of another day; Tommy Cello, San Francisco's fine lightweight; Frankie Brown, a good lightweight some years back, and a host of others are dispensing the three-point-two . . . . But little Monte Attell, one of the greatest little fellows ever to lace on a glove, is totally blind and sells peanuts and candy at the San Francisco fights . . . . Until next month, adios.

## IN THE NORTHWEST

**By DAVID CAVADAS**

SONNY JONES returned from New York to Vancouver to fight Gordon Wallace for the Canadian welterweight championship. Wallace was fully prepared and successfully defended his crown for the seventh time since he won it from Billy Townsend less than a year and a half ago. Gordon won eight of the twelve rounds by showering Jones with left hooks to the body and suddenly switching the attack to the head.

After promising to defend his title against Gordon Wallace for $30,000, Barney Ross has now raised the ante to $40,000.

Frank "Cowboy" Hodgkins won the Calgary white hope tournament by taking a decision from Danny Paul. The fight was declared a draw, and in the extra round Hodgkins, with ten years of professional experience, was too much for Paul, who has only had one pro fight. Dan Paul is destined to go a long way in fistiana.

The City of Edmonton Boxing Commission is making an effort to force the King government to form a Dominion-wide body to govern boxing from the Atlantic to the Pacific in Canada. It's latest move is an attempt to form a Western Canada Federation because it can't obtain satisfactory cooperation from the East.

The Meraloma Club, in conjunction with the Hastings Community Association, put on an amateur boxing and wrestling tournament featuring the British Columbia championships. Credit is due to Tommy Gann for all the work that he put in.

Johnny Bloclinger, Western Canada welterweight champion, now fully recovered from a shoulder injury received in training last February, has renewed his challenge to Gordon Wallace.

Here are the best prospects of the month, with apologies to Eddie Borden: Heavyweight, Danny Paul; light-heavyweight, Eddie Brady; middleweight, Al Hostack; welterweight, Eddie McSporran; lightweight, Sammy Brown; featherweight, Bill Buxton.

The latest import to the Pacific Northwest is James J. Walsh, heavyweight champion of Western Canada. Walsh is almost at his peak and a lot is expected by Alberta fans from this boy.

Bud Davies, one-time contender for the bantam title, has now entered the managerial field with two brothers, both heavyweights. Manny Paul is the British Columbia amateur champion, while brother Danny did very well for himself in the heavyweight tournament.

G. A. M. Tutty has sent his welterweight, Bobby Orr, to Charles McDonald in New York. This fighting Highlander from Nova Scotia will prove a worthy challenger to Gordon Wallace.

ODDITIES—Sonny Buxton has decided to quit the ring because he can't get a release from his manager, Frank Smithers . . . . Babe Belanger is on his way West . . . . Kid Osborne is going to make a comeback . . . . Edmonton promoters are trying to match Jack Tebo and Eddie Wenstob . . . . Billy Buxton is being managed by Leo Druxman . . . . Only about five hundred people turned out for Tommy White's "white hope" tournament . . . . Negotiations have been opened for a fight between Tiger Jack Fox and James J. Walsh . . . . My colleague, G. A. M. Tutty of Toronto, who was at one time the welter champion of Canada, seems to be doing quite well for himself these days.

I will gladly answer all questions sent to me, provided a stamped envelope is enclosed. Address all queries to 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.


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## BUFFALO, N. Y.
**By HUGH SHANNON**

AFTER being on the receiving end twice in his three bouts with Mike Zona, Big Boy Brackey came through a winner by knockout in the tenth and final round of their third meeting. And it is unlikely that the scrappers will meet again.

Neither Brackey nor Zona know anything about boxing but both can clout and in the tenth round Brackey found the Chicagoan's soft spot with several smashing uppercuts and down and out went Zona. The bout was a mauling match up until the last couple of rounds when the action started and it resulted in curtains for Zona.

In the preliminaries Bill Bommer, Detroit, flattened a Negro from Syracuse, Billy Mack; Paul Mahoney outpointed Frankie Stevens, Syracuse veteran, at middleweight; Tony Tozzo batted out Tod Morgan in two rounds, and in the opener, Don Eddy, ex-amateur, fought a draw with Tommy Howells.

Brackey is having his domestic troubles. Following the fighter's arrest on a warrant sworn out by his wife, Big Boy was fined thirty dollars in Lackawanna Police Court and given a sixty days' jail term, which was suspended on good behavior. Mrs. Brackey has now applied for an annulment of her marriage, claiming that she was but seventeen years old when she married the boxer.

"Goose" McGaslin, star Pennsylvania light-heavyweight, will make Buffalo his headquarters this coming indoor season. "Goose" is touted as a real pugilistic find.

Jack Singer informs me that although the going is difficult, he is keeping his big gym going along nicely and with the improvement that is evident in boxing conditions, he will get along very well in the fall.

Reports are that George Nichols and Tommy Paul were offered a series of matches in Australia and Japan. They may decide to make the trip.

Charlie Lucas writes me that boxing never was in better shape than it is at present in Australia and big gates are drawn at all the fight stadiums.

Evans Smith, rugged young Negro middleweight, is taking things easy for the summer. Charlie Murray hopes to stage a few good matches at the Offermann Stadium during the warm months.

Tommy Moore will get a real break if Jimmy Clark turns professional. Moore has been a good promoter at Jamestown for nearly twenty years and knows boxing from A to Z.

Jimmy Mack, former trainer of Jimmy Duffy, Dick Loadman, and other good boxers, is now trainer for the Newark Bears, International League ball club. Mack is also a trainer in the International Hockey League in the winter. Jimmy is one of America's foremost conditioners of athletes.

A great opportunity awaits good fighters here. Buffalo is the best boxing town for its size in America and new cards are badly needed. Good young heavyweights and light-heavyweights, who are not under contract to a manager, will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Broadway Auditorium is undergoing extensive repairs and the famous sports arena will be in dandy shape for the fall. The W.P.A. is doing the work.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Buffalo fans went heavy for the Louis-Schmeling fight pictures and Promoter Charlie Murray cashed in on the spectacular showing of the film . . . . Louis was a favorite in Buffalo, but a majority of the fans are glad that Schmeling came through with such a smashing victory . . . . Your correspondent believes that the upset will do the boxing game a world of good and a real boom will come in the fall . . . . Heavyweights, especially, are in for a big winter . . . . Steve Halaiko is staging amateur shows at Elmira, N. Y., and is not likely to do much fighting in the future . . . . Steve was twice winner of the national tournament as a lightweight and was a very clever lad with his mitts . . . . Amateur boxing had a big inning during the 1935-36 season and the promoters are looking forward to another great year . . . . No doubt they will have some success but professional fighting will cut in heavy beginning in the fall . . . . Most of the star amateurs will turn pro.

After the Olympics, Jimmy Clark, Jamestown sepia star, is certain to become a member of the paid ranks . . . . And it is said that Harris Blake, another good Negro scrapper, will go under Vince Plunkett's management . . . . Jackie Donovan, youthful South Side bantam, is too young for the pro game . . . . He should spend several years in the Simon-pures . . . . Charlie Douglas, Meadville heavy, is already a pro and is under Jack Singer's management . . . . Charlie suffered a knockout in his first try but should not become discouraged as everyone can be knocked out, if hit right . . . . Nelson Crawford is looking for new amateur talent and also a few pros . . . . His middleweight, Young Hartnet, has quit the game . . . . Paulie Maloney is coming along nicely, winning steadily . . . . Billy Bommer, imported from Detroit by Bill Mitchie, impressed favorably in his first two matches . . . . He is short, like Mickey Walker, and possesses a punch.

## IN SYRACUSE RINGS
**By BILLY SHAW**

PLANS are under way here to stage two or three outdoor pro boxing shows at the Municipal Stadium, home of the Syracuse Chiefs of the International League. With seating facilities for ten thousand in the grandstand and bleachers, the large playing field could easily accommodate ten thousand more fans if the attraction was big enough to warrant that kind of attendance. Syracuse is ideally situated for a big fight. Located in the heart of central New York, there are hundreds of small cities, towns and villages to draw from. Joseph Falcone of Utica, manager of Bushy Graham, is reported willing to bankroll a big fistic show this month.

Bushy Graham, incidentally, continues to win bouts on his comeback campaign. He easily defeated Johnny Jadick before a crowd of three thousand at the Utica Stadium. Graham floored Jadick five times during the ten rounds, and had the one-time junior welterweight champion on the verge of a knockout several times during the spectacular mill. Falcone now wants Tony Canzoneri, Lou Ambers or Pedro Montanez for the Utica jumping-jack.

Joe Banovic won a ten-round decision over Eddie Saxon, the Negro middleweight, in a slashing battle at Al Stern's Binghamton club. Approximately two thousand saw the scrap.

Fire broke out in the Syracuse Arena, home of the local ring battles, so badly damaging the southeastern section of the auditorium the owners were forced to close the building for two months until repairs could be made.

The first outdoor amateur card of the season was staged at the Municipal Stadium. Sam Leta scored a sensational upset when he knocked out Bert Courage in the second round. A crowd of 3,500 saw the show, which was packed with action from start to finish.

THE LAST BELL—Mike (Young) Coogan (Michael De More) died as the result of injuries to his head when he accidentally fell down a flight of iron steps. Coogan was known wherever pro shows were held in New York State, having boxed at practically every city of any size upstate. A grand fellow, big-hearted, and always willing to go out of his way to do you a favor, Mike will be sadly missed by the boxing fraternity. Coogan fought such boys as Pete August, Billy Drako, Jackie Brady, Freddie Polo and others. He had retired from active boxing two years ago. Mike was employed as glove man at the local fight club prior to his death, and had many side lines.

Willie Pal, Albany Negro (William Peartree), died from injuries received in a bout with Pete De Ruzza at New York. Willie was known as a coming ringster in the Capital City, and had been making rapid strides in his chosen profession when the Grim Reaper stepped in and cut him down while still a youngster.

SHORT SHOTS—The amazing fistic upset when Max Schmeling scored an unexpected knockout over Joe Louis has served to increase world wide interest in boxing . . . . Fans now realize that anything is possible in the prize ring . . . . Us boys who picked Louis to flatten Max had to do some tall explaining to cover up that one . . . . Joey Brown has gone under the management of E. R. (Curley) Vadeboncouer . . . . Brown was formerly under Gabe Genovese, manager of Babe Risko . . . . By the way, Risko received $25,000 for his title bout with Freddie Steele at Seattle, and $1,000 for training expenses . . . . Steve Halaiko has been forced to return to the ring because of financial difficulties . . . . His amateur club at Elmira is closed for the summer . . . . Joe Feldy put on a card at Owego, pulling 2,500 fans with Leo Dundee vs. Burke Veley . . . . Veley won . . . . Carl Sorenson and Tiny Jim Brown, ace Syracuse university boxers are campaigning all over the state in A.A.U. tourneys and regular shows . . . . Irv Robbins, Syracuse Arena impresario is looking for several good 175 pound amateur gladiators . . . . Last column we told you all about Ralph De John . . . . Ralph is still knocking them over, and looks better than ever . . . . Babe Amos is putting on weight and may develop into a light-heavy . . . . Sam Leta is a top sergeant in the Rochester National Guard . . . . We like Canzoneri to beat Ambers again . . . . Pedro Lorenzo, formerly handled out of Syracuse by Eddie Gallagher, has joined up with Professor Billy McCarney . . . . Dick Nugent, local deputy boxing commissioner is chairman of the Democratic Committee here, and very prominent in political circles.

## MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

TEN thousand fans turned out to see Marty Gallagher trounce Bob Tow at the Griffith Stadium in Washington. Gallagher was making his first fight in a year while Tow had been going great guns for the past six months. Tow took an early lead hitting Gallagher at will for the first six rounds, but as the bout progressed Gallagher seemed to regain his lost form and his steady body pounding had Bob folding around the tenth round. In round 12 Marty put Bob down for a count and from that point on until the final bell in the fifteenth Gallagher gave Tow a severe lacing. Lew Raymond of Baltimore handed Carey Wright of Washington a good licking in the six round semi-final taking a unanimous duke.

Cowboy Howard Scott, of Texas, scored an impressive win over Bat Battalino at the Griffith Stadium in Washington. Both boys handed out plenty punishment with Scott the stronger at the finish. The battle was a slam bang affair all the way and the boys have been booked for a return at Hartford, Conn., where Bat promises to even the score.

Jack Dempsey made a showing in Baltimore refereeing one of the eight rounders on an ordinary card there. Regardless of the calibre of the show, four thousand fans turned out to see Jack once again and as usual the former Champion received an ovation only equaled by his previous appearance in the Monumental City. Johnny Santos belted Jack Duffy plenty in the main bout of eight rounds having the Baltimorean on the deck on two occasions. Sammy Sweet, of Washington, lost on a technical knockout to Chester Ruby when he received a bad gash over his left eye in the second round.

Ken Overlin, the south's best middleweight, had an easy time with young Jimmy Jones in a ten rounder at Baltimore, Md. Jones was in there trying at all times but took an artistic pasting for his game efforts. Danny London and Norment Quarles fought a furious ten round semifinal with Quarles a winner. The show was promoted by the Monarch Club at the Oriole Ball Park in Baltimore and as usual a capacity house turned out for their offering.

Red Burman, of Baltimore, licked Dutch Weimer in ten rounds at Washington. Jack Dempsey's boy had a decided edge most of the way with Weimer making a last round spurt that had the fans on their feet, when Dutch rocked Burman with several right hand punches. The decision was unanimous in favor of Burman and a just one.

Mickey Blair, of Newark, N. J., had the better of Harry Dublinsky in a fast ten round bout at Washington. Harry stuck the sturdy Blair with plenty left hands but Blair punched too hard for the aging Chicago fighter. From a boxing standpoint Dublinsky excelled but he had to weather many a storm when Blair's heavy punches put him on queer street.

PICKUPS—Joe Bowers, Secretary to the Virginia boxing commission, is dickering with Frankie Klick and Mike Belloise for a bout with Cowboy Howard Scott in Richmond, Va., for the benefit of the Milk Fund of that city. Goldie Ahearn is also dickering for a top notch fighter to work against the Cowboy in Washington and has offered Sammy Goldman a purse of ten grand for Toney Canzoneri to defend his title against Scott in Washington.

Marty Gallagher's decisive win over Bob Tow after a year's layoff makes Marty look like the best heavyweight in the South. Gallagher has a chance against any fighter in the country today over the fifteen round route and incidentally Marty has not lost a duke in two years. Pete Sarron the new featherweight champion who makes his home in Washington is planning a trip to the Orient after making a few showings on the Pacific Coast. Sarron intends to defend his title in Washington next summer where its a safe bet he can get fifteen grand for his end. Harry Groves has resigned his job as trainer for Bob Tow and is now back in the same capacity with Phil Furr, the District Welterweight Champion. Gabe Mendenez the Tampa, Fla., youngster who looks after Cowboy Howard Scott is also interested in Mickey Blair. Goldie Ahearn of Washington was one of the few Washingtonians who gave Schmeling a chance to take Joe Louis and also cashed in on the same. California Joe Rivers the Mexican lightweight is back in Baltimore and hopes to get off to a win in the Monumental City where he was the leading attraction before going West some six month's ago. Joe is recovering from a minor operation which has kept him out of the ring for the past three months.

Lew Raymond, the Baltimore welterweight, is making a hit with his steady wins in Washington rings and should be ready for a top attraction in the Nation's Capital shortly. Lew is fighting at top form these days. Harry Jeffra is another Baltimore boxer to regain his former form. Two years ago Jeffra looked like a great prospect and then faded only to come back with a rush in the past few months and today looks better than ever. His two recent wins over the veteran Joe Teems is sufficient evidence that Jeffra is a great prospect. Considerable credit for Jeffra's return to form can be given to the fact that Jeffra has returned to his original manager and trainer Heinie Blanstein who is certain to keep Harry's nose to the grind stone.

## NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

BOXING is now enjoying the best patronage it has had in this state since the game became legalized. Houston, Dallas and San Antonio are turning them away week after week. Return of the game to public favor here can be credited mostly to the untiring efforts of the three leading promoters, Hugh Benbow at Houston, Dick Griffin at Dallas, and Francis Cunningham at San Antonio. Benbow has built Houston by giving the fans action-crammed cards each week. Griffin has an ace drawing card in Tom Beaupre. Cunningham has a flock of good welters, including K. O. Castillo, local card.

Probably the outstanding fight of the month was the sensational one-round knockout of Bob Tow by Tom Beaupre. Tow had previously stopped Tom. In the return meeting, Beaupre flattened Bob for the count before he scarcely had his hands up.

Pat McDuff, Houston's heavyweight hope, made it twenty kayoes in twenty-one starts when he K.O.'ed Chuck O'Neill in three rounds. O'Neill gave a good account of himself until he fell victim to Pat's left hook.

It remained for Lou Beard and Wishy Jones to draw the largest house in Houston in three years. It was a natural and a great fight. Jones stopped Beard in six rounds of fast action that saw Beard suffer a severe cut over his left eye. Jones also punched out a one-sided win over Cullen Williams.

Max Baer has been appearing in most of the cities over this section. Max looked good in stopping George Brown and Wilson Dunn.

Willard Brown and Tony Herrera put up a great exhibition in San Antonio resulting in a draw. Brown lost a couple of rounds by low punches, but it was a sweet match.

Little Mike Pereira, Houston feather, has been going like a house afire. Rayo Pacho, Louis Hasso, Earl Capps and Billy Hassenby have all fallen victims to Mike during the past month.

Entering the ring with a badly injured left hand, Bob Davey dropped a close duke to Tommy Blanton. It was quite an upset as Davey figured to win handily. A rematch is in the making.

Weldon Waycott flattened Fred Hayes for his twelfth win, but dropped a decision to Fred Lostracco. Weldon had Lostracco on the deck but the latter got up to win. Lostracco also beat Eddie O'Day.

The state's two hardest punching light boys met in Houston when Lou Beard and Billy Deeg were matched. Beard knocked out Deeg with a right-hand shot to the middle after four rounds. Deeg scored wins over David Velasco and Charley Roque. Incidentally, the writer wishes to make a correction as we carried last month that Deeg was stopped by Frank Hall. Deeg was the K.O. winner.

Fighters wishing to show in Texas would do well to write Jack Thurmond, 511 N. Jankins St., Houston. This is a particularly good spot for lightweights and middleweights and any boy who can please the fans can keep busy and make something for himself.

Remember the writer is always glad to be of any help to anyone in the fight game. Your letters will be either answered or turned over to promoters. Address the writer at Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

Francis Cunningham scored a hit with the Tracy Cox-K. O. Castillo match. It drew the biggest house drawn in San Antonio in years. Castillo won decisively.

Dick McCawley, Goose Creek middleweight, strengthened his claim to being the best at his weight in this section by punching out a clean-cut win over Al Salbano. McCawley really has class.

Other results over the state were: Freddie Lostracco, rugged heavyweight, beat Waycott and O'Day; Tex Lavelle won by foul from George Brown; George Harmon eked out a win over Spike Kelly; Steve Padon decisioned Santos Delgardo and Ike Bostwick in his first two times out; Louis Curry beat Spike Webb; Lou Hasso won from Earl Capps; Ike Bostwick won from Young Sena; Kid Bruno defeated Bostwick; Chuck O'Neill drew with Mexican Firpo; Johnny Cavanaugh drew with Mike Delgardo; Jack Thompson scored a kayo over Webb and beat James Bradley; Petie Mike shaded Al Trulman; Eddie O'Day won a T.K.O. from Paul Wilson.


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## PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

LITTLE PANCHO, after holding Cris Pineda to an unpopular twelve-round draw, lost to the latter via the decision route in a return match a month later at the Rizal Tennis Stadium in a twelve-rounder. Pancho's bantamweight title was at stake.

Francisco "Chiquito" Limgenco, promoter of the Manila Boxing Stadium, imported Umio Gen and Yoichiro Hanada, bantamweight and flyweight champion of Japan, respectively, who proved to be game losers.

Hanada's bull-rushing tactics were of no avail against the speedcraft of Little Dado, Oriental flyweight titlist, in a twelve-round flyweight championship scramble. Dado smacked him dead in his tracks with well-timed left hooks to the body and one-two's to the head. It was a great fight while it lasted.

Hanada drew with Speed Cabanela, former flyweight champion, in his farewell appearance. It was a very unpopular verdict. Many opined that Cabanela should have been the winner by virtue of his aggressiveness and effectiveness of blows.

Umio Gen, pitted two weeks later against Little Pancho for the right to clash with Cris Pineda for the title, was a sorry sight against the clever brother of the late Pancho Villa.

Ralph Cuyugan, veteran fight mentor, blew into town from the South with his large stable of fighters. He promised to let Little Dado fight under the Manila Boxing Stadium provided Captain Cris Onrubia would talk shop with him. Onrubia is the partner of "Chiquito" Limgenco. Cuyugan and Limgenco are at dagger's point, and the only way they could use his boys, particularly Dado, is to let the Captain do the talking.

Limgenco took B. de Guzman's French leave on the chin. He made a public statement to the effect that "it's just a part of the game." De Guzman is the favorite fighter in Limgenco's stable.

Maneng Eloriaga, former manager of Little Pancho, swiped De Guzman a few days before he was to have fought Cris Pineda under the sponsorship of the Manila Stadium. Naturally, Limgenco had to break the card and lost a tidy sum as a result.

Little Pancho ran his string of victories to two after dropping a decision to Pineda when he managed to eke out a decision over Little Dado in an overweight match. It was a very close affair and a draw would have been fair to all parties concerned. A return go is in the offing; this time Dado's flyweight crown will be on the auction block.

Joe Mendiola had Umio Gen on the verge of a knockout in the third round but for the gong. However, for no apparent reason, he eased up in the latter stanzas to let the Japanese pile up enough points to offset his early lead. Mendiola got the bacon, but two thirds of the fans howled their disapproval believing that the Nipponese deserved at least a draw.

Lou Daro, California promoter, dropped in from Australia. He brought with him some film copies of the Joe Louis vs. Max Baer contest, Louis-Levinsky fiasco, Buddy Baer vs. Ford Smith scramble, and the grappling match between Man Mountain Dean and Vincent Lopez. He promised to ship to Manila a few well-known pachyderms like Jim Londos, Man Mountain Dean. He was here for a couple of days and left for Japan, where he may conduct a few wrestling bouts between Japanese and American grunt and groan artists.

## IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

THE local A. A. U. was stripped of its power to conduct amateur boxing shows by the "august body" of the Territorial Boxing Commission, putting the Simon-pures under special association with Allan McGuire, T.B.C. member, as the head. Five will be named to head a special committee on each island, thus giving outsiders the chance to compete for the final to be held in Honolulu at the end of the season.

Tsuneo "Piston" Horiguchi of Japan, and Manager Okamoto, left for the land of cherry blossom after a successful campaign, winning two and drawing three fights, but did not profit financially.

Honolulu—Civic Auditorium: Despite boycott threats after the Horiguchi-DeGuzman bout, three thousand fans witnessed one of the best cards for a long time. Be DeGuzman, triple champion, proved too fast and clever for Bert Osborne, Australian slugger, copping an eight-round decision. DeGuzman used his straight lefts to advantage while Osborne was strong during the latter rounds with his infighting.

Johnny Pena, with his two-fisted body attack, beat Young Gildo over eight heats. Pena started out strong, sending home points piling blows and at times had Gildo in a bad way. Young Basilio and Chic Sales fought a draw. Young Corbett drew with Manuel Bouchan. Joey Carreira kayoed Kid Martinez in two heats. Larry Santana won from Little Hufana in the prelim.

The new promotional tie-up between Joe Neves and Harold Fong left Kid Moro at the end of the rope. The commission ordered Manager Fong to release Moro from his contract, saying that a promoter could not manage fighters. Alky Dawson, one-time well-known boxer, is their matchmaker.

Honolulu Stadium—Promoter Neves-Fong. Kid Moro is still the champion, and it seems that no one at present will be able to dethrone the playboy. Moro won an easy ten-round decision over Huerta Evans.

Tony Roccaforte was too strong for Roaring Rodrigues, disposing of him via the technical knockout route in the fourth frame. Larry Santana held Al Pazmore to a fast six-round draw. Joe Carreira stopped Joe Lawrence in one round. Kid Leopoldo and Max Maximo a draw. Gilbert Minn won from Battling Pering.

Petey Sarron, world's featherweight champion, will perform in Honolulu late in July when Sarron's manager, Jimmy Erwin, accepted an offer of $2,500 and two round trip tickets and also a percentage of twenty-five per cent of the gate from Hawaii Promotions, Ltd. Piston Horiguchi may be recalled to meet Sarron should he plan to return to the Islands. There may also be held an elimination bout to select Sarron's opponent.

H. P. L.'s matchmaker, "Moose" Taussig, resigned from his post to take up a new job as manager of the Pantheon Grill and plans to manage fighters.

Joey Rosenberg, George Blake's protege, may return to the island to meet the flyweight champion, Small Montana.

Hilo—Before three thousand fans, Buenaventura DeGuzman, reputed triple champion of the Orient, took a close eight-round decision from Tiger Flowers, colored Omahan. Flowers, with the advantage of reach and height, scored the only knockdown in the first round for a no-count when a straight jab forced DeGuzman to the canvas. DeGuzman won the fight in the latter rounds with his ceaseless pounding.

Abe Konaihele was robbed of a just victory over Hitoshi Tanaka when the referee declared it a draw. Herman Kaakua beat Yoshito Yamagata. Crispin Crisostomo decisioned Harry Katsumoto. Kid Salvador thrashed Teifuku China easily. Johnny Atanacio fought a draw with Joseph Costa. Camelo Rodrigues polished off Ernest Henry in the first canto.

Honolulu—A small crowd saw Chick Delaney and Joe Velasco fight to an eight-round draw in one of the double main events at the Civic Auditorium. Many thought Velasco won the fight by a slim margin. Young Gildo defeated Bert Osborne by his cleverness and long reach. The fight was full of action, both being willing to take a chance. Manuel Bochan won a T.K.O. from Maxie Tarzan in the second. Kid Waianae flattened Johnny Cabanilla in one heat. Kid Mamaclay won from Kid Francis. Emilio Sales and B. Valenuela fought a draw.

## BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

YOUNG HERRERA maintained his winning streak by again defeating Bingo Joe Banovic, Binghamton's pride, in their return ten-round stellar attraction. Banovic was knocked down in the fifth round but did not take a count. The bout, although not thrilling, was good and fast throughout. Herrera will likely box Johnny Freeman and Bob Godwin at an early date.

Angel Kid Sanchez earned a slapping decision over Jamaica Carnara. Syd White, in his return bout with Kid Vassel, earned an undisputed decision by thoroughly trouncing Vassell. Kid McCoy got the referee's decision over Dida Brown. Breezy Kid won from Quintana Shadow.

Lefty Flynn, two-fisted dynamiter, our newly-crowned welterweight champ, won by T.K.O. over the sturdy Cuban, Baby De La Paz, in a fast ten-round main attraction. La Paz, after being on top during the earlier rounds, was floored twice in the ninth round for long counts, and on the verge of a knockout, when his seconds threw in the towel.

Young Williams, lightweight champ, defended his title against George Dixon, a worthy contender, in a well-contested ten-rounder. Young Chocolate, featherweight king, defeated Black Bond. Pal Silver scored a well earned decision over Kid Berg. Battling Hamilton, in his first professional bout, won over Ed Downer.

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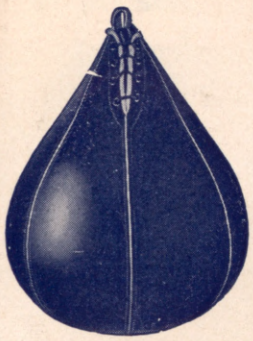

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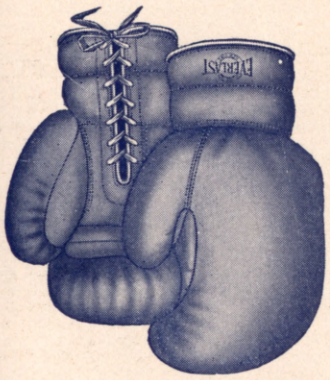

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## Constipation is Only ONE of the World's Plagues

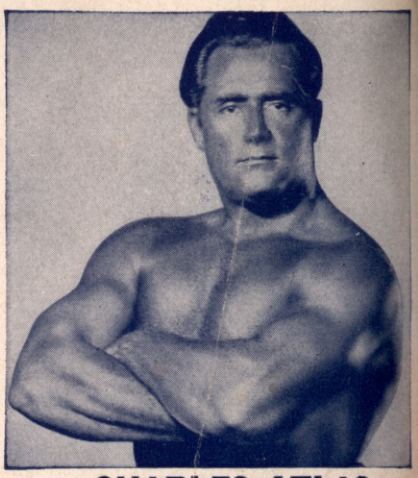
One of the most common ailments today is Constipation—so common that many people do not realize the serious results of it. Just think what would happen if the sewers of any city were clogged and did not drain out daily. Disease and death would break out everywhere! That is exactly what begins to happen in your system when you are chronically constipated. Yet to end Constipation is not very difficult providing you have no organic ailment.

But Constipation—common as it is—is only ONE of the world's plagues! Another is just the result of pure carelessness—many of us simply let our general physical condition "go to seed." We "take our bodies for granted"! First, we may begin to notice that we are getting "a little heavy around the waist." We do nothing about it. Suddenly we are amazed to find that we have a *real* "pot-belly." To our dismay, we find we are FAT! And no wonder! . . . because *all* of our processes are slowing up, due to lack of attention and healthful stimulation. Just carelessness. We get nervous, jumpy. Flabby, sluggish. Shortwinded. Pepless. We begin to look old, feel old. Yet are NOT old in years! Even our *hair* gets lifeless, caked with dandruff. It starts to fall out and—another shock!—DOES NOT COME BACK IN!

## "You Have Made a NEW MAN of Me"

I have helped over 90,000 men (of all ages and in all parts of the world) WIN OUT over conditions like these. Thousands write to say, "You have made a New Man of me!"

My records show, for example, that I have helped relieve of Constipation nine out of ten of my clients. My method of body building tones up your entire system—actually overhauling your body. I give exercise and life to those numerous little-used muscles in your body that begin to shrivel up and atrophy. I do not believe in any weights, springs or other old-fashioned, dangerous methods. My system of Dynamic-Tension is natural and effective, and may easily be applied right in the privacy of *your own home!* And results can be *guaranteed.*



**CHARLES ATLAS**

**Holder of the Title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"**

**Author of "Everlasting Health and Strength"—**

***of which 972,000 copies have been distributed***

*Charles Atlas, who was once a sickly 97-lb. weakling, is today known internationally as the world's outstanding physical instructor. Read below just a few of the thousands of letters he has received from grateful clients all over the world:*

"I used to feel tired and run down. I could never eat a good meal, get a good night's sleep. Now I sleep like a log and rise early in the morning feeling like a new person, ready to tackle the day's work. I was never before in such good condition and am glad I took your advice."—C. H., Staten Island, N. Y.

"You have done more for me in one month than others, at 10 times the cost, did in one year. Today at 51, I feel younger than I did at 31."—P. A., Chicago, Ill.

"Has given me a new and finer outlook on life. Being 'body-conscious' is certainly much more constructive than just enduring poor health. I have lots more pep, and, after being cursed with constipation for many years, I find it gone."—L. C. C., Phila., Pa.

"My nervous troubles have vanished, and constipation is a thing of the past."—G. T. F., Ohio.

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Please send me, without obligation, your FREE book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength.*"

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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# Get My Free Book

To you who are interested in adding years of health and happiness to your life I would like to send a copy of my book telling how I have helped over 90,000 men.

Some of these men were run-down, nervous and constipated. I showed them how to be able to enjoy the many pleasures of life. They got rid of their "bay windows." They felt the surge of new vigor flowing through their systems. They have actually added many years to their lives.

Don't you think this is worth investigating? For the mere cost of a postage stamp! Just write your name and address carefully on the coupon here and I shall immediately send you a copy of my book, "EVERLASTING HEALTH AND STRENGTH." and full particulars. Of course this places you under no obligation, and I also want you to know that no one will call upon you to try to sell you anything. Merely address: **Charles Atlas, Dept. 80J, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.**